DEADPOOL

"The art is beautifully rendered and joyfully disgusting."
– Comic Watch

SKOTTIE YOUNG
NIC KLEIN
SCOTT HEPBURN
IAN HERRING

GOOD NIGHT

MARVEL

DEADPOOL

GOOD NIGHT

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Chosen to take part in a top-secret government program, **Wade Wilson** was bestowed with the ability to heal from any wound. He became a mercenary. Then, for a while, he tried to be a hero.

It...well, it went *pretty badly*. So badly, in fact, that Wade mindwiped himself,
resetting his memories to the "factory setting" of the classic chaos agent, the Merc with the Mouth, the Regeneratin' Degenerate known as...

DEADPOOL

GOOD NIGHT

WRITER: **SKOTTIE YOUNG**

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ARTIST/COLORIST/COVER ART: **NIC KLEIN**

ISSUES #10-12
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DEADPOOL CREATED BY **ROB LIEFELD** & **FABIAN NICIEZA**

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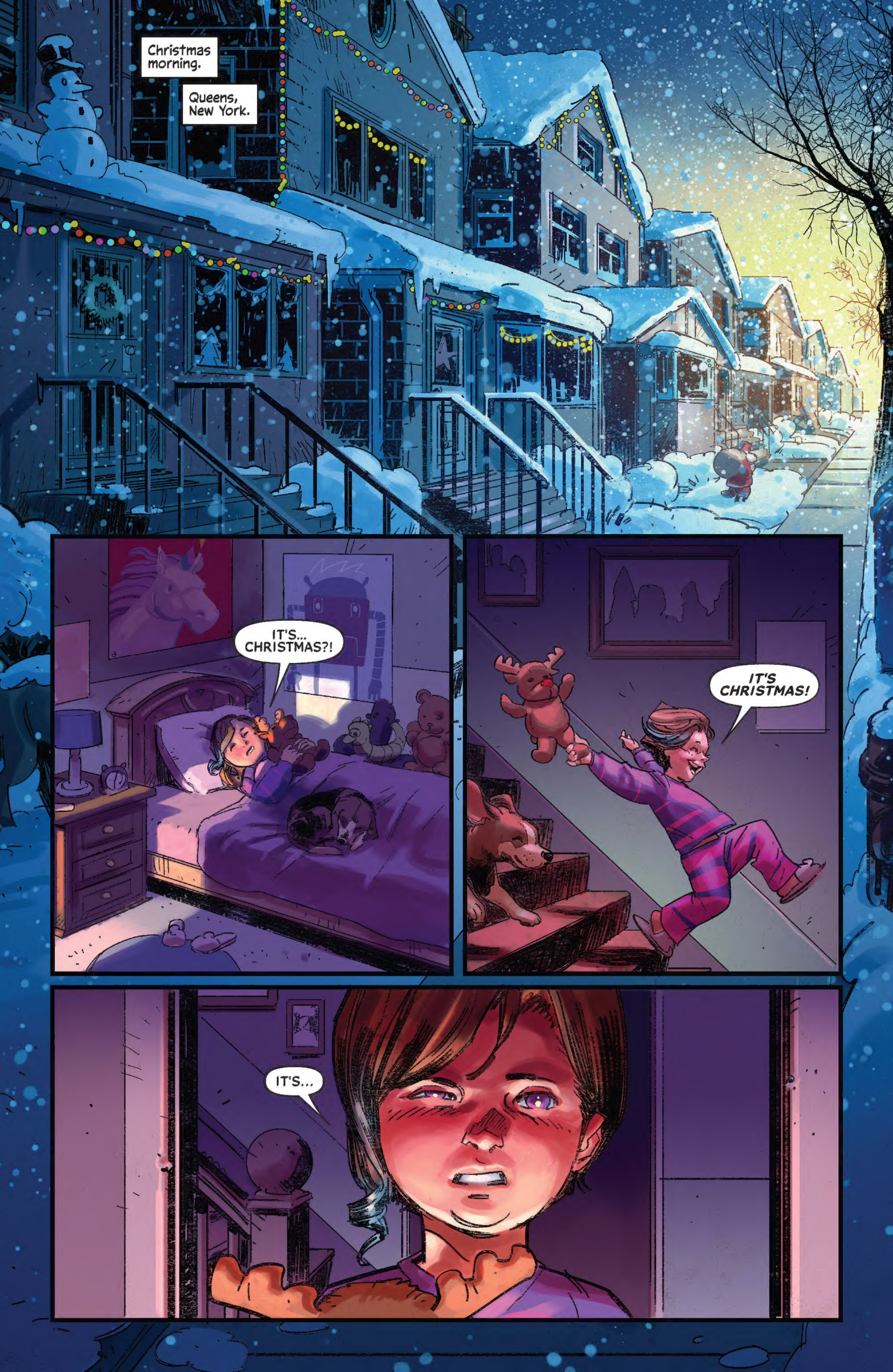
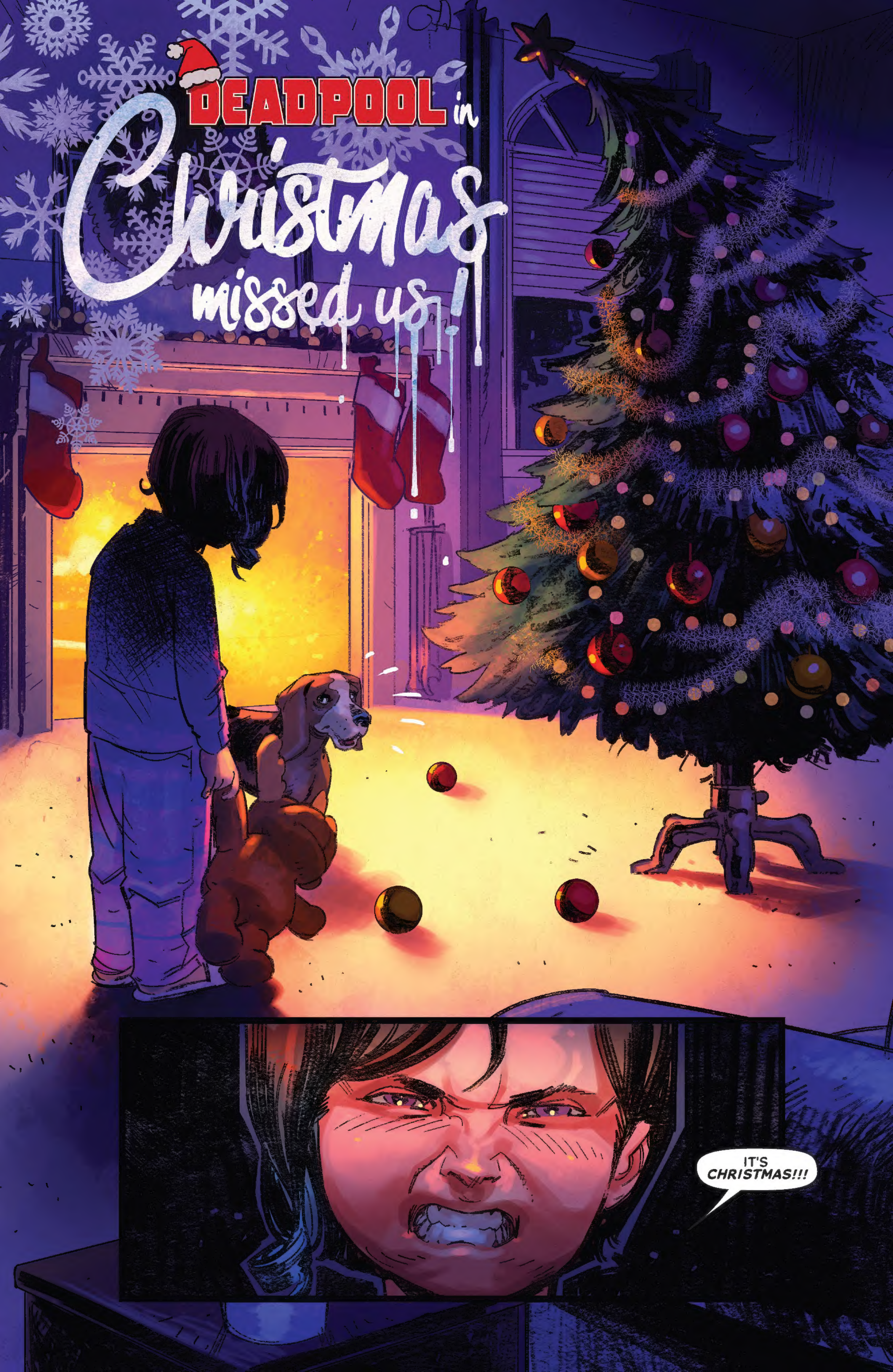
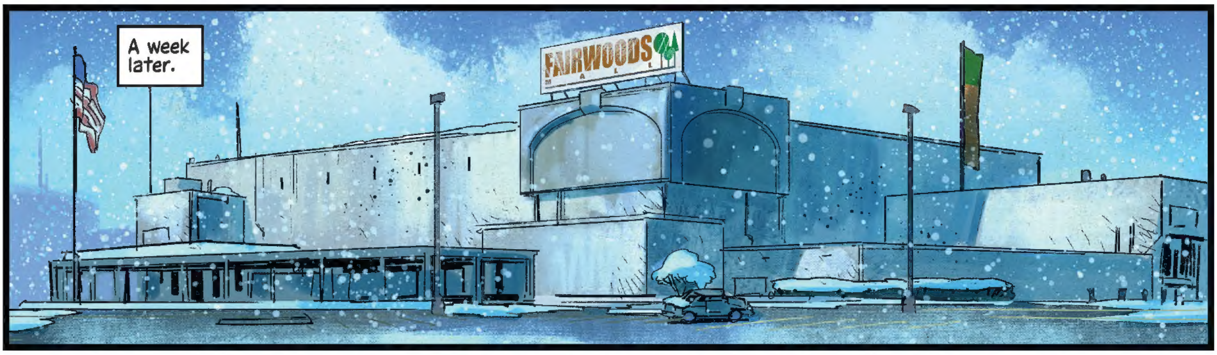
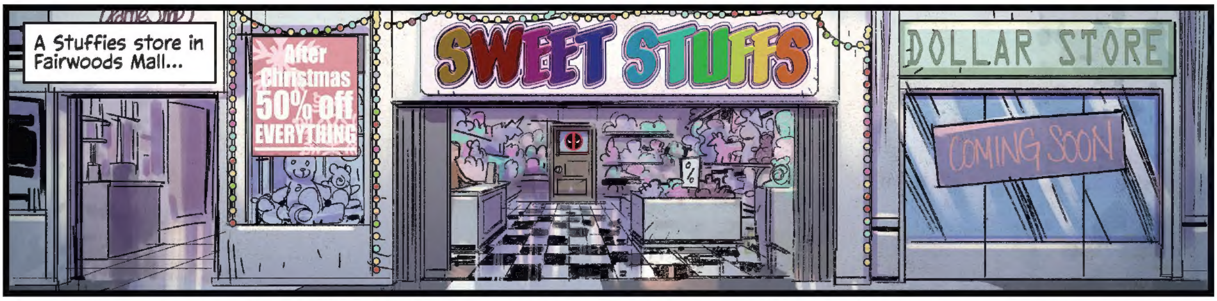
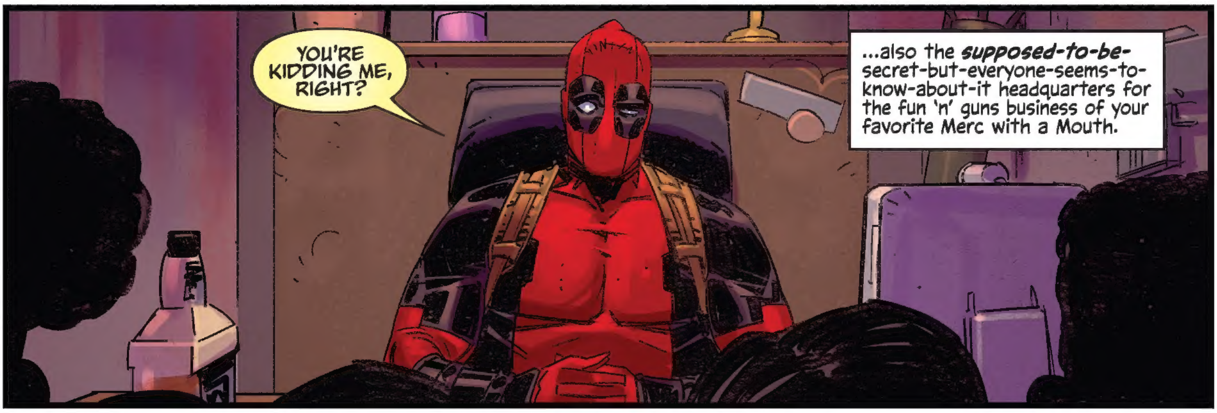
#7

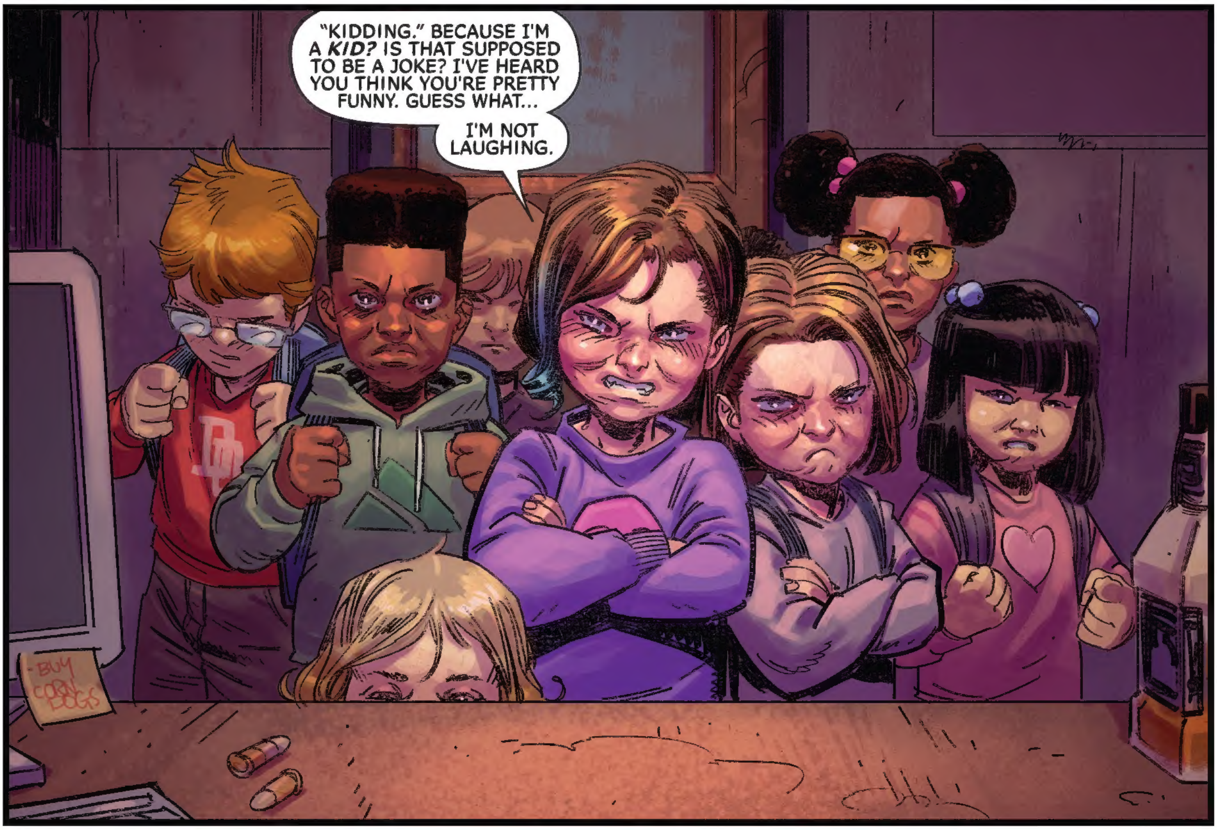

Christmas morning.
Queens, New York.
IT'S... CHRISTMAS?!
IT'S CHRISTMAS!
IT'S...

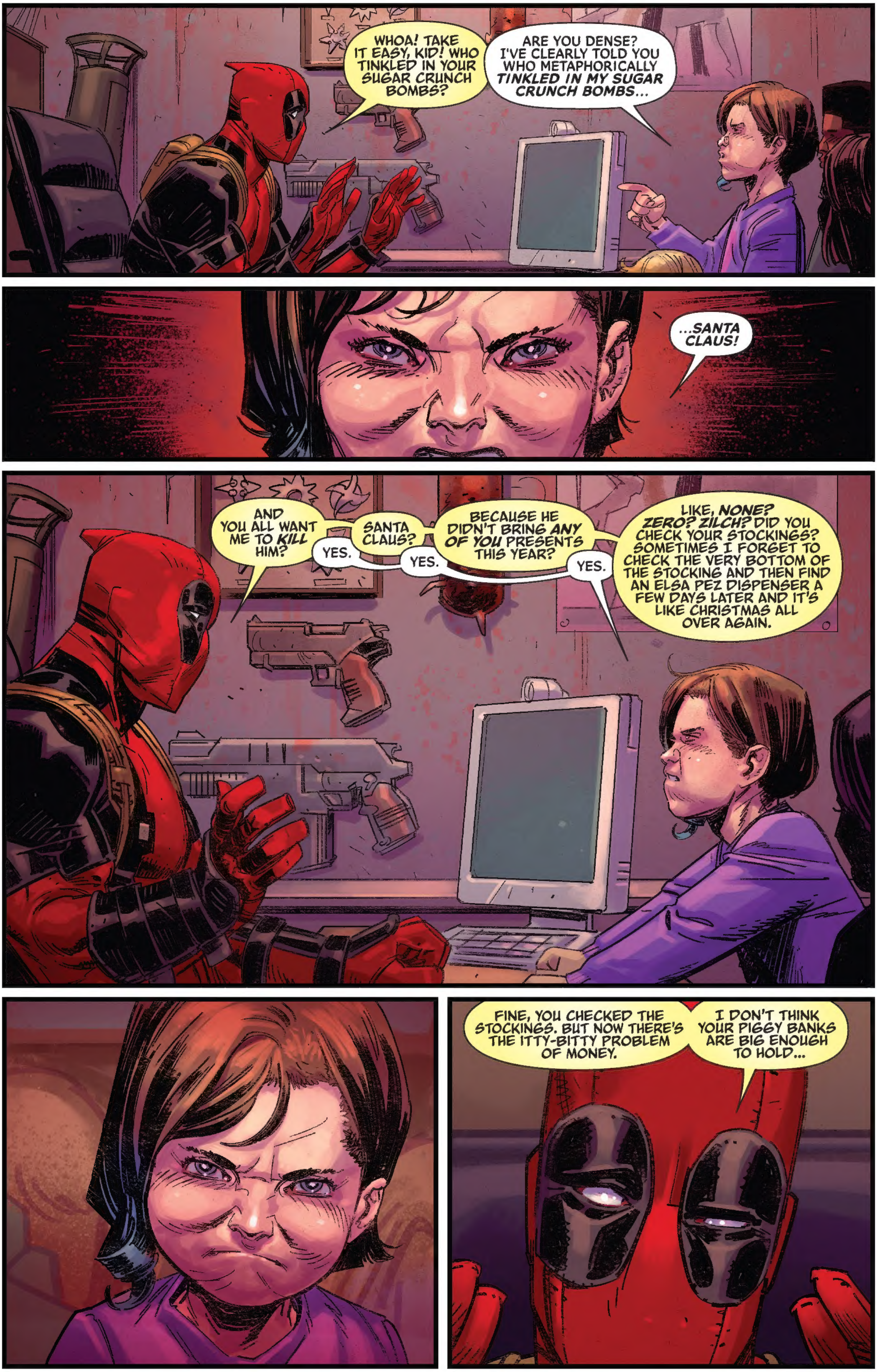

DEADPOOL in
Christmas missed us!
IT'S CHRISTMAS!!!

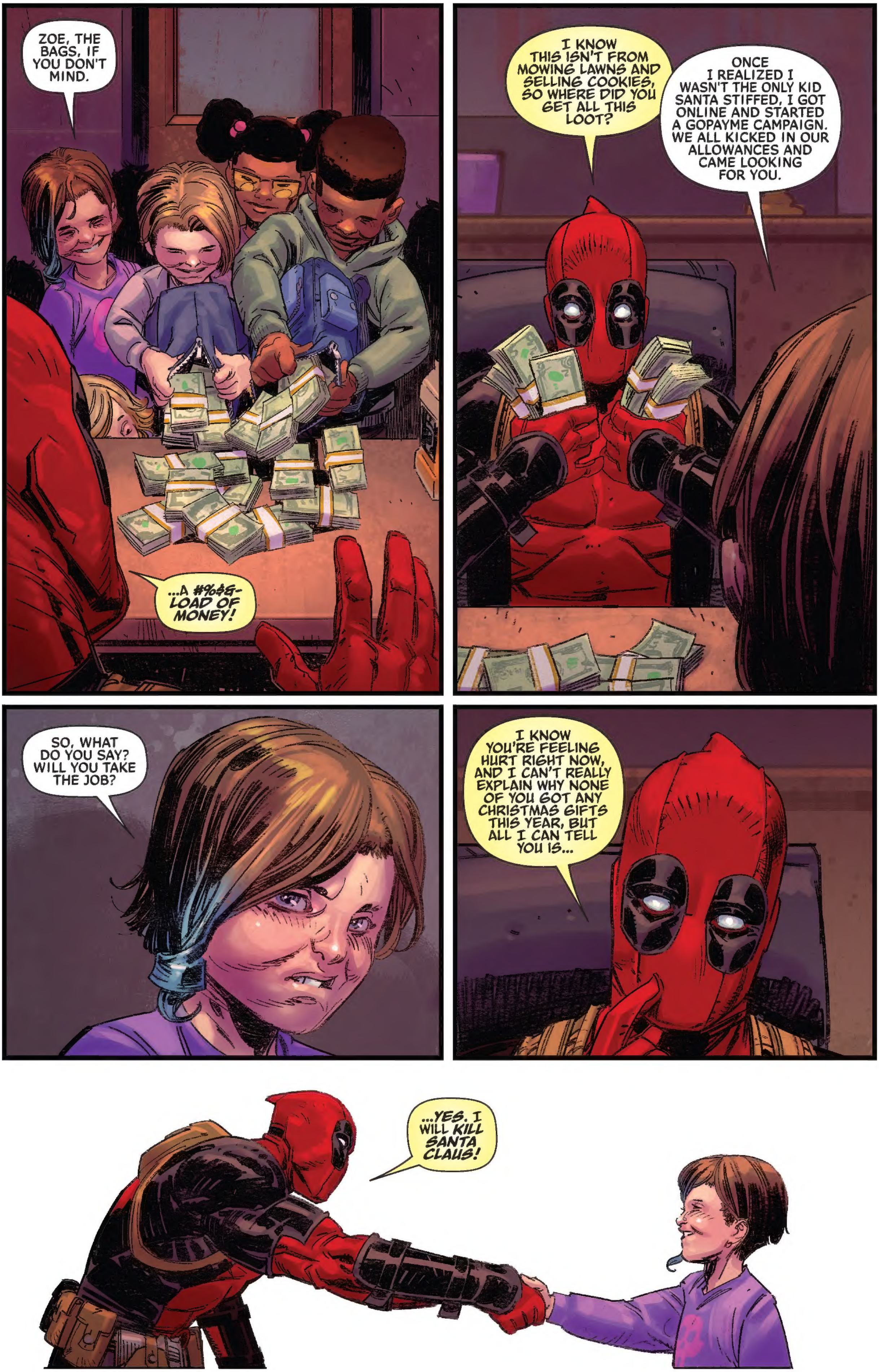

A week later.
FAIRWOODS MALL

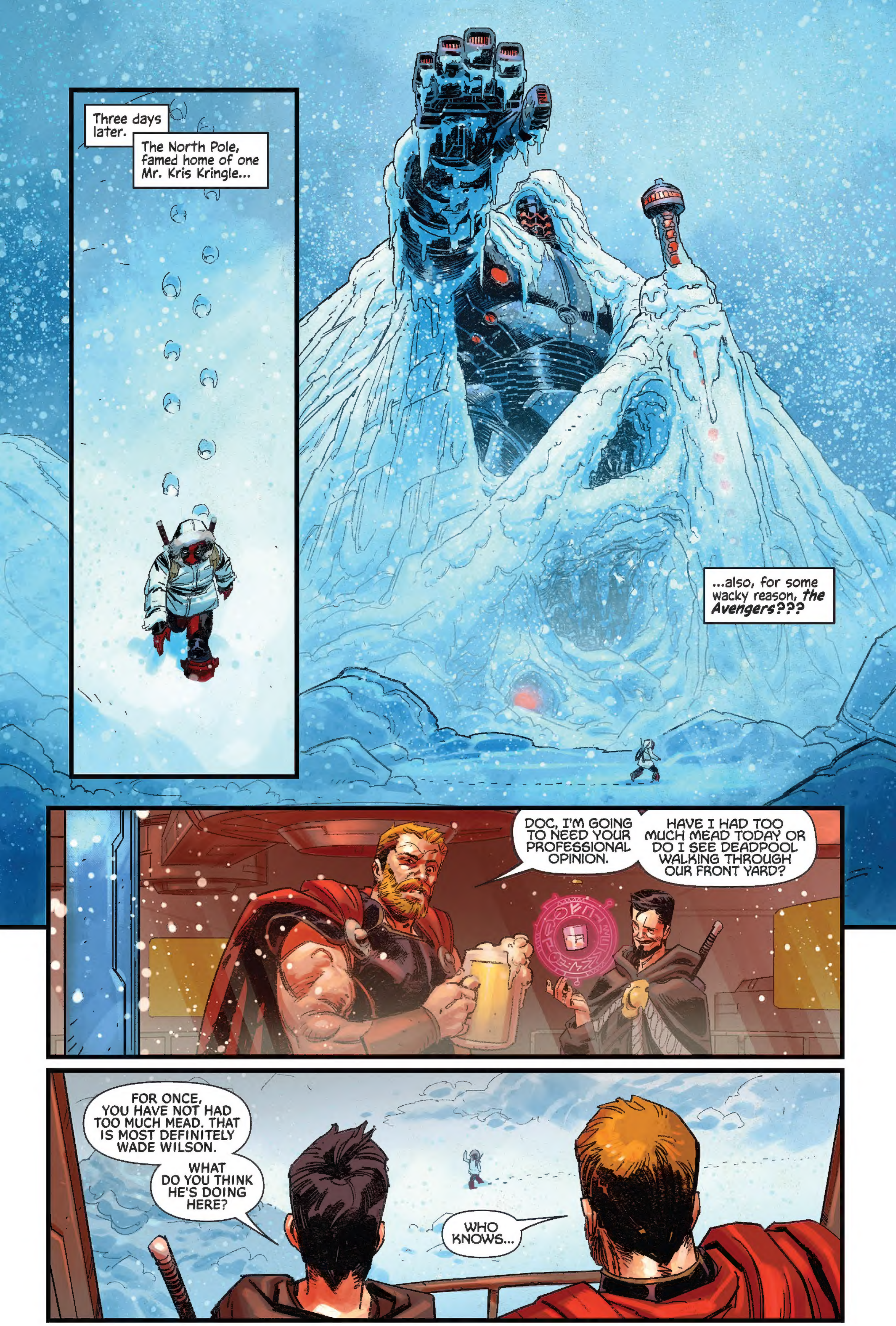

A Stuffies store in Fairwoods Mall...
After Christmas 50% off EVERYTHING
SWEET STUFFS
DOLLAR STORE
COMING SOON

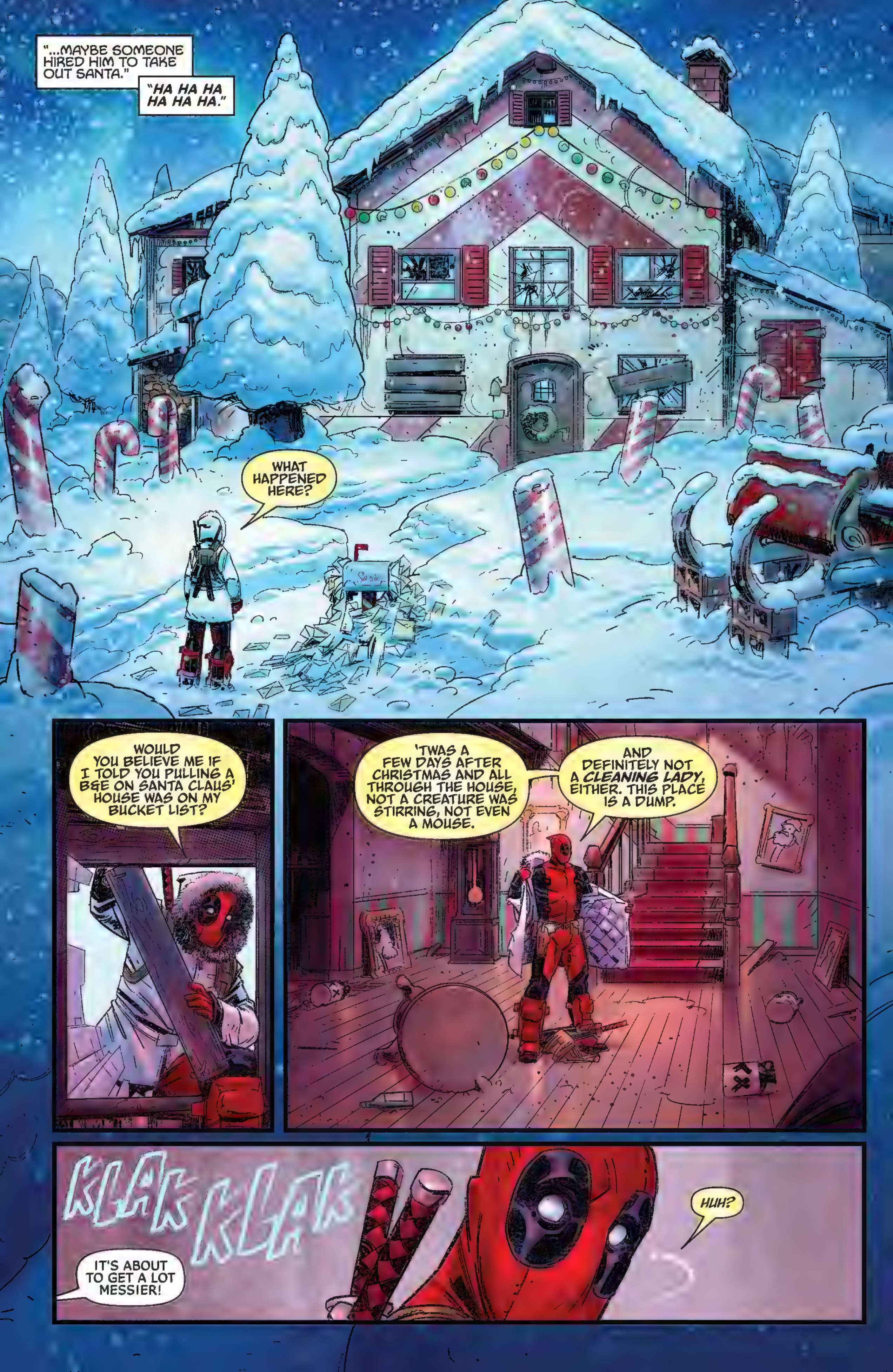

YOU'RE KIDDING ME, RIGHT?
...also the *supposed-to-be-*secret-but-everyone-seems-to-know-about-it headquarters for the fun 'n' guns business of your favorite Merc with a Mouth.

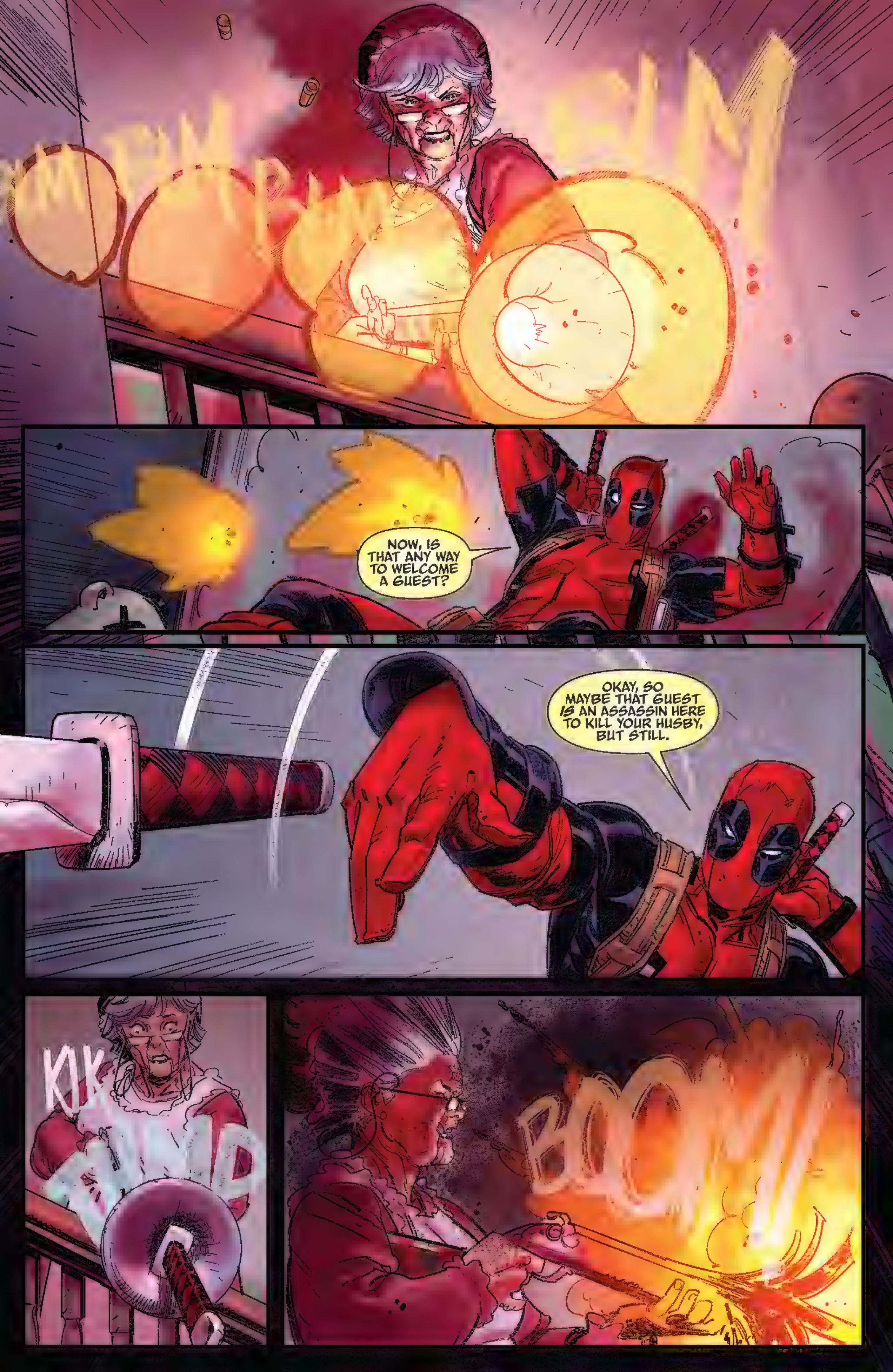

"KIDDING." BECAUSE I'M A *KID?* IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE A JOKE? I'VE HEARD YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY FUNNY. GUESS WHAT...
I'M NOT LAUGHING.
BUY CORN DOGS

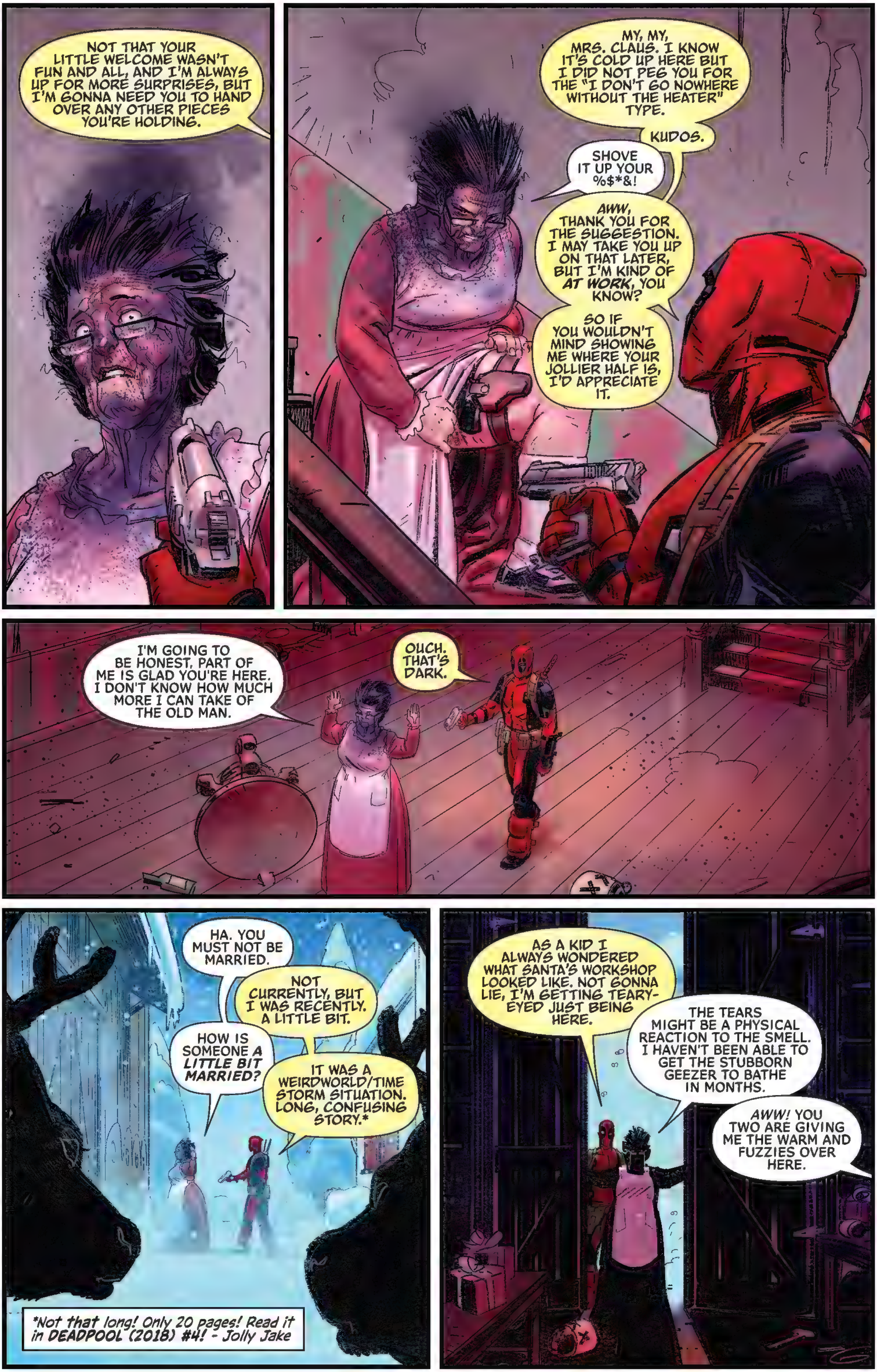

WHOA! TAKE IT EASY, KID! WHO TINKLED IN YOUR SUGAR CRUNCH BOMBS?
ARE YOU DENSE? I'VE CLEARLY TOLD YOU WHO METAPHORICALLY *TINKLED IN MY SUGAR CRUNCH BOMBS*...
...*SANTA CLAUS!*
AND YOU ALL WANT ME TO *KILL* HIM?
YES.
SANTA CLAUS?
YES.
BECAUSE HE DIDN'T BRING *ANY OF YOU* PRESENTS THIS YEAR?
YES.
LIKE, *NONE? ZERO? ZILCH?* DID YOU CHECK YOUR STOCKINGS? SOMETIMES I FORGET TO CHECK THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE STOCKING AND THEN FIND AN ELSA PEZ DISPENSER A FEW DAYS LATER AND IT'S LIKE CHRISTMAS ALL OVER AGAIN.
FINE, YOU CHECKED THE STOCKINGS. BUT NOW THERE'S THE ITTY-BITTY PROBLEM OF MONEY.
I DON'T THINK YOUR PIGGY BANKS ARE BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD...

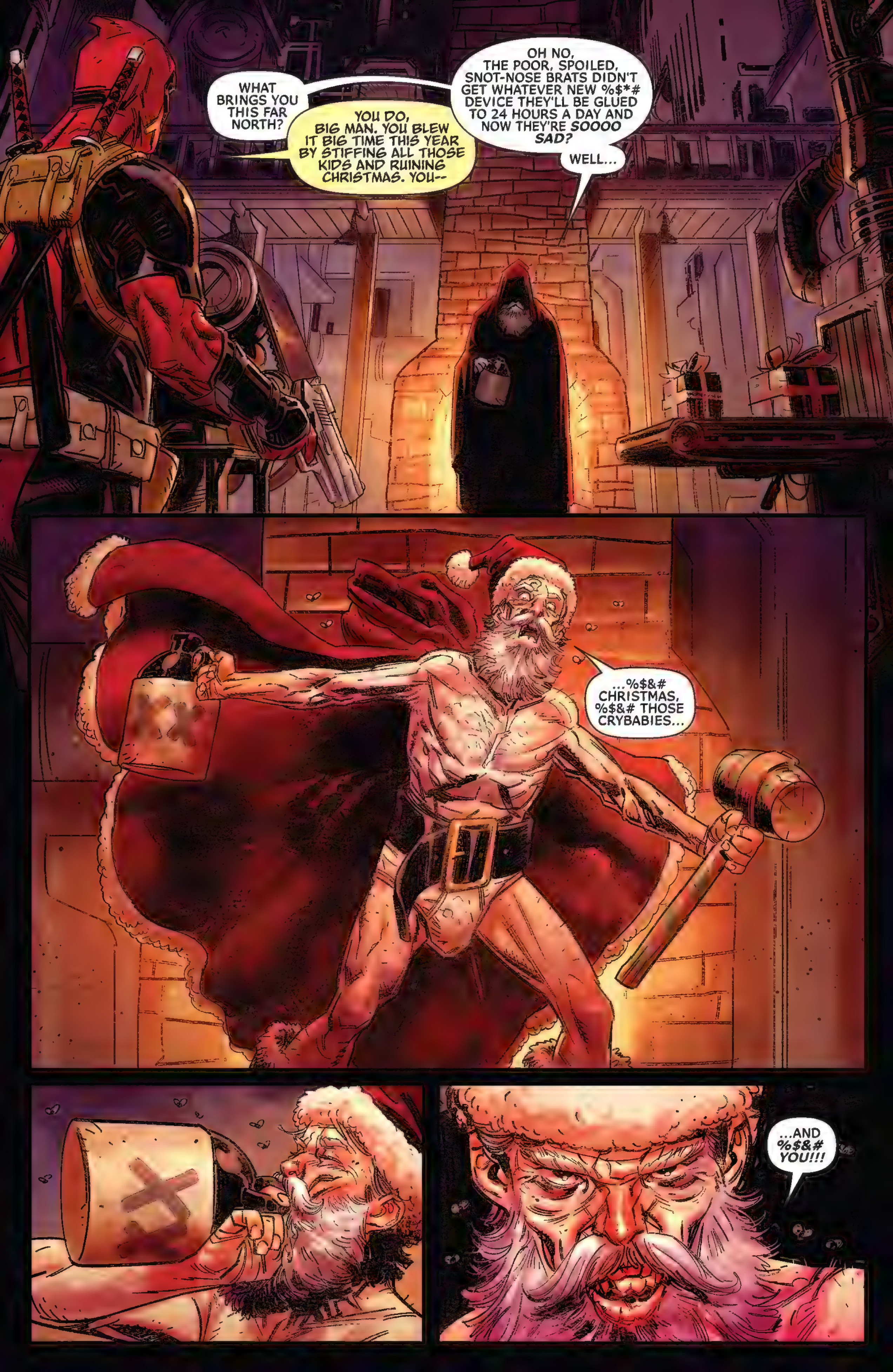

ZOE, THE BAGS, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
...A #%$&-LOAD OF MONEY!
I KNOW THIS ISN'T FROM MOWING LAWNS AND SELLING COOKIES, SO WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THIS LOOT?
ONCE I REALIZED I WASN'T THE ONLY KID SANTA STIFFED, I GOT ONLINE AND STARTED A GOPAYME CAMPAIGN. WE ALL KICKED IN OUR ALLOWANCES AND CAME LOOKING FOR YOU.
SO, WHAT DO YOU SAY? WILL YOU TAKE THE JOB?
I KNOW YOU'RE FEELING HURT RIGHT NOW, AND I CAN'T REALLY EXPLAIN WHY NONE OF YOU GOT ANY CHRISTMAS GIFTS THIS YEAR, BUT ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS...
...YES. I WILL KILL SANTA CLAUS!

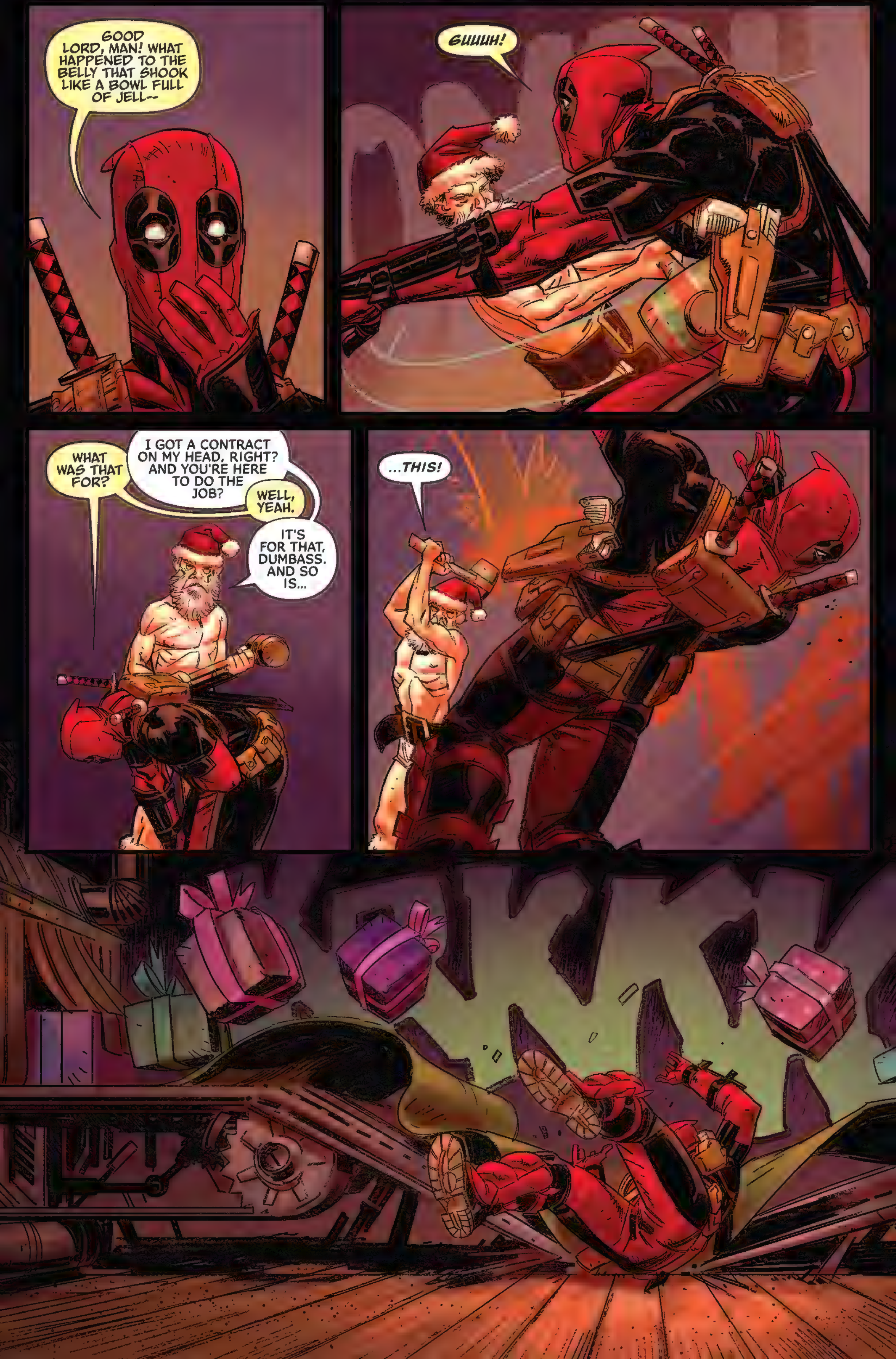

Three days later.
The North Pole, famed home of one Mr. Kris Kringle...
...also, for some wacky reason, *the Avengers???*
DOC, I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR PROFESSIONAL OPINION.
HAVE I HAD TOO MUCH MEAD TODAY OR DO I SEE DEADPOOL WALKING THROUGH OUR FRONT YARD?
FOR ONCE, YOU HAVE NOT HAD TOO MUCH MEAD. THAT IS MOST DEFINITELY WADE WILSON.
WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S DOING HERE?
WHO KNOWS...

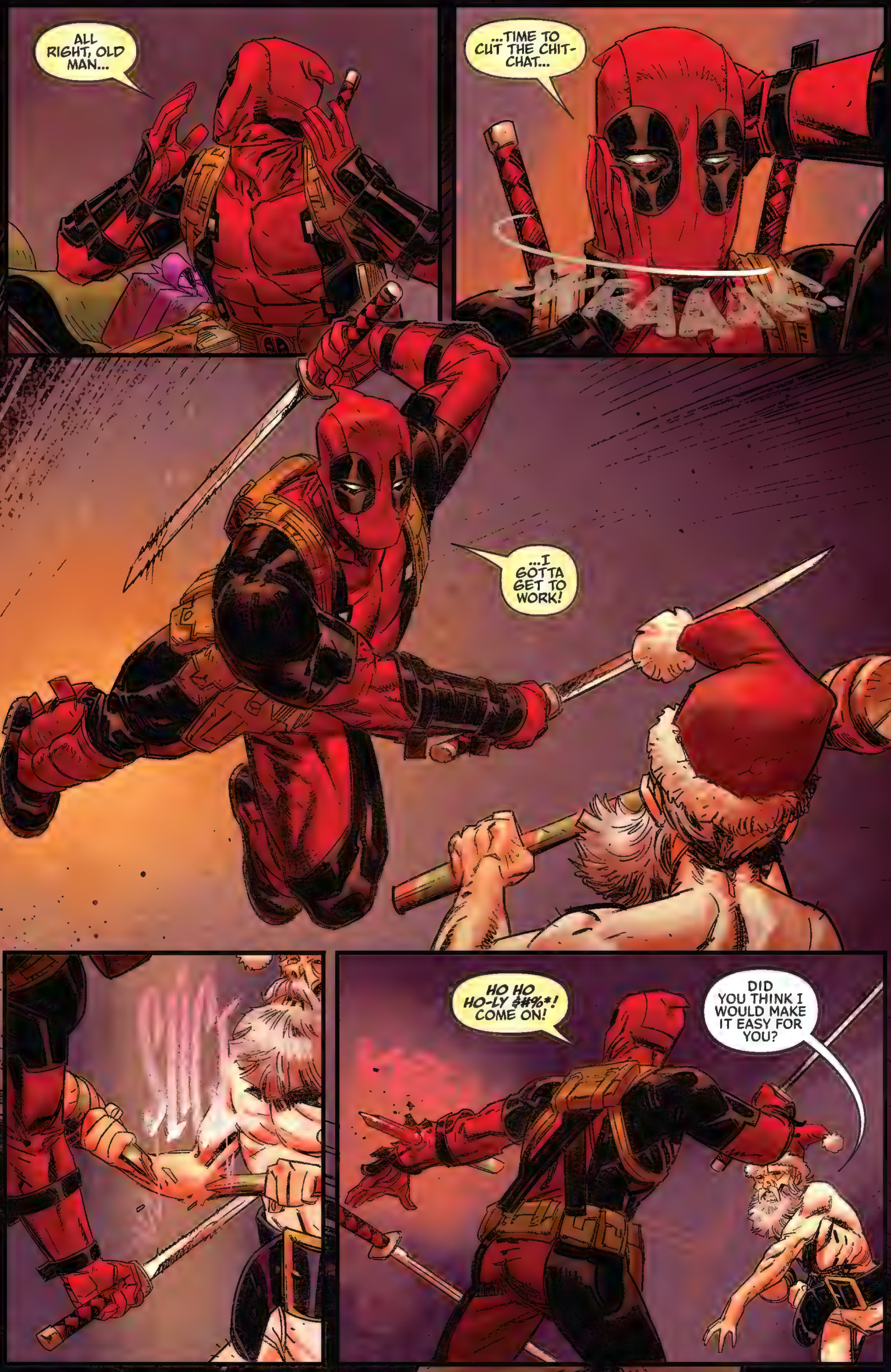

"...MAYBE SOMEONE HIRED HIM TO TAKE OUT SANTA."
"*HA HA HA HA HA HA.*"
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
WOULD YOU BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU PULLING A B&E ON SANTA CLAUS' HOUSE WAS ON MY BUCKET LIST?
'TWAS A FEW DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE, NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN A MOUSE.
AND DEFINITELY NOT A *CLEANING LADY*, EITHER. THIS PLACE IS A DUMP.
KLAK KLAK
HUH?
IT'S ABOUT TO GET A LOT MESSIER!

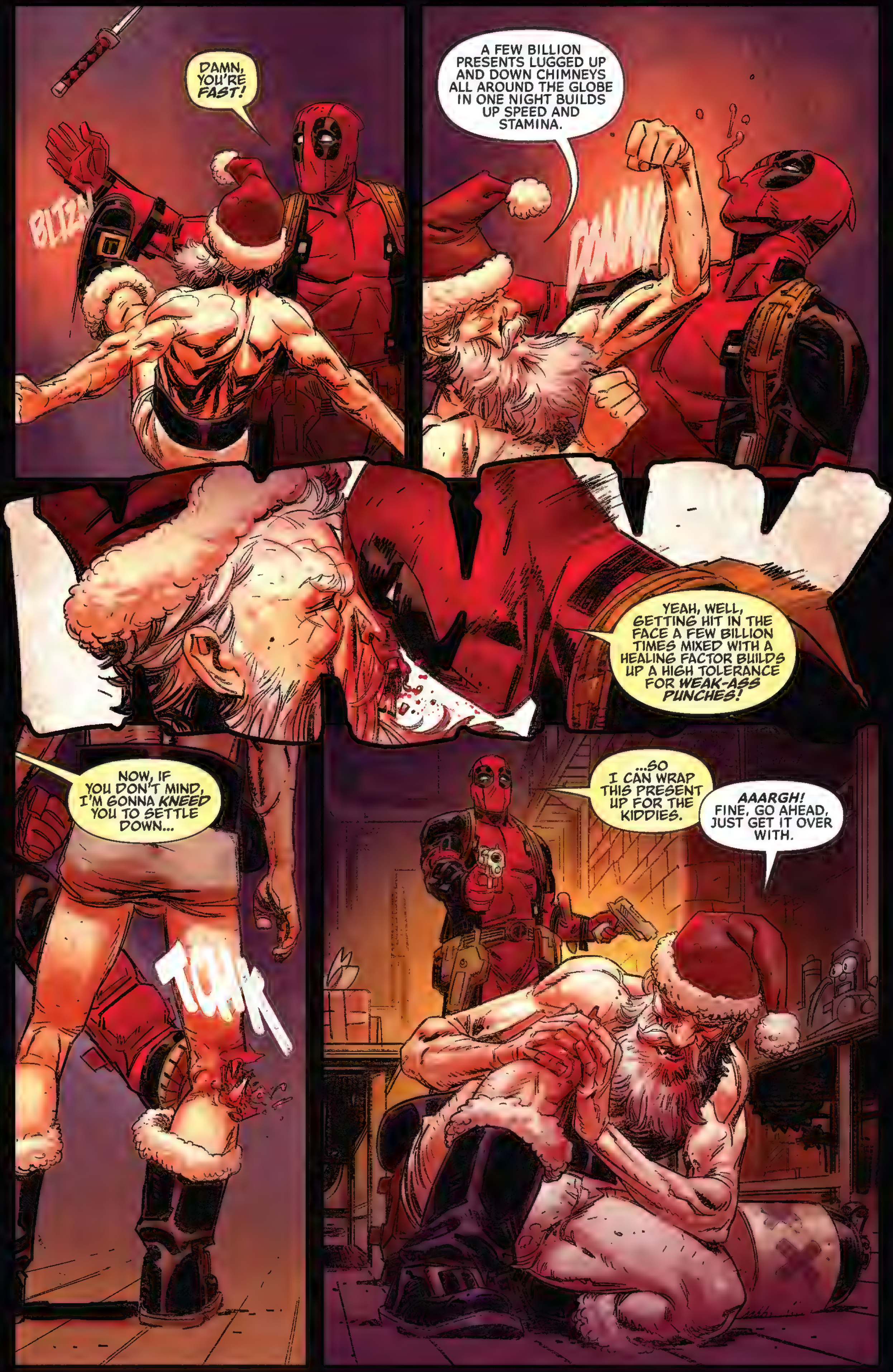

NOW, IS THAT ANY WAY TO WELCOME A GUEST?
OKAY, SO MAYBE THAT GUEST *IS* AN ASSASSIN HERE TO KILL YOUR HUSBY, BUT STILL.
KIK
BOOM!

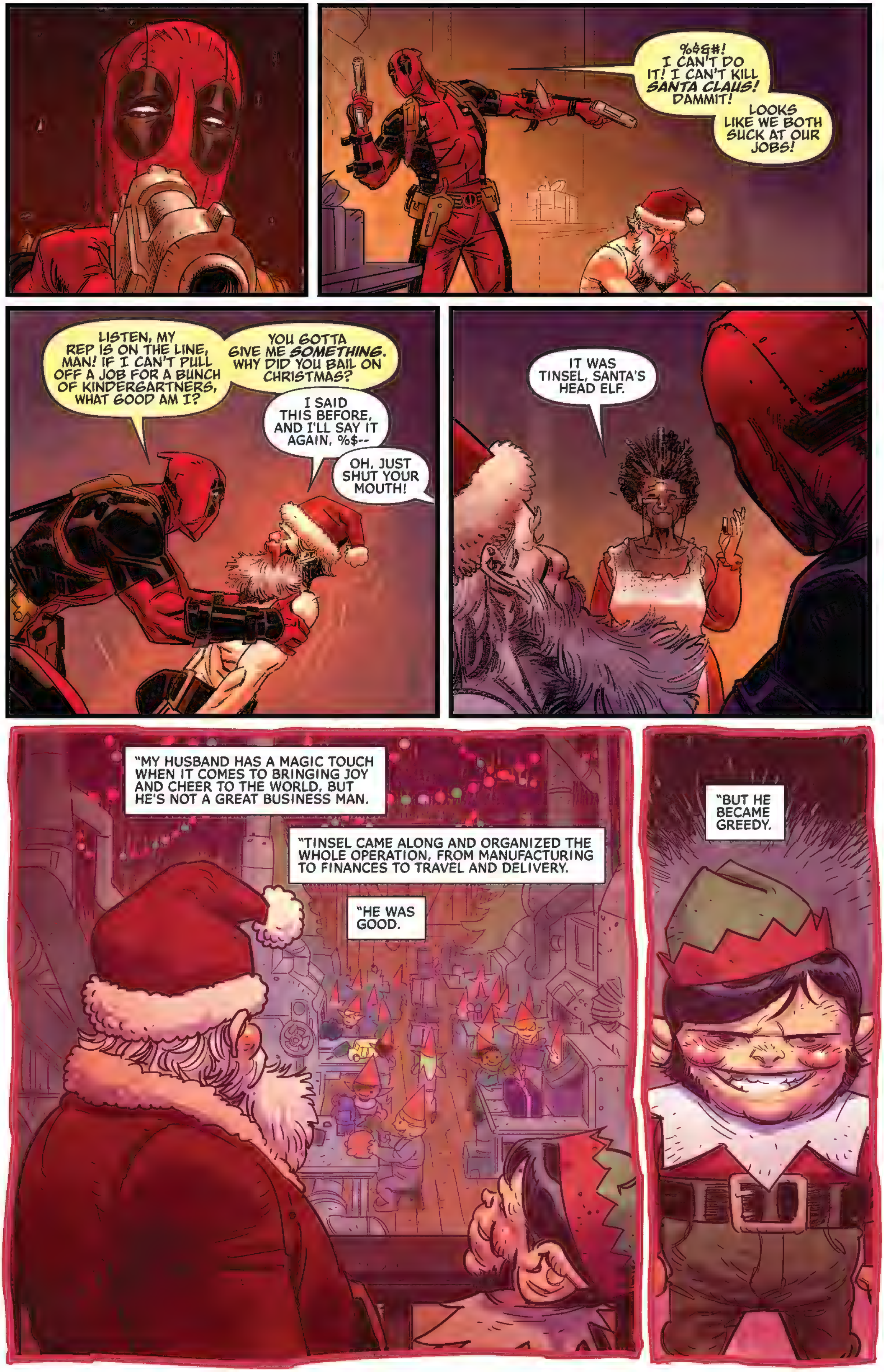

NOT THAT YOUR LITTLE WELCOME WASN'T FUN AND ALL, AND I'M ALWAYS UP FOR MORE SURPRISES, BUT I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO HAND OVER ANY OTHER PIECES YOU'RE HOLDING.
MY, MY, MRS. CLAUS. I KNOW IT'S COLD UP HERE BUT I DID NOT PEG YOU FOR THE "I DON'T GO NOWHERE WITHOUT THE HEATER" TYPE.
KUDOS.
SHOVE IT UP YOUR %$*&!
AWW, THANK YOU FOR THE SUGGESTION. I MAY TAKE YOU UP ON THAT LATER, BUT I'M KIND OF ***AT WORK***, YOU KNOW?
SO IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND SHOWING ME WHERE YOUR JOLLIER HALF IS, I'D APPRECIATE IT.
I'M GOING TO BE HONEST. PART OF ME IS GLAD YOU'RE HERE. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE I CAN TAKE OF THE OLD MAN.
OUCH. THAT'S DARK.
HA. YOU MUST NOT BE MARRIED.
NOT CURRENTLY, BUT I WAS RECENTLY. A LITTLE BIT.
HOW IS SOMEONE ***A LITTLE BIT MARRIED?***
IT WAS A WEIRDWORLD/TIME STORM SITUATION. LONG, CONFUSING STORY.*
Not that long! Only 20 pages! Read it in **DEADPOOL (2018) #4! - Jolly Jake*
AS A KID I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT SANTA'S WORKSHOP LOOKED LIKE. NOT GONNA LIE, I'M GETTING TEARY-EYED JUST BEING HERE.
THE TEARS MIGHT BE A PHYSICAL REACTION TO THE SMELL. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET THE STUBBORN GEEZER TO BATHE IN MONTHS.
AWW! YOU TWO ARE GIVING ME THE WARM AND FUZZIES OVER HERE.

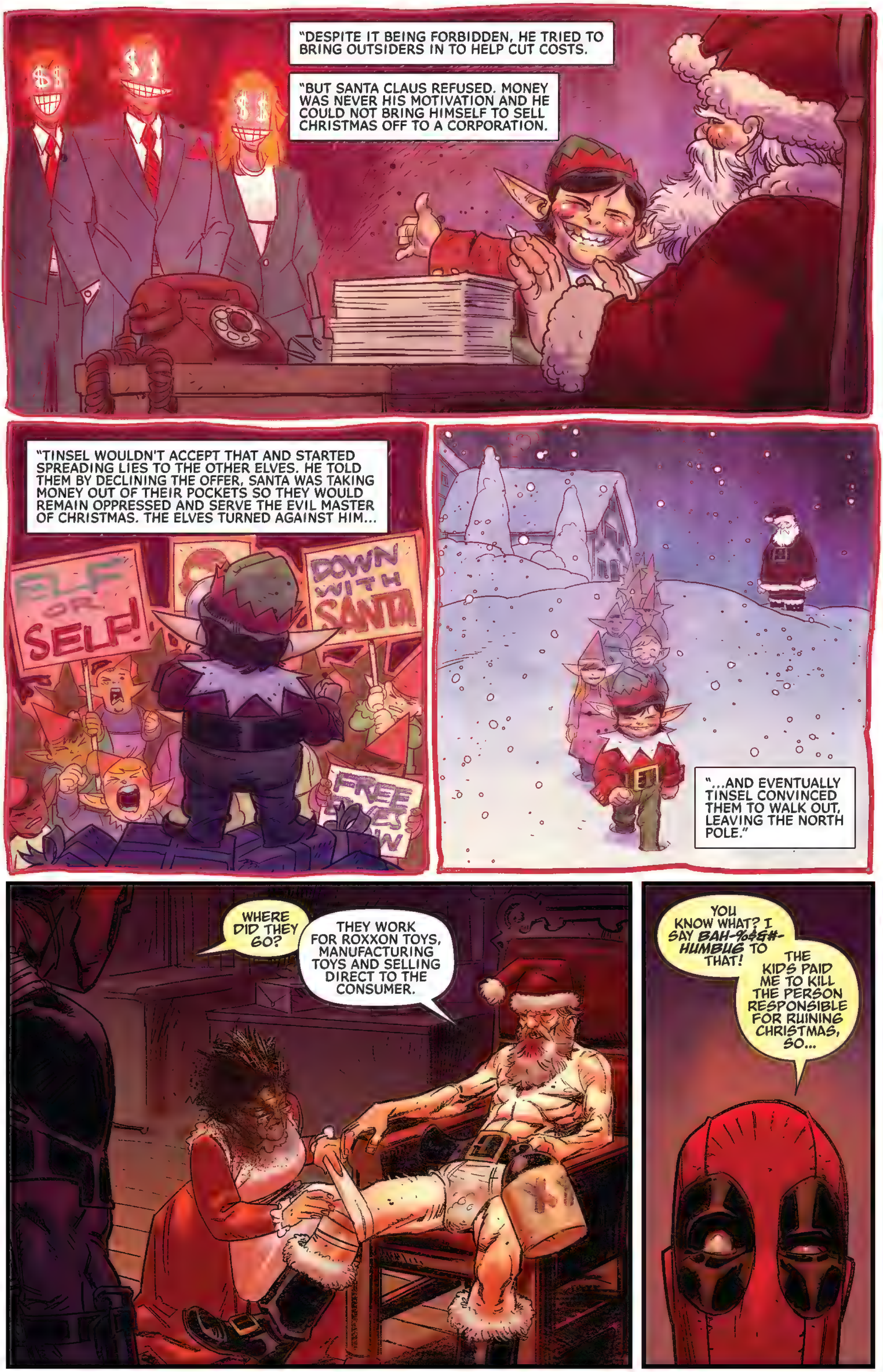

WHAT BRINGS YOU THIS FAR NORTH?
YOU DO, BIG MAN. YOU BLEW IT BIG TIME THIS YEAR BY STIFFING ALL THOSE KIDS AND RUINING CHRISTMAS. YOU--
OH NO, THE POOR, SPOILED, SNOT-NOSE BRATS DIDN'T GET WHATEVER NEW %$*# DEVICE THEY'LL BE GLUED TO 24 HOURS A DAY AND NOW THEY'RE *SOOOO SAD?*
WELL...
...%$&# CHRISTMAS, %$&# THOSE CRYBABIES...
...AND *%$&# YOU!!!*

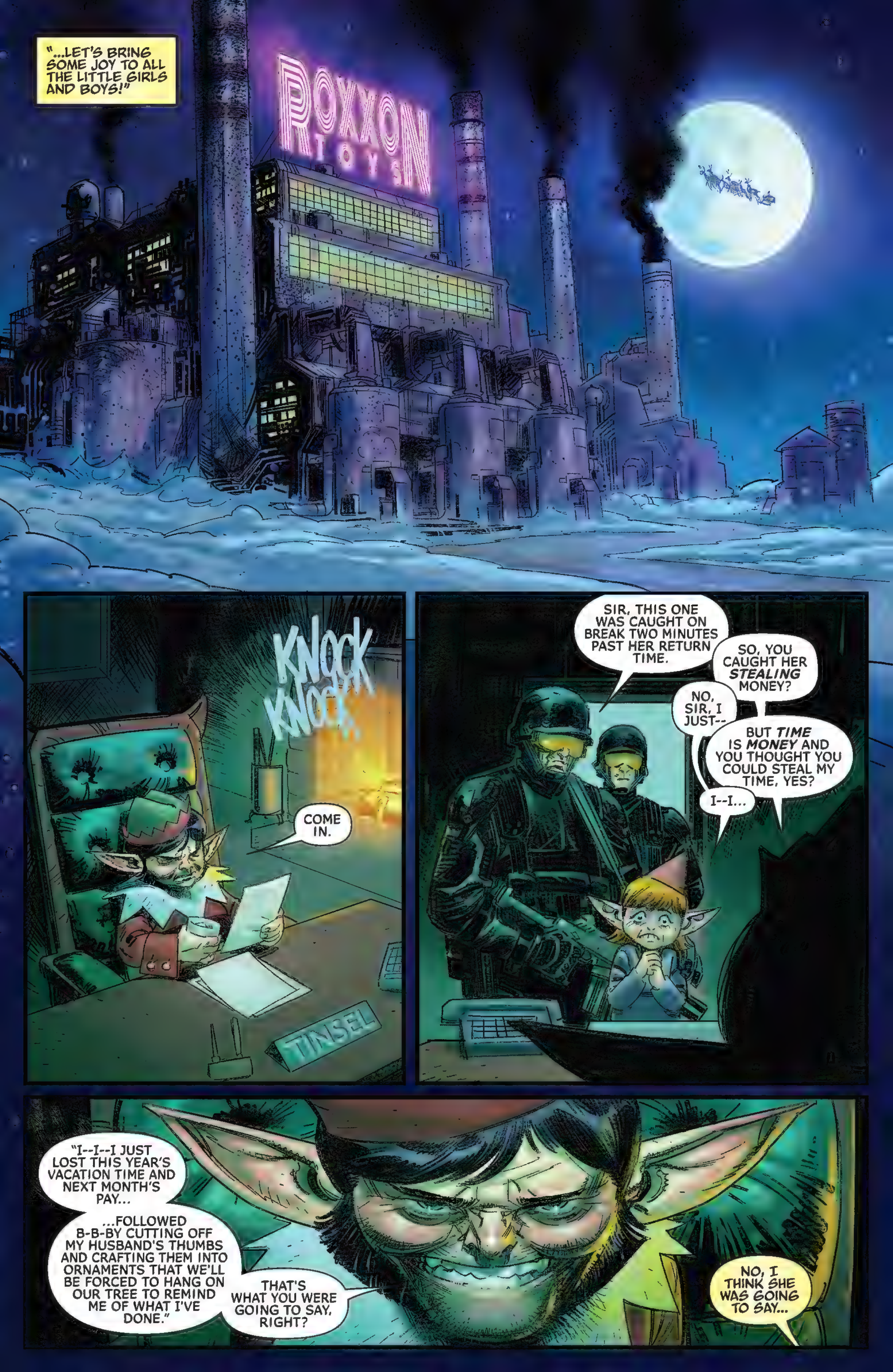

GOOD LORD, MAN! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BELLY THAT SHOOK LIKE A BOWL FULL OF JELL--
GUUUH!
WHAT WAS THAT FOR?
I GOT A CONTRACT ON MY HEAD, RIGHT? AND YOU'RE HERE TO DO THE JOB?
WELL, YEAH.
IT'S FOR THAT, DUMBASS. AND SO IS...
...THIS!

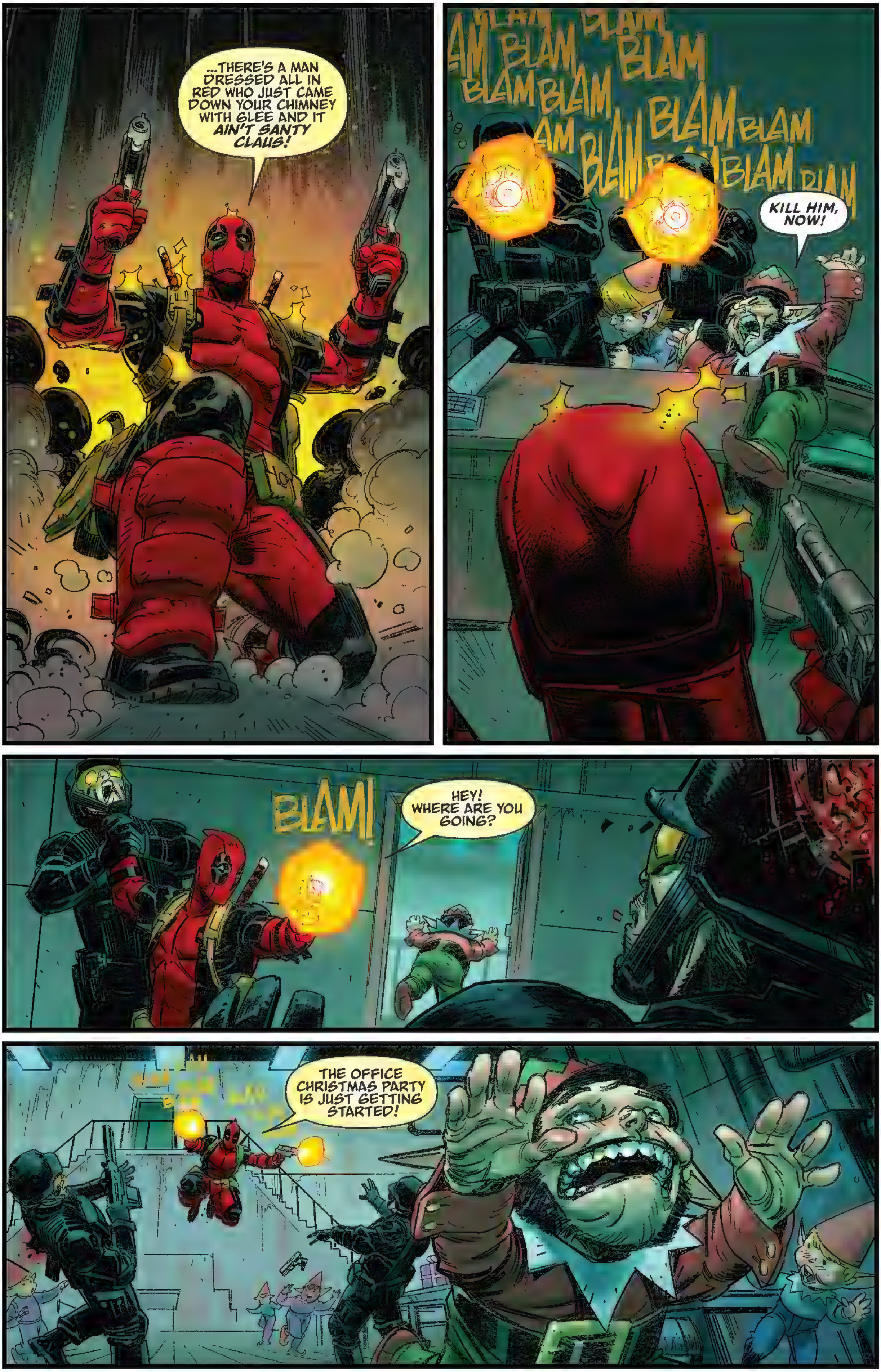

ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN...
...TIME TO CUT THE CHIT-CHAT...
FRAAAK
...I GOTTA GET TO WORK!
HO HO HO-LY $#%*! COME ON!
DID YOU THINK I WOULD MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU?

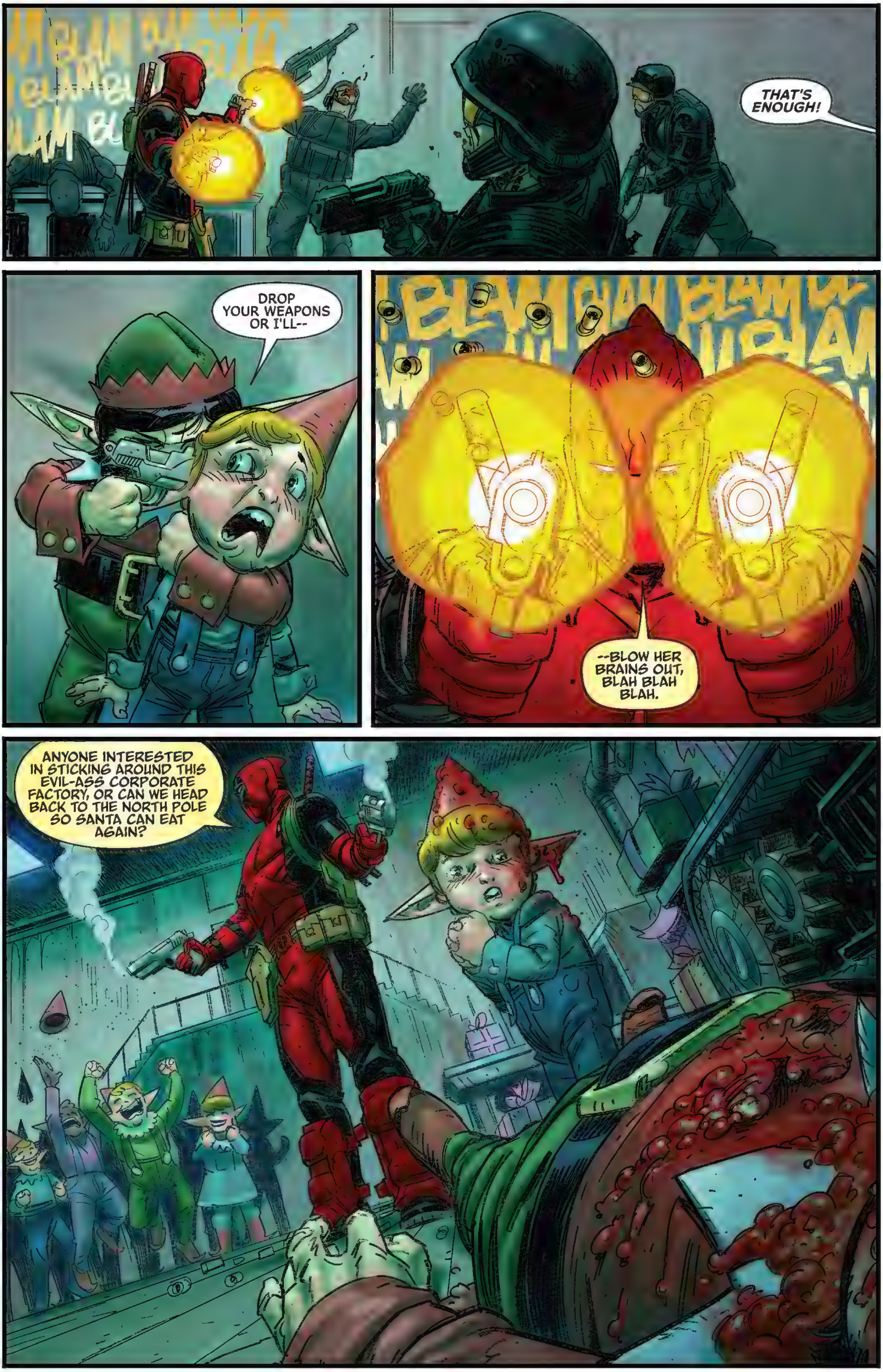

DAMN, YOU'RE *FAST!*
BLIZN
A FEW BILLION PRESENTS LUGGED UP AND DOWN CHIMNEYS ALL AROUND THE GLOBE IN ONE NIGHT BUILDS UP SPEED AND STAMINA.
DWAK
YEAH, WELL, GETTING HIT IN THE FACE A FEW BILLION TIMES MIXED WITH A HEALING FACTOR BUILDS UP A HIGH TOLERANCE FOR *WEAK-ASS PUNCHES!*
NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'M GONNA *KNEED* YOU TO SETTLE DOWN...
TUNK
...SO I CAN WRAP THIS PRESENT UP FOR THE KIDDIES.
AAARGH! FINE, GO AHEAD, JUST GET IT OVER WITH.

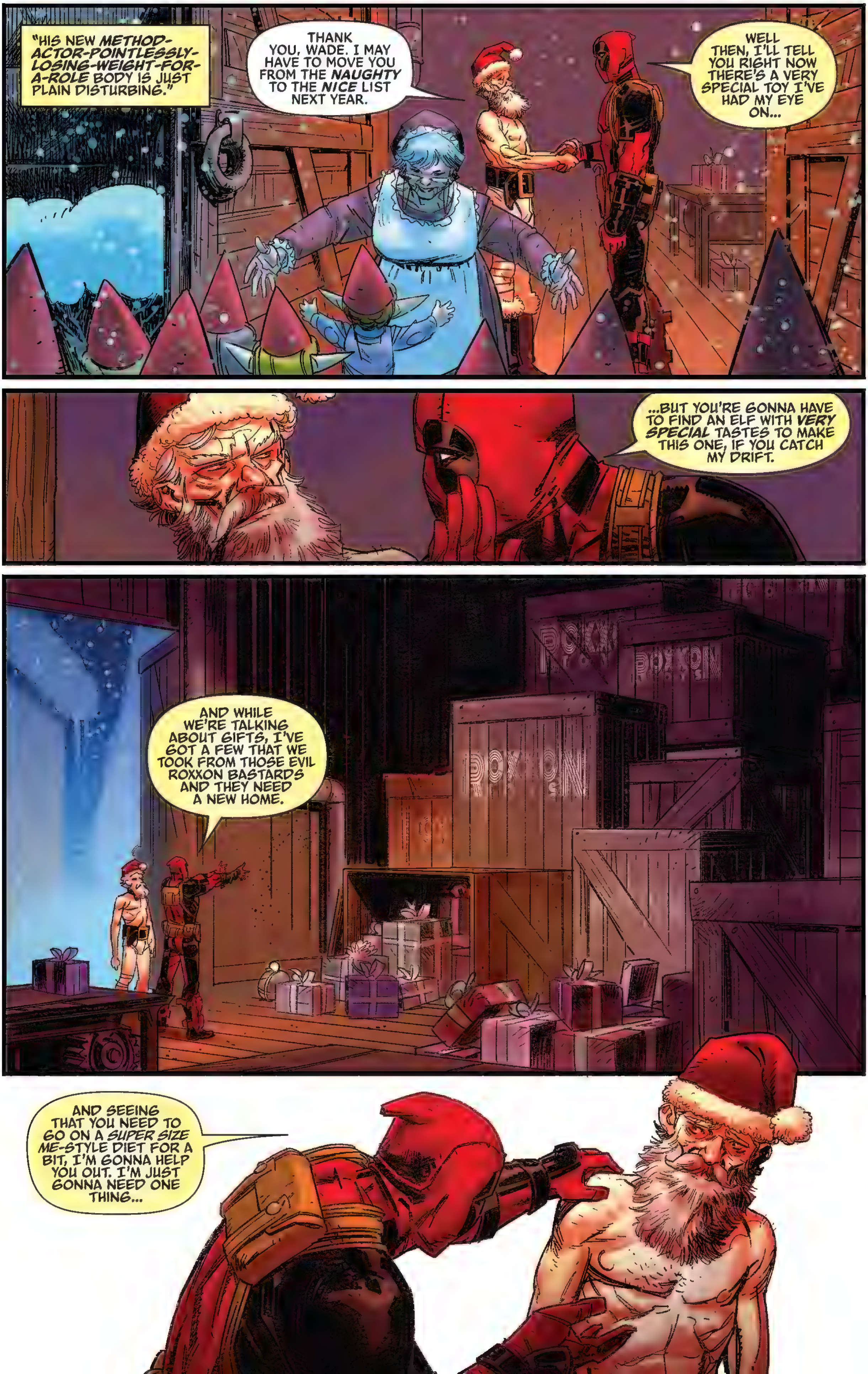

%$&#! I CAN'T DO IT! I CAN'T KILL *SANTA CLAUS!* DAMMIT!
LOOKS LIKE WE BOTH SUCK AT OUR JOBS!
LISTEN, MY REP IS ON THE LINE, MAN! IF I CAN'T PULL OFF A JOB FOR A BUNCH OF KINDERGARTNERS, WHAT GOOD AM I?
YOU GOTTA GIVE ME *SOMETHING.* WHY DID YOU BAIL ON CHRISTMAS?
I SAID THIS BEFORE, AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN, %$--
OH, JUST SHUT YOUR MOUTH!
IT WAS TINSEL, SANTA'S HEAD ELF.
"MY HUSBAND HAS A MAGIC TOUCH WHEN IT COMES TO BRINGING JOY AND CHEER TO THE WORLD, BUT HE'S NOT A GREAT BUSINESS MAN.
"TINSEL CAME ALONG AND ORGANIZED THE WHOLE OPERATION, FROM MANUFACTURING TO FINANCES TO TRAVEL AND DELIVERY.
"HE WAS GOOD.
"BUT HE BECAME GREEDY.

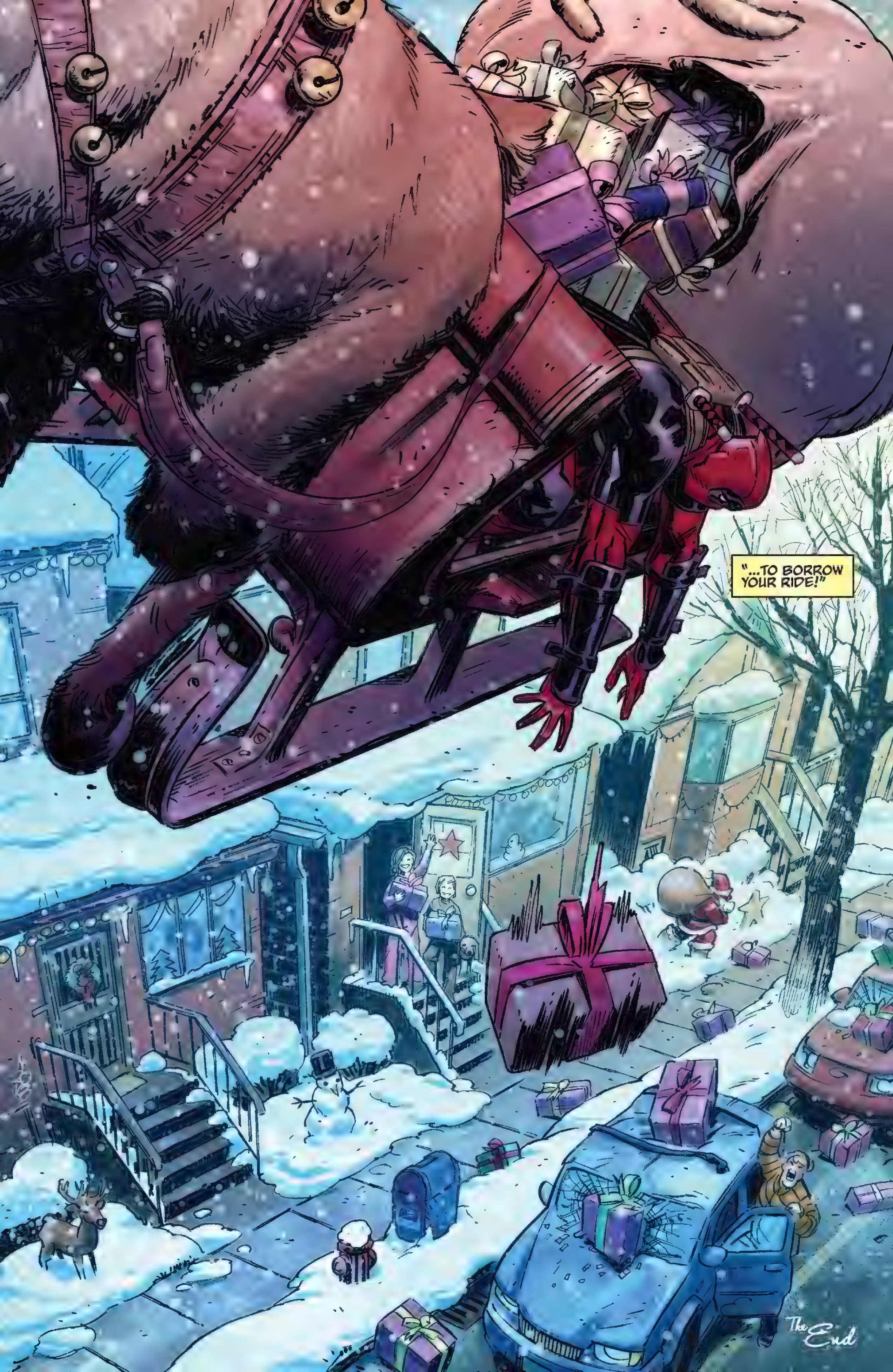

"DESPITE IT BEING FORBIDDEN, HE TRIED TO BRING OUTSIDERS IN TO HELP CUT COSTS.
"BUT SANTA CLAUS REFUSED. MONEY WAS NEVER HIS MOTIVATION AND HE COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO SELL CHRISTMAS OFF TO A CORPORATION.
"TINSEL WOULDN'T ACCEPT THAT AND STARTED SPREADING LIES TO THE OTHER ELVES. HE TOLD THEM BY DECLINING THE OFFER, SANTA WAS TAKING MONEY OUT OF THEIR POCKETS SO THEY WOULD REMAIN OPPRESSED AND SERVE THE EVIL MASTER OF CHRISTMAS. THE ELVES TURNED AGAINST HIM...
ELF OR SELF!
DOWN WITH SANTA
FREE
"...AND EVENTUALLY TINSEL CONVINCED THEM TO WALK OUT, LEAVING THE NORTH POLE."
WHERE DID THEY GO?
THEY WORK FOR ROXXON TOYS, MANUFACTURING TOYS AND SELLING DIRECT TO THE CONSUMER.
YOU KNOW WHAT? I SAY *BAH-%$&#-HUMBUG* TO THAT!
THE KIDS PAID ME TO KILL THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR RUINING CHRISTMAS, SO...


"...LET'S BRING SOME JOY TO ALL THE LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS!"
ROXXON TOYS
KNOCK KNOCK
COME IN.
TINSEL
SIR, THIS ONE WAS CAUGHT ON BREAK TWO MINUTES PAST HER RETURN TIME.
SO, YOU CAUGHT HER *STEALING* MONEY?
NO, SIR, I JUST--
BUT *TIME* IS *MONEY* AND YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD STEAL MY TIME, YES?
I--I...
"I--I--I JUST LOST THIS YEAR'S VACATION TIME AND NEXT MONTH'S PAY...
...FOLLOWED B-B-BY CUTTING OFF MY HUSBAND'S THUMBS AND CRAFTING THEM INTO ORNAMENTS THAT WE'LL BE FORCED TO HANG ON OUR TREE TO REMIND ME OF WHAT I'VE DONE."
THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY, RIGHT?
NO, I THINK SHE WAS GOING TO SAY...

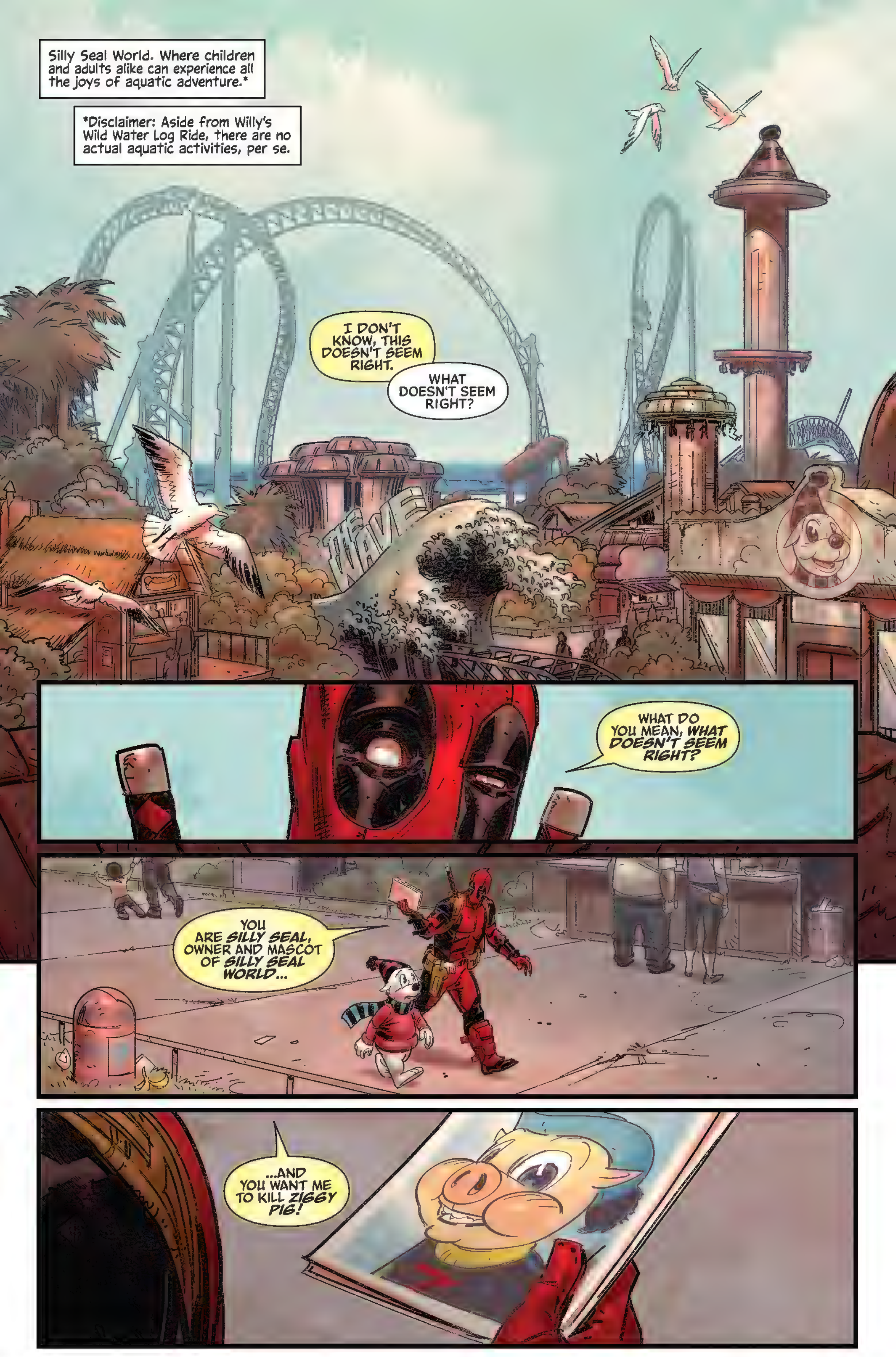

...THERE'S A MAN DRESSED ALL IN RED WHO JUST CAME DOWN YOUR CHIMNEY WITH GLEE AND IT *AIN'T SANTY CLAUS!*
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
KILL HIM, NOW!
BLAM!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
THE OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY IS JUST GETTING STARTED!

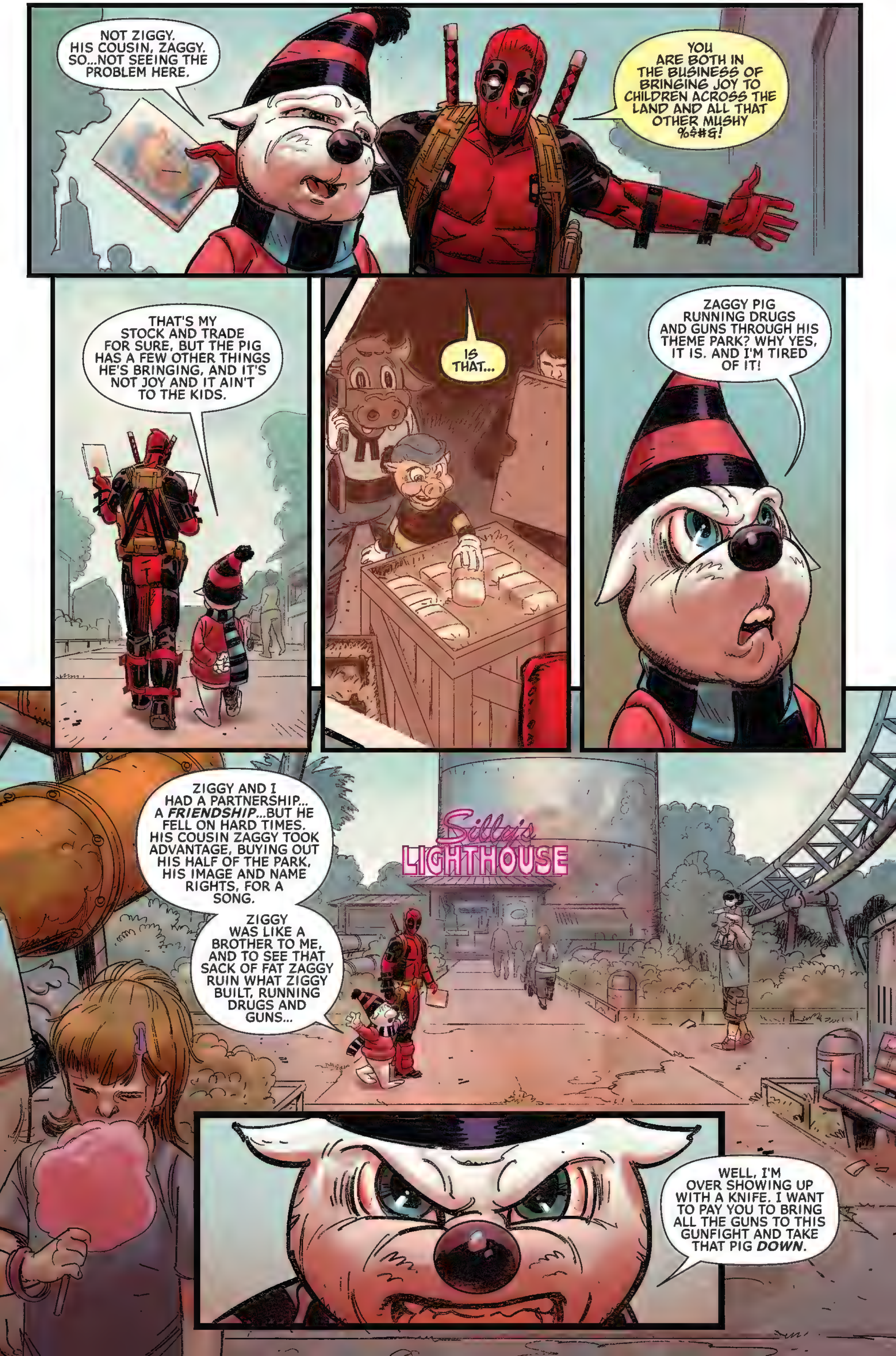

BLAM BLAM BLAM
THAT'S ENOUGH!
DROP YOUR WEAPONS OR I'LL--
BLAM BLAM BLAM
--BLOW HER BRAINS OUT, BLAH BLAH BLAH.
ANYONE INTERESTED IN STICKING AROUND THIS EVIL-ASS CORPORATE FACTORY, OR CAN WE HEAD BACK TO THE NORTH POLE SO SANTA CAN EAT AGAIN?

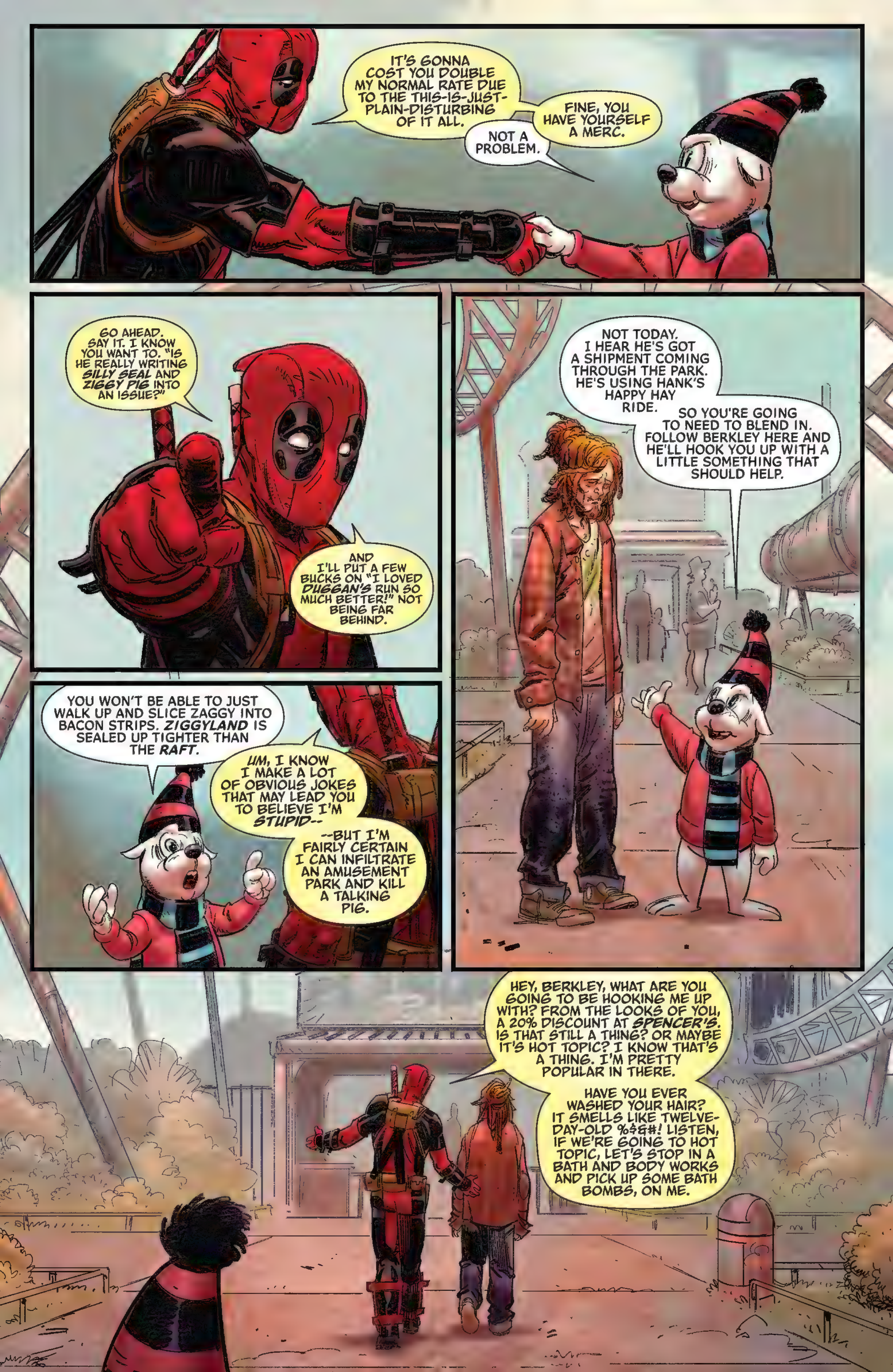

"HIS NEW *METHOD-ACTOR-POINTLESSLY-LOSING-WEIGHT-FOR-A-ROLE* BODY IS JUST PLAIN DISTURBING."
THANK YOU, WADE. I MAY HAVE TO MOVE YOU FROM THE *NAUGHTY* TO THE *NICE* LIST NEXT YEAR.
WELL THEN, I'LL TELL YOU RIGHT NOW THERE'S A VERY SPECIAL TOY I'VE HAD MY EYE ON...
...BUT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO FIND AN ELF WITH *VERY SPECIAL* TASTES TO MAKE THIS ONE, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT.
ROXXON
ROXXON TOYS
ROXXON
AND WHILE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT GIFTS, I'VE GOT A FEW THAT WE TOOK FROM THOSE EVIL ROXXON BASTARDS AND THEY NEED A NEW HOME.
AND SEEING THAT YOU NEED TO GO ON A *SUPER SIZE ME*-STYLE DIET FOR A BIT, I'M GONNA HELP YOU OUT. I'M JUST GONNA NEED ONE THING...

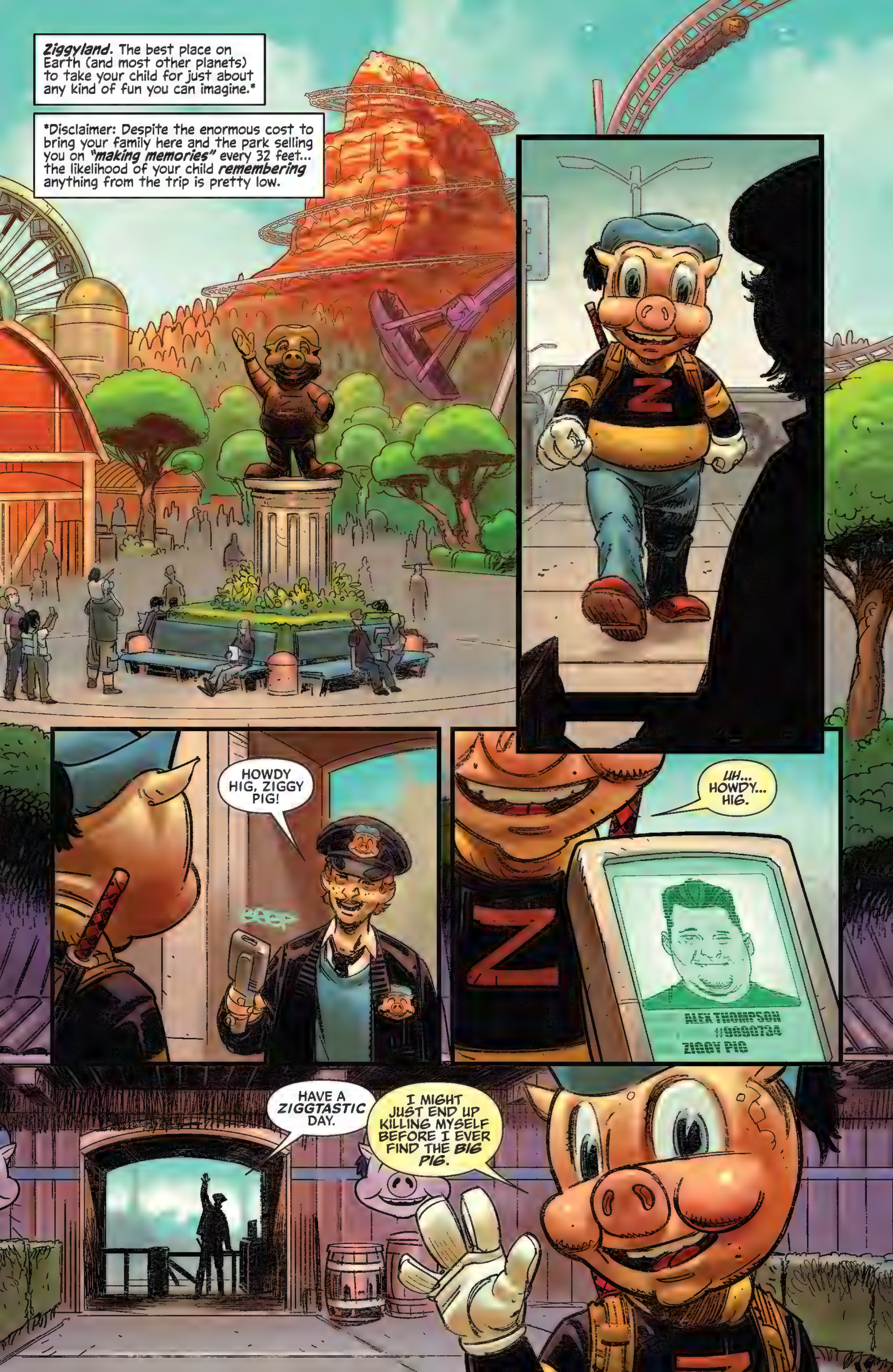

"...TO BORROW YOUR RIDE!"
The End

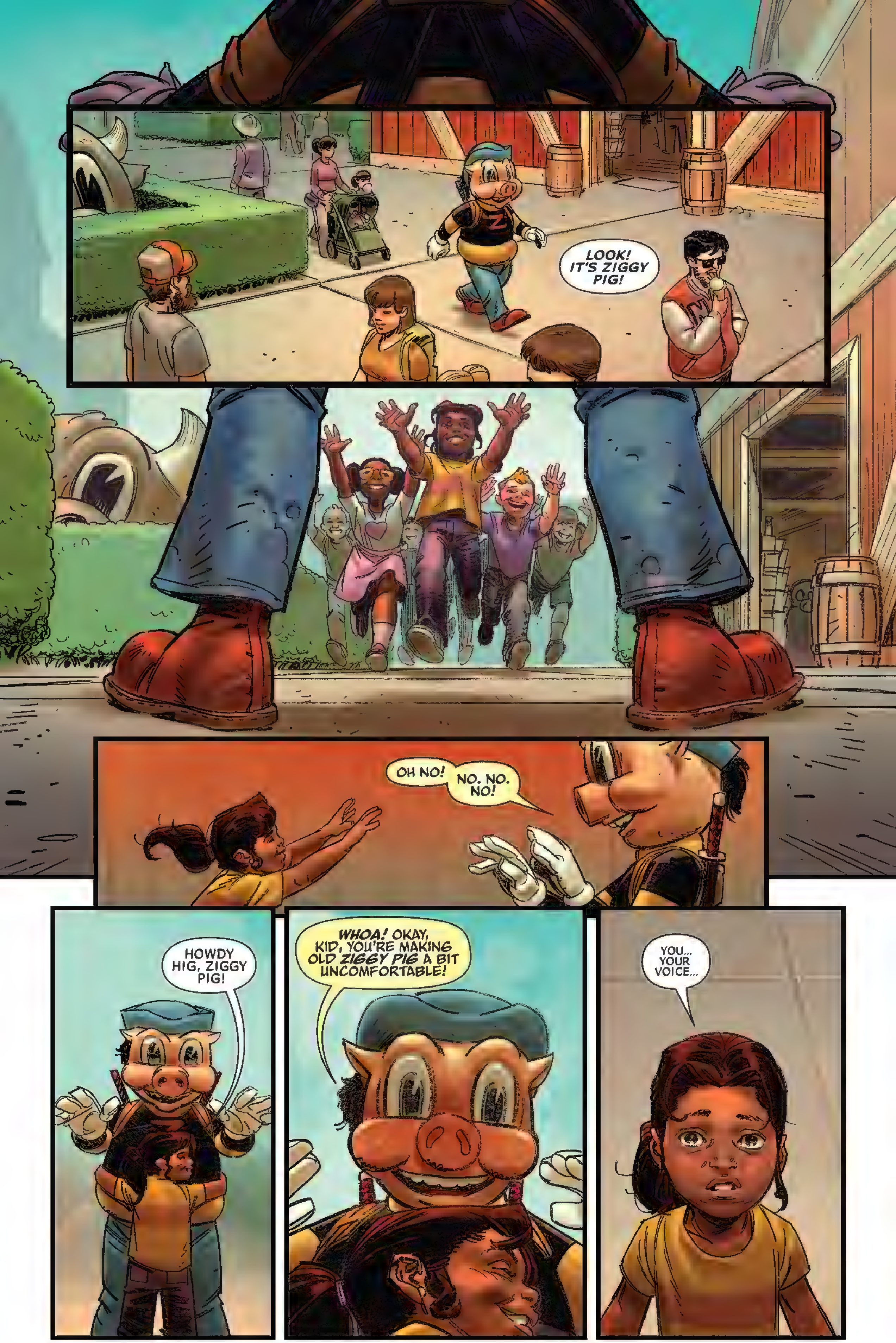
#8

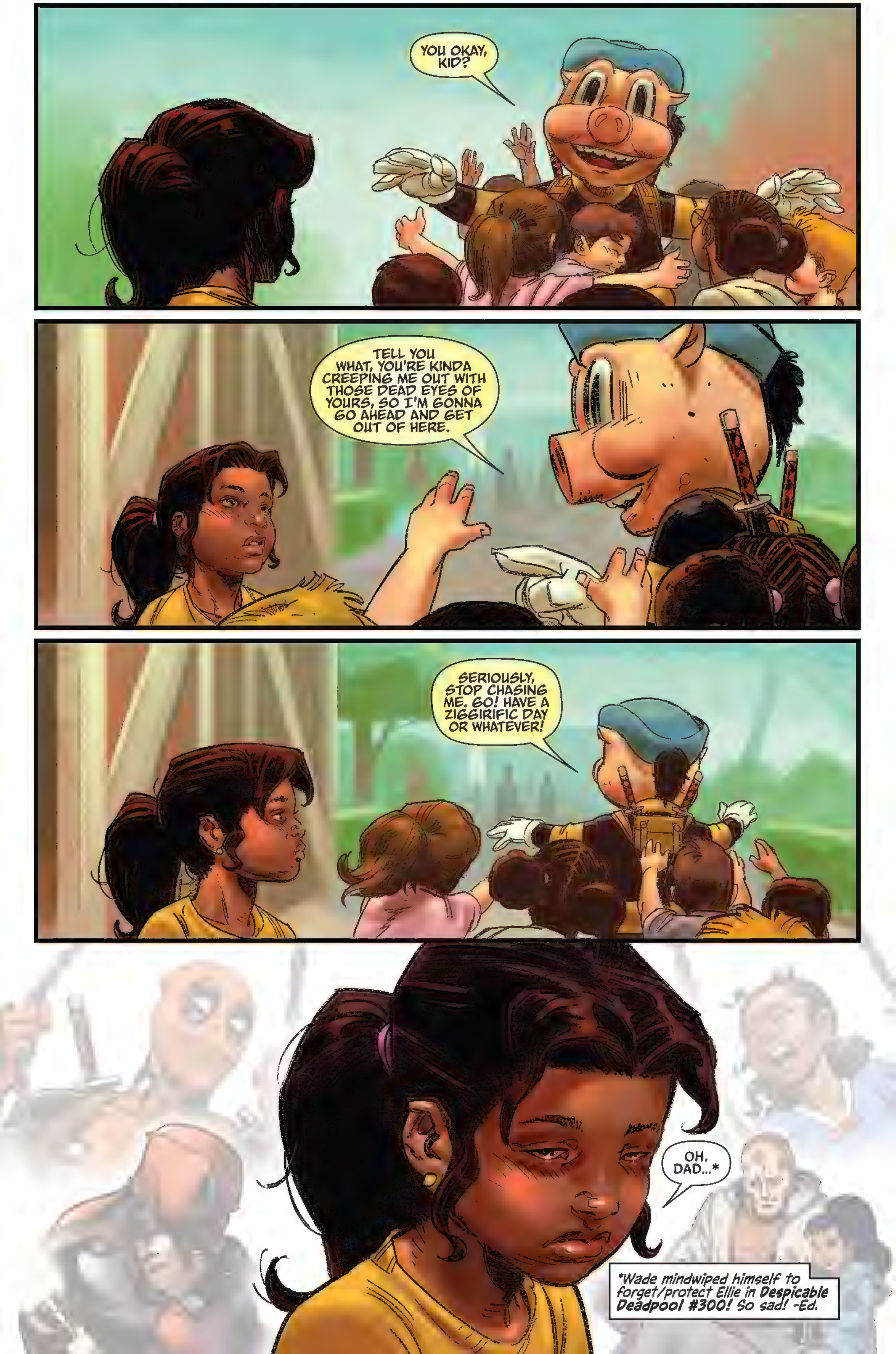

Silly Seal World. Where children and adults alike can experience all the joys of aquatic adventure.*
*Disclaimer: Aside from Willy's Wild Water Log Ride, there are no actual aquatic activities, per se.
THE WAVE
I DON'T KNOW, THIS DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.
WHAT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *WHAT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT?*
YOU ARE *SILLY SEAL,* OWNER AND MASCOT OF *SILLY SEAL WORLD...*
...AND YOU WANT ME TO KILL *ZIGGY PIG!*

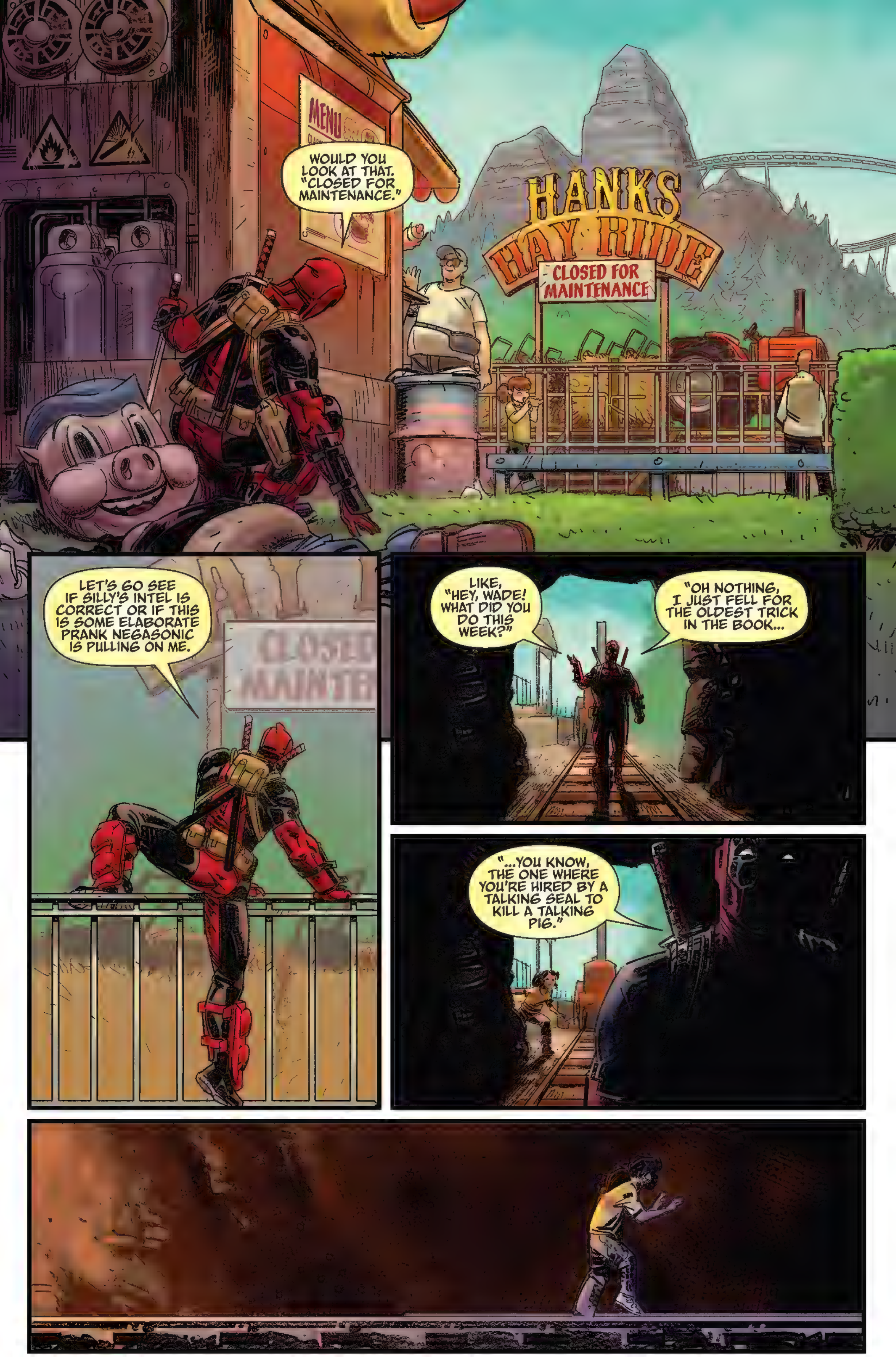

NOT ZIGGY. HIS COUSIN, ZAGGY. SO...NOT SEEING THE PROBLEM HERE.
YOU ARE BOTH IN THE BUSINESS OF BRINGING JOY TO CHILDREN ACROSS THE LAND AND ALL THAT OTHER MUSHY %$#&!
THAT'S MY STOCK AND TRADE FOR SURE, BUT THE PIG HAS A FEW OTHER THINGS HE'S BRINGING, AND IT'S NOT JOY AND IT AIN'T TO THE KIDS.
IS THAT...
ZAGGY PIG RUNNING DRUGS AND GUNS THROUGH HIS THEME PARK? WHY YES, IT IS. AND I'M TIRED OF IT!
ZIGGY AND I HAD A PARTNERSHIP... A *FRIENDSHIP*...BUT HE FELL ON HARD TIMES. HIS COUSIN ZAGGY TOOK ADVANTAGE, BUYING OUT HIS HALF OF THE PARK, HIS IMAGE AND NAME RIGHTS, FOR A SONG.
Silly's LIGHTHOUSE
ZIGGY WAS LIKE A BROTHER TO ME, AND TO SEE THAT SACK OF FAT ZAGGY RUIN WHAT ZIGGY BUILT, RUNNING DRUGS AND GUNS...
WELL, I'M OVER SHOWING UP WITH A KNIFE. I WANT TO PAY YOU TO BRING ALL THE GUNS TO THIS GUNFIGHT AND TAKE THAT PIG *DOWN*.

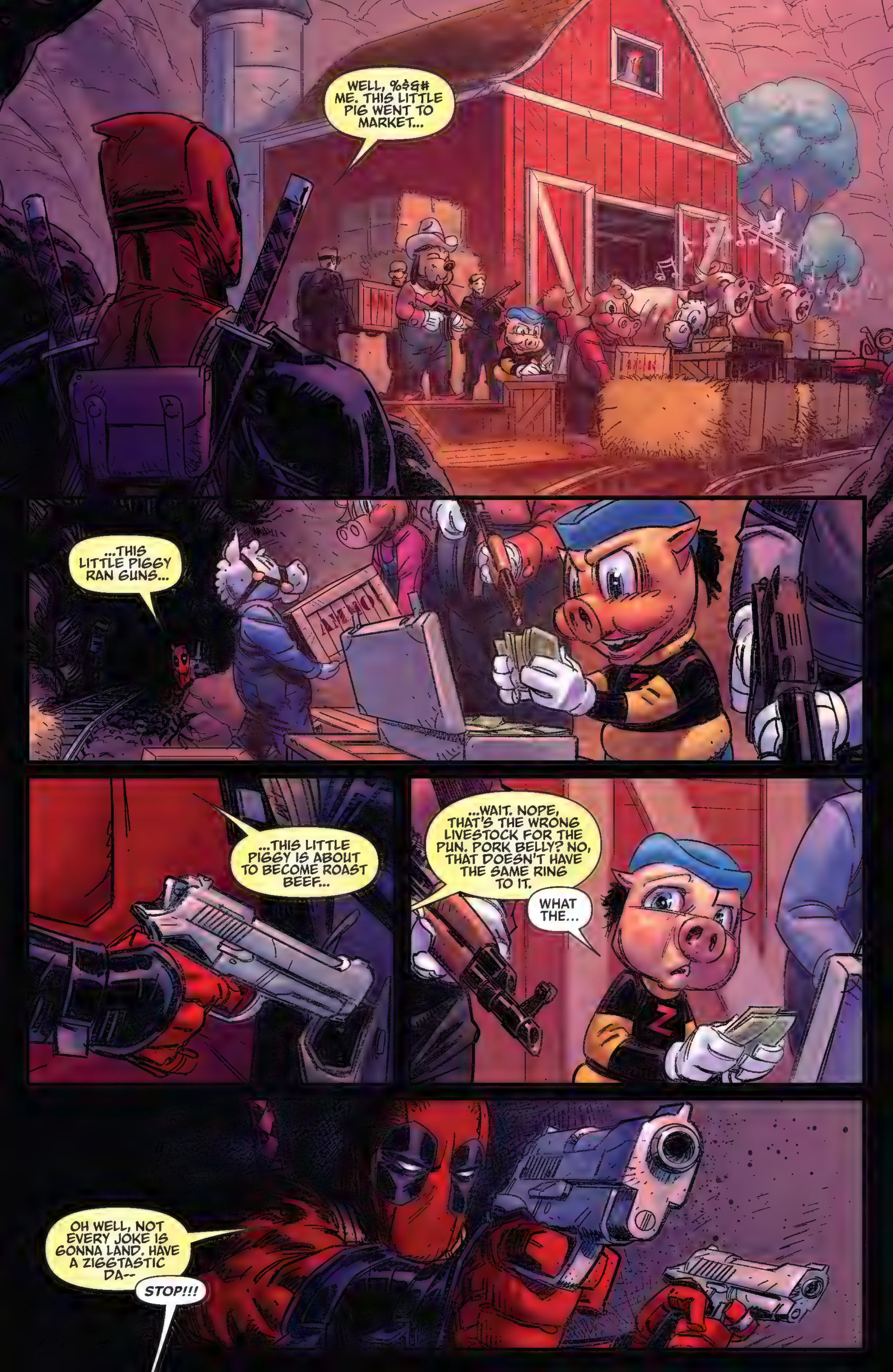

IT'S GONNA COST YOU DOUBLE MY NORMAL RATE DUE TO THE THIS-IS-JUST-PLAIN-DISTURBING OF IT ALL.
FINE, YOU HAVE YOURSELF A MERC.
NOT A PROBLEM.
GO AHEAD. SAY IT. I KNOW YOU WANT TO. "IS HE REALLY WRITING SILLY SEAL AND ZIGGY PIG INTO AN ISSUE?"
AND I'LL PUT A FEW BUCKS ON "I LOVED DUGGAN'S RUN SO MUCH BETTER!" NOT BEING FAR BEHIND.
YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO JUST WALK UP AND SLICE ZAGGY INTO BACON STRIPS. ZIGGYLAND IS SEALED UP TIGHTER THAN THE RAFT.
UM, I KNOW I MAKE A LOT OF OBVIOUS JOKES THAT MAY LEAD YOU TO BELIEVE I'M STUPID--
--BUT I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN I CAN INFILTRATE AN AMUSEMENT PARK AND KILL A TALKING PIG.
NOT TODAY. I HEAR HE'S GOT A SHIPMENT COMING THROUGH THE PARK. HE'S USING HANK'S HAPPY HAY RIDE.
SO YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO BLEND IN. FOLLOW BERKLEY HERE AND HE'LL HOOK YOU UP WITH A LITTLE SOMETHING THAT SHOULD HELP.
HEY, BERKLEY, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE HOOKING ME UP WITH? FROM THE LOOKS OF YOU, A 20% DISCOUNT AT SPENCER'S. IS THAT STILL A THING? OR MAYBE IT'S HOT TOPIC? I KNOW THAT'S A THING. I'M PRETTY POPULAR IN THERE.
HAVE YOU EVER WASHED YOUR HAIR? IT SMELLS LIKE TWELVE-DAY-OLD %$&#! LISTEN, IF WE'RE GOING TO HOT TOPIC, LET'S STOP IN A BATH AND BODY WORKS AND PICK UP SOME BATH BOMBS, ON ME.

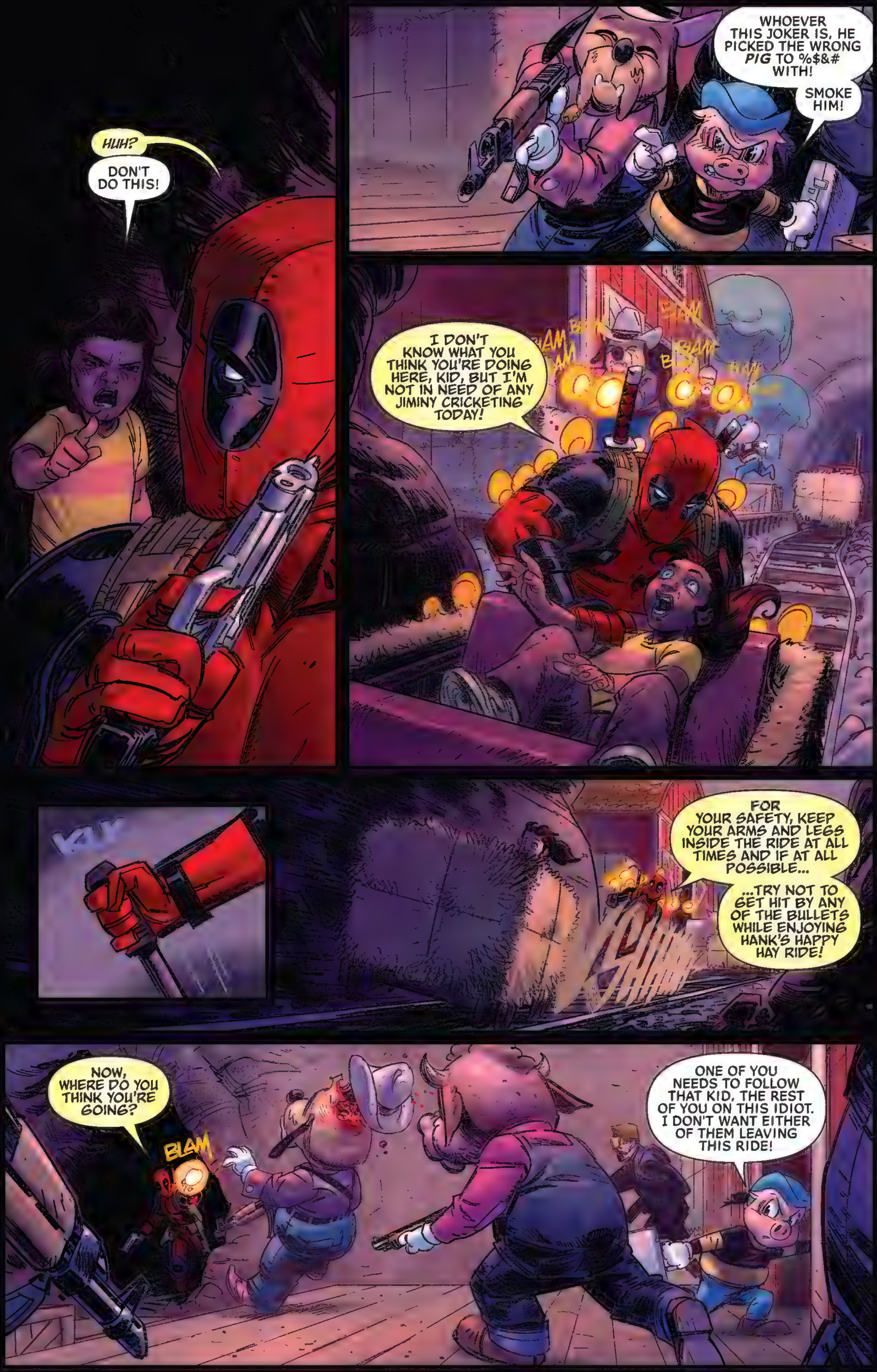

Ziggyland. The best place on Earth (and most other planets) to take your child for just about any kind of fun you can imagine.*
*Disclaimer: Despite the enormous cost to bring your family here and the park selling you on *"making memories"* every 32 feet... the likelihood of your child ***remembering*** anything from the trip is pretty low.
HOWDY HIG, ZIGGY PIG!
BEEP
UH... HOWDY... HIG.
ALEX THOMPSON
#9890734
ZIGGY PIG
HAVE A *ZIGGTASTIC* DAY.
I MIGHT JUST END UP KILLING MYSELF BEFORE I EVER FIND THE ***BIG PIG***.

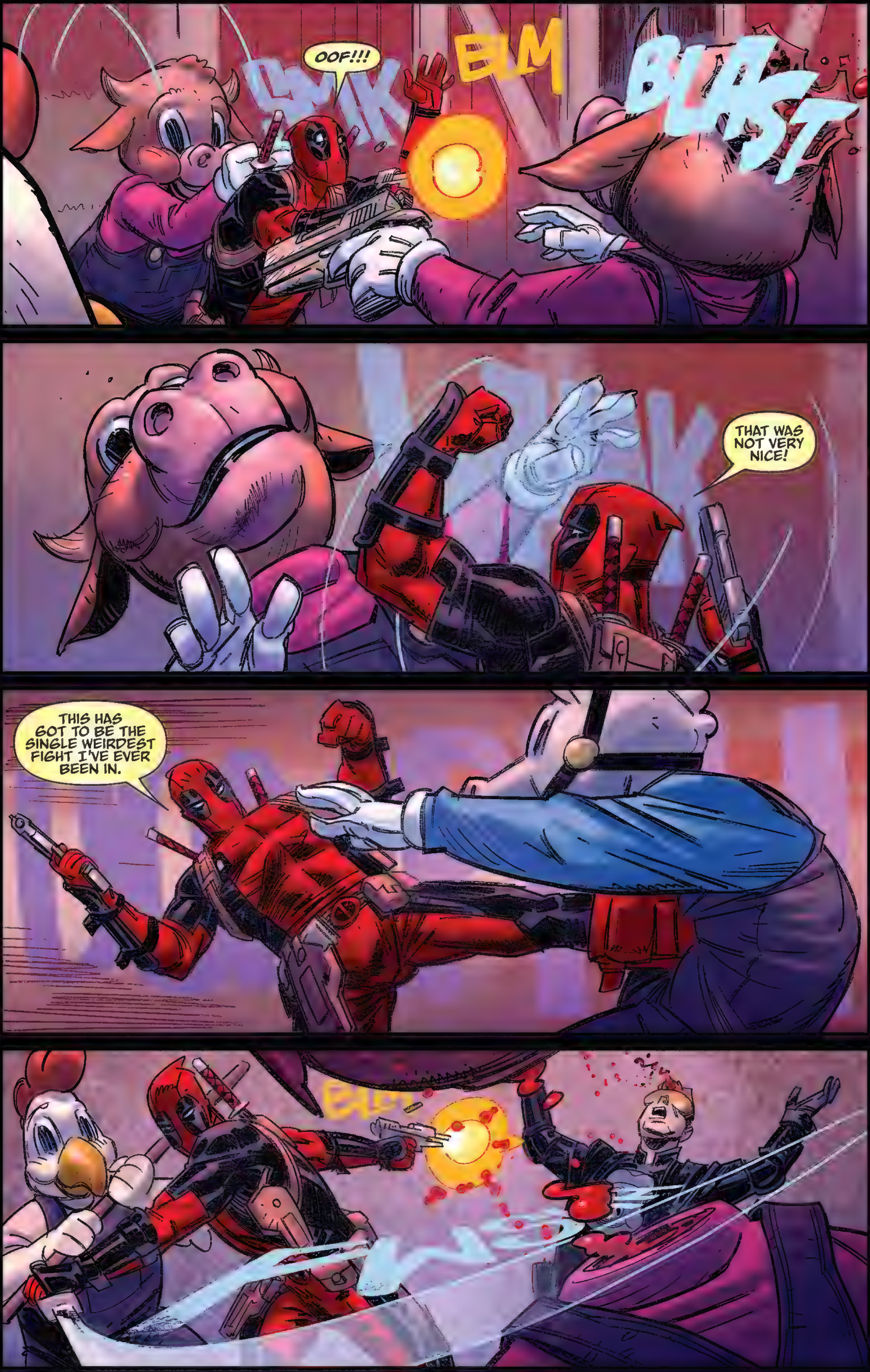

LOOK! IT'S ZIGGY PIG!
OH NO!
NO. NO. NO!
HOWDY HIG, ZIGGY PIG!
WHOA! OKAY, KID, YOU'RE MAKING OLD ZIGGY PIG A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE!
YOU... YOUR VOICE...

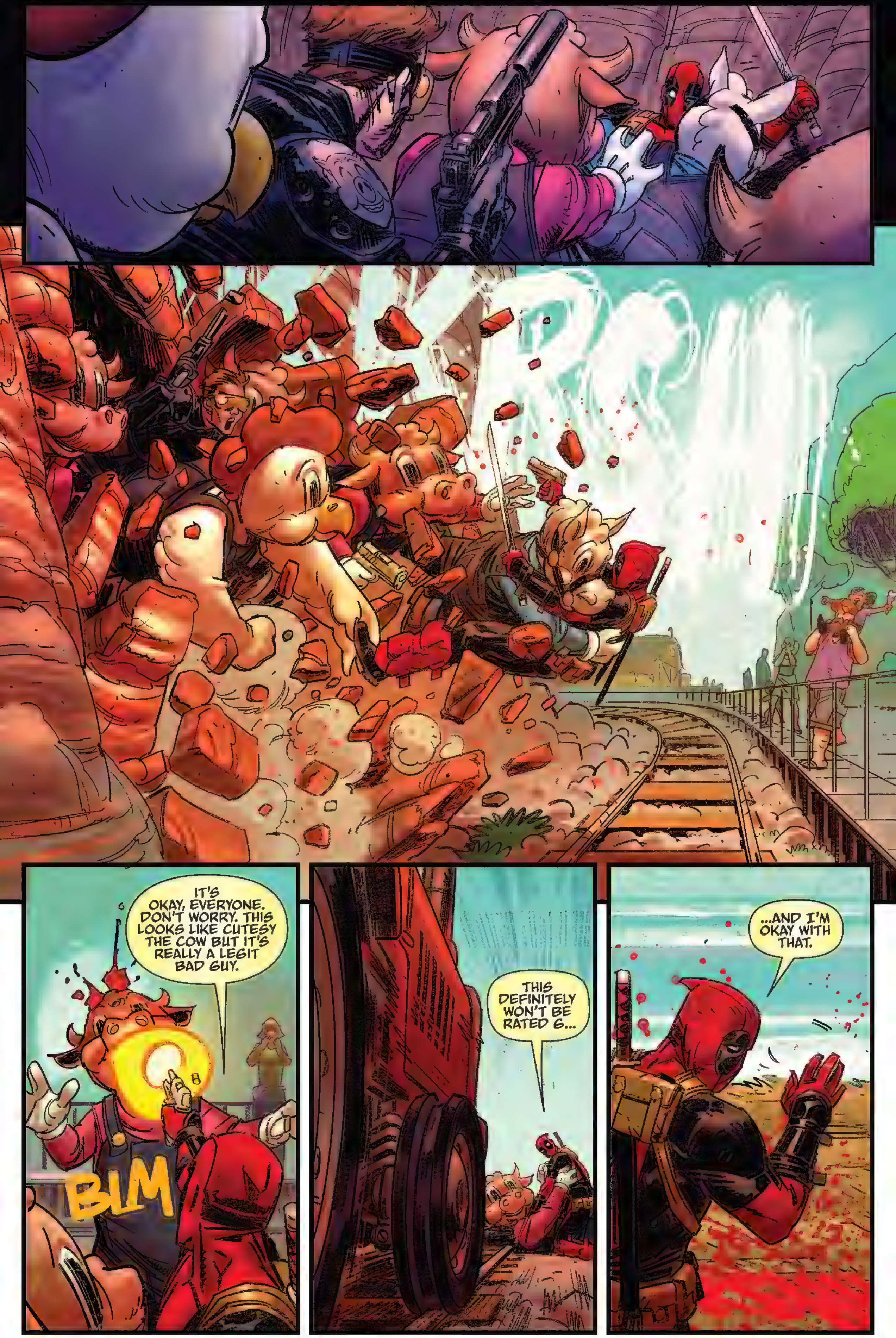

YOU OKAY, KID?
TELL YOU WHAT, YOU'RE KINDA CREEPING ME OUT WITH THOSE DEAD EYES OF YOURS, SO I'M GONNA GO AHEAD AND GET OUT OF HERE.
SERIOUSLY, STOP CHASING ME. GO! HAVE A ZIGGIRIFIC DAY OR WHATEVER!
OH, DAD...*
*Wade mindwiped himself to forget/protect Ellie in **Despicable Deadpool #300!** So sad! -Ed.

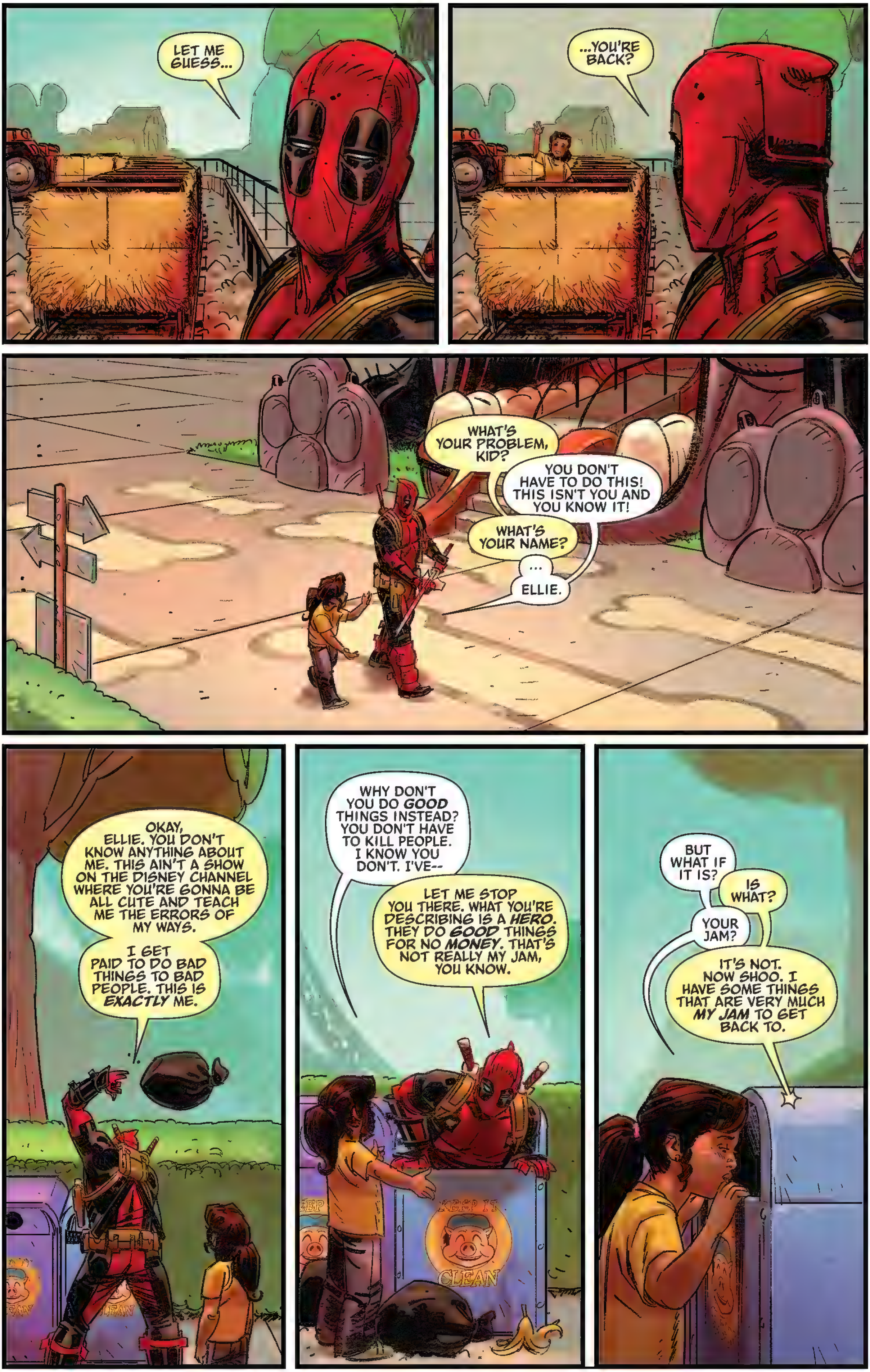

MENU
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT. "CLOSED FOR MAINTENANCE."
HANKS HAY RIDE
CLOSED FOR MAINTENANCE
LET'S GO SEE IF SILLY'S INTEL IS CORRECT OR IF THIS IS SOME ELABORATE PRANK NEGASONIC IS PULLING ON ME.
CLOSED MAINTE
LIKE, "HEY, WADE! WHAT DID YOU DO THIS WEEK?"
"OH NOTHING, I JUST FELL FOR THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK...
"...YOU KNOW, THE ONE WHERE YOU'RE HIRED BY A TALKING SEAL TO KILL A TALKING PIG."

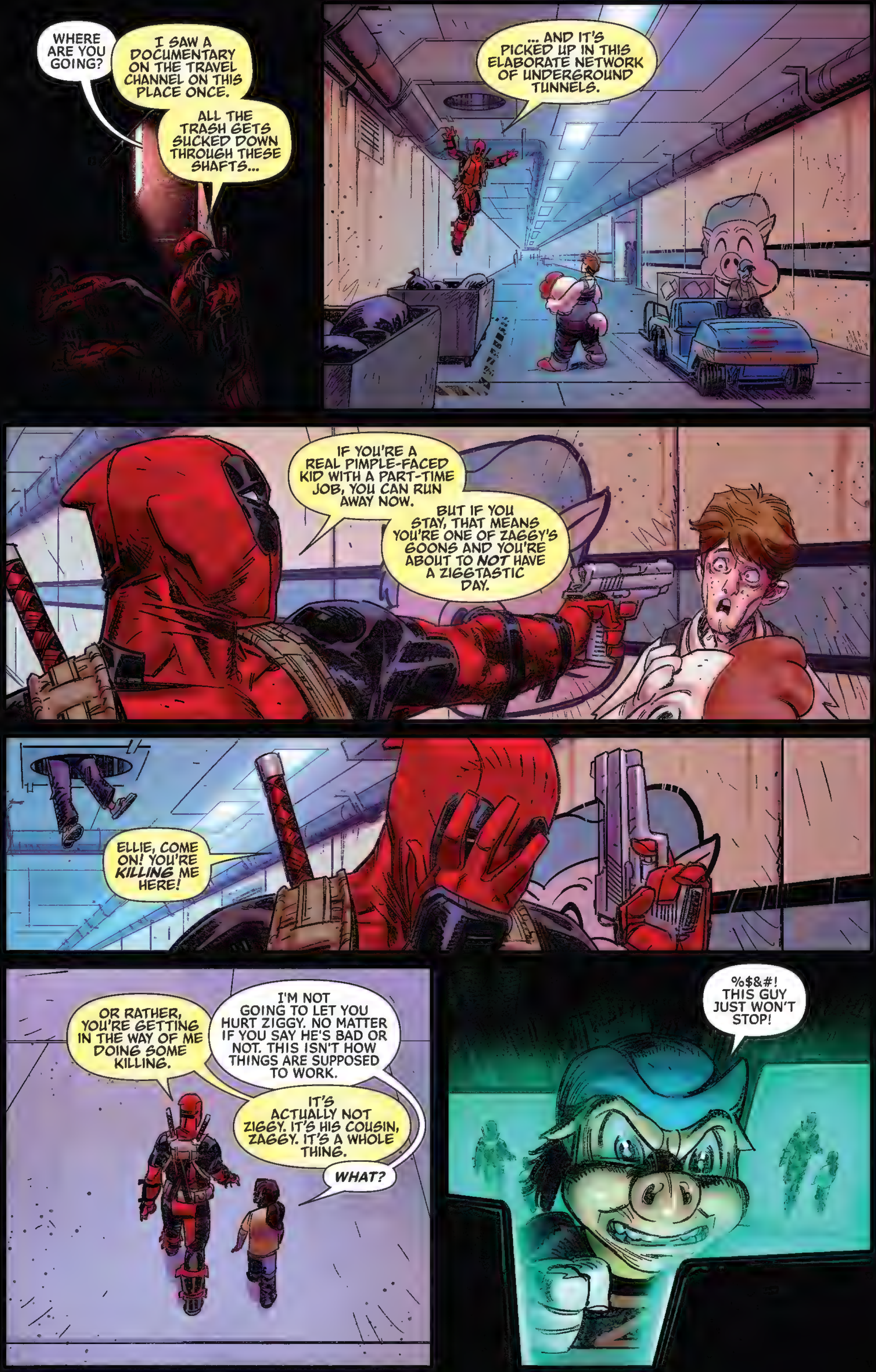

WELL, %$&# ME. THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET...
...THIS LITTLE PIGGY RAN GUNS...
AMMO
...THIS LITTLE PIGGY IS ABOUT TO BECOME ROAST BEEF...
...WAIT. NOPE, THAT'S THE WRONG LIVESTOCK FOR THE PUN. PORK BELLY? NO, THAT DOESN'T HAVE THE SAME RING TO IT.
WHAT THE...
OH WELL, NOT EVERY JOKE IS GONNA LAND. HAVE A ZIGGTASTIC DA--
STOP!!!

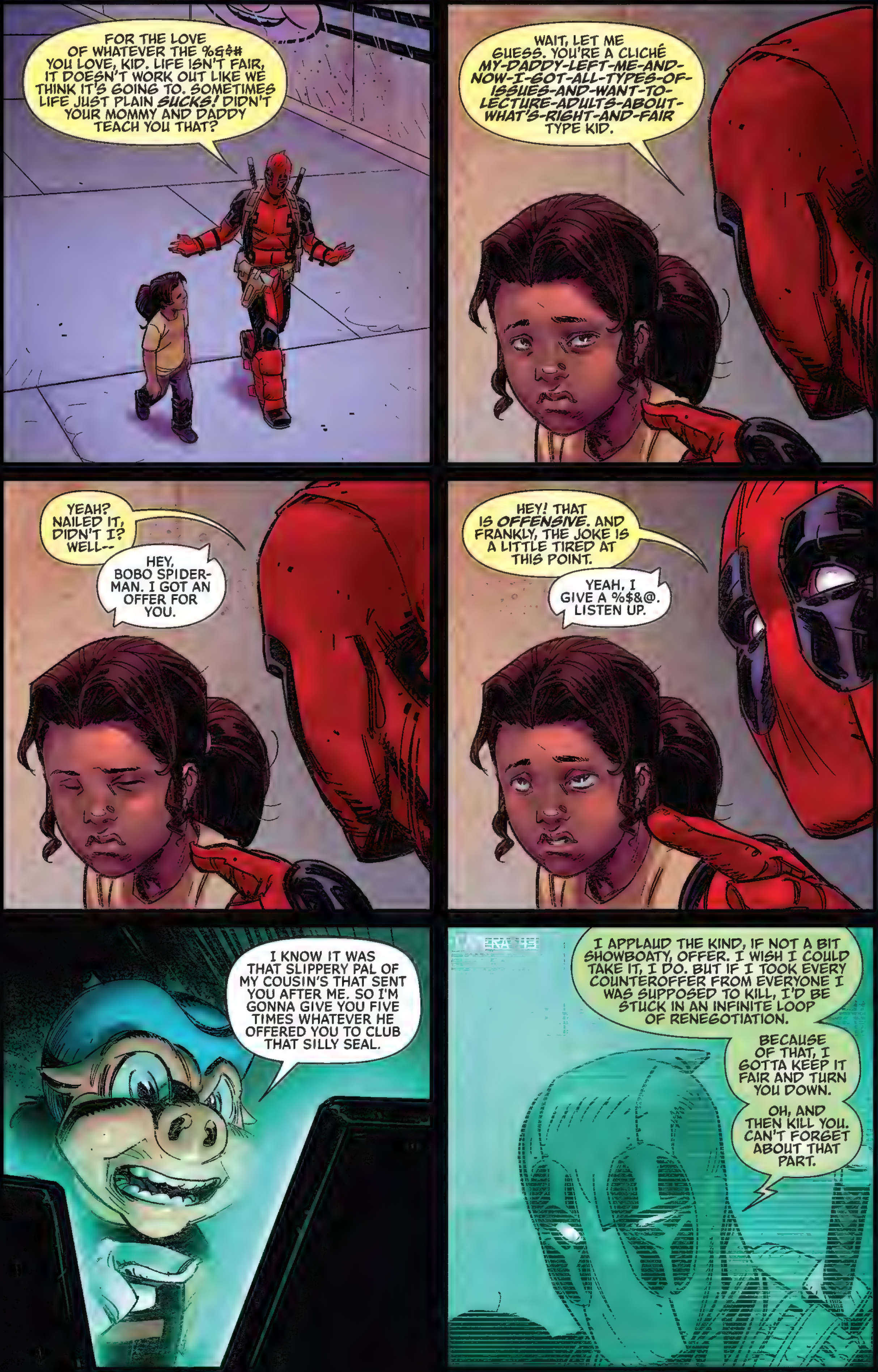

HUH?
DON'T DO THIS!
WHOEVER THIS JOKER IS, HE PICKED THE WRONG *PIG* TO %$&# WITH!
SMOKE HIM!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING HERE, KID, BUT I'M NOT IN NEED OF ANY JIMINY CRICKETING TODAY!
KLIK
FOR YOUR SAFETY, KEEP YOUR ARMS AND LEGS INSIDE THE RIDE AT ALL TIMES AND IF AT ALL POSSIBLE...
...TRY NOT TO GET HIT BY ANY OF THE BULLETS WHILE ENJOYING HANK'S HAPPY HAY RIDE!
NOW, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
BLAM
ONE OF YOU NEEDS TO FOLLOW THAT KID, THE REST OF YOU ON THIS IDIOT. I DON'T WANT EITHER OF THEM LEAVING THIS RIDE!

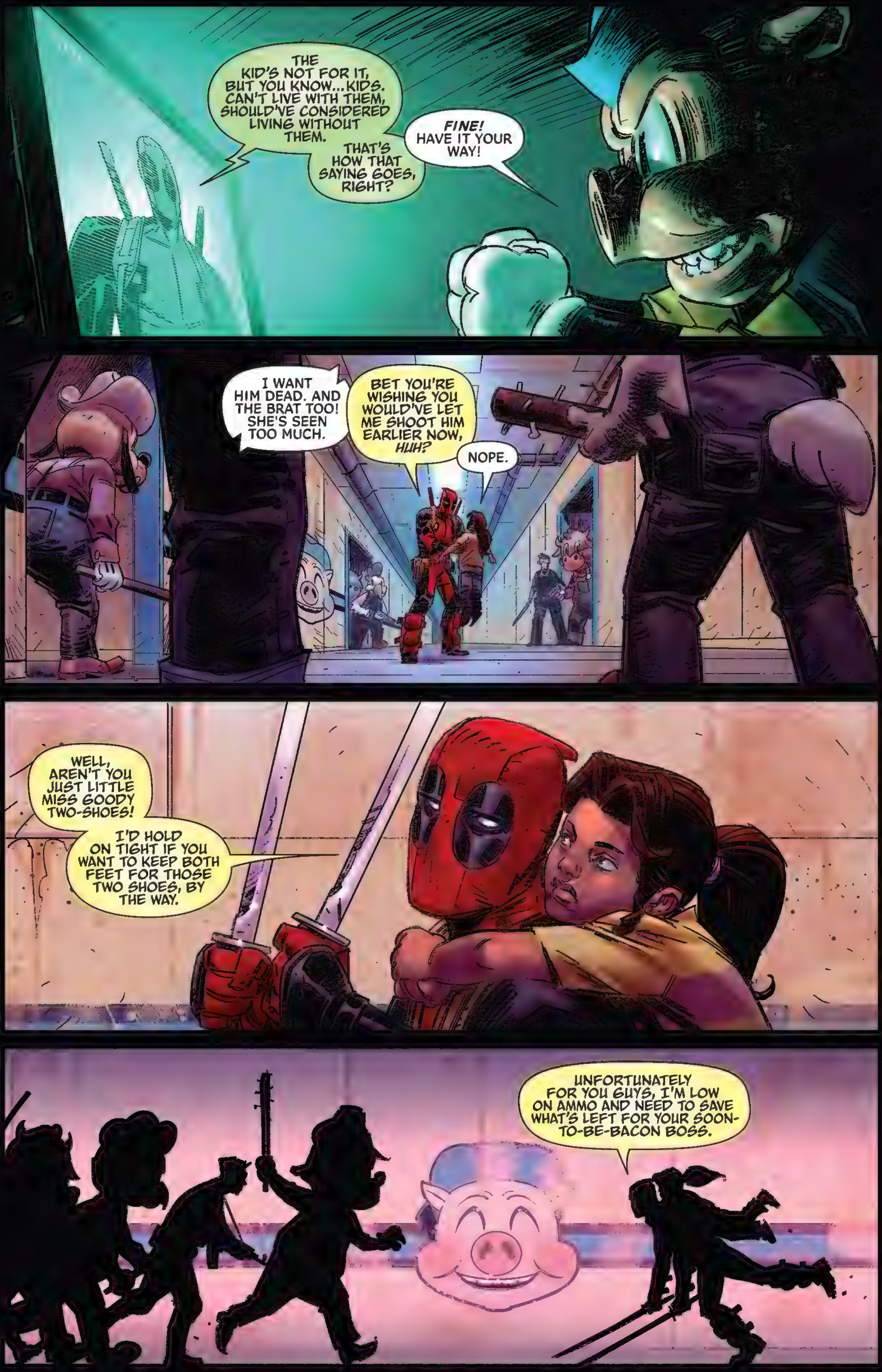

OOF!!!
BLAM
BLAST
THAT WAS NOT VERY NICE!
THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE SINGLE WEIRDEST FIGHT I'VE EVER BEEN IN.

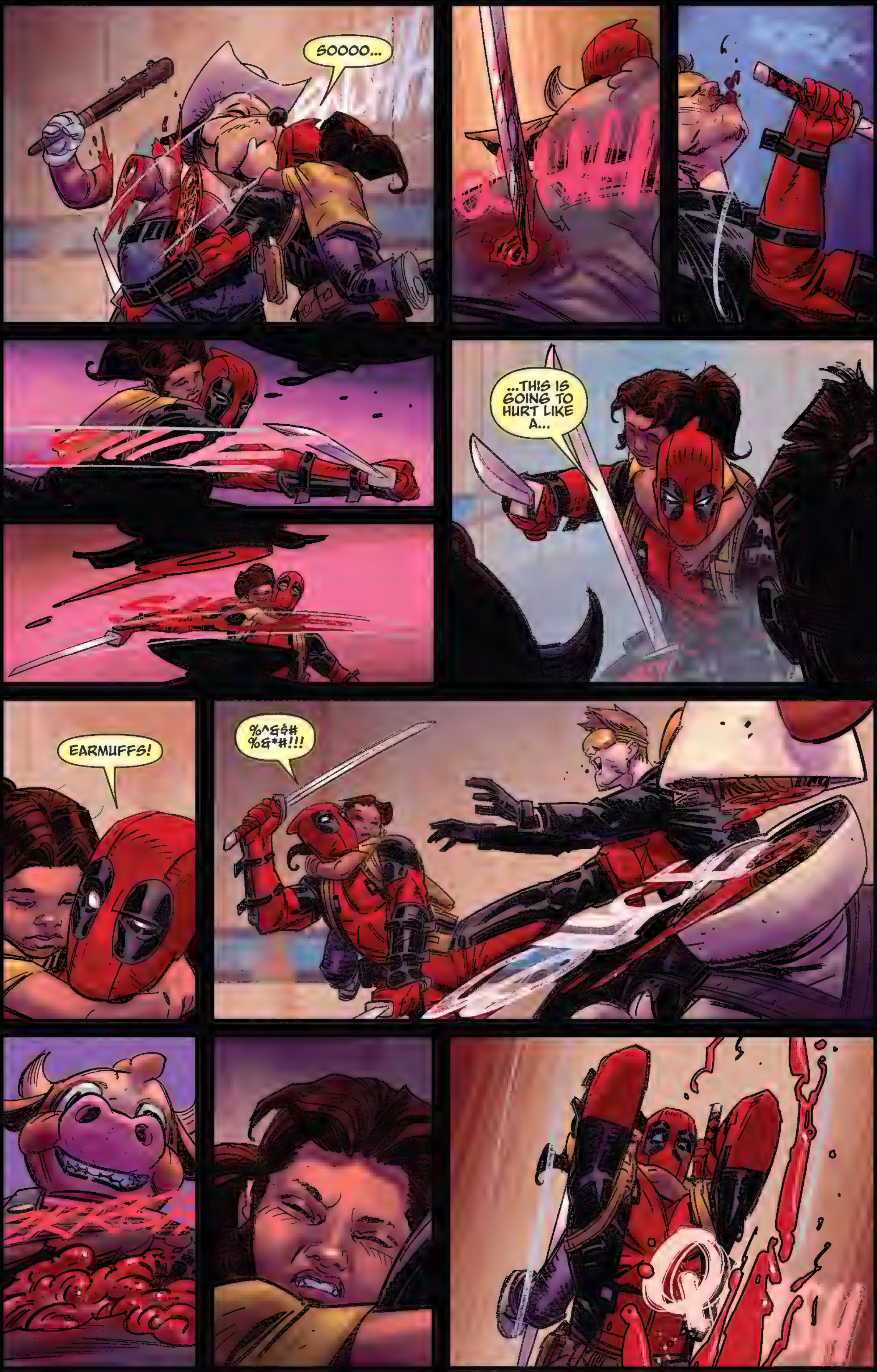

IT'S OKAY, EVERYONE. DON'T WORRY. THIS LOOKS LIKE CUTESY THE COW BUT IT'S REALLY A LEGIT BAD GUY.
BLM
THIS DEFINITELY WON'T BE RATED G...
...AND I'M OKAY WITH THAT.

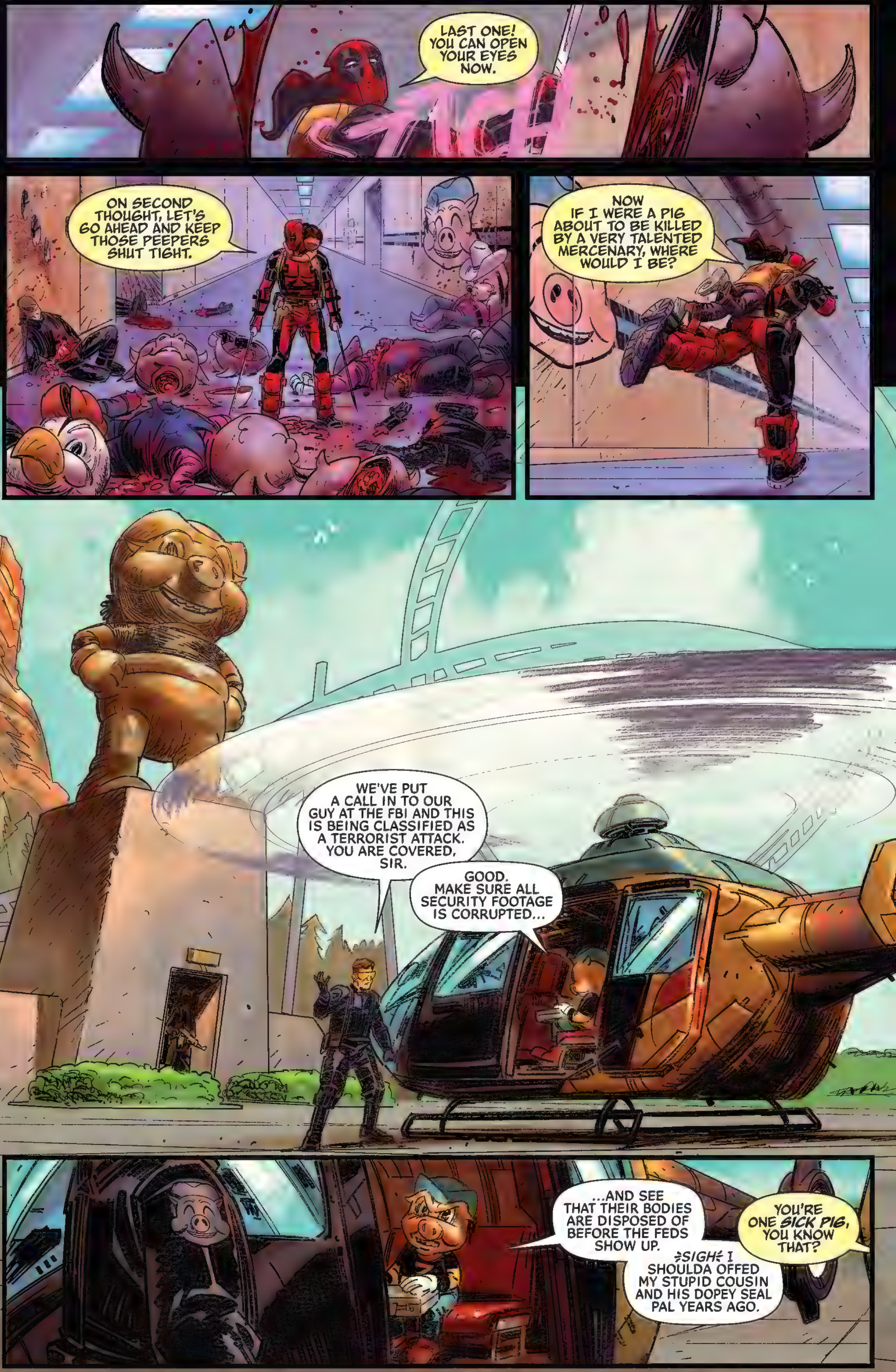

LET ME GUESS...
...YOU'RE BACK?
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, KID?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS! THIS ISN'T YOU AND YOU KNOW IT!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
...
ELLIE.
OKAY, ELLIE. YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME. THIS AIN'T A SHOW ON THE DISNEY CHANNEL WHERE YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL CUTE AND TEACH ME THE ERRORS OF MY WAYS.
I GET PAID TO DO BAD THINGS TO BAD PEOPLE. THIS IS *EXACTLY* ME.
WHY DON'T YOU DO *GOOD* THINGS INSTEAD? YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL PEOPLE. I KNOW YOU DON'T. I'VE--
LET ME STOP YOU THERE. WHAT YOU'RE DESCRIBING IS A *HERO*. THEY DO *GOOD* THINGS FOR NO *MONEY*. THAT'S NOT REALLY MY JAM, YOU KNOW.
KEEP IT CLEAN
BUT WHAT IF IT IS?
IS WHAT?
YOUR JAM?
IT'S NOT. NOW SHOO. I HAVE SOME THINGS THAT ARE VERY MUCH *MY JAM* TO GET BACK TO.

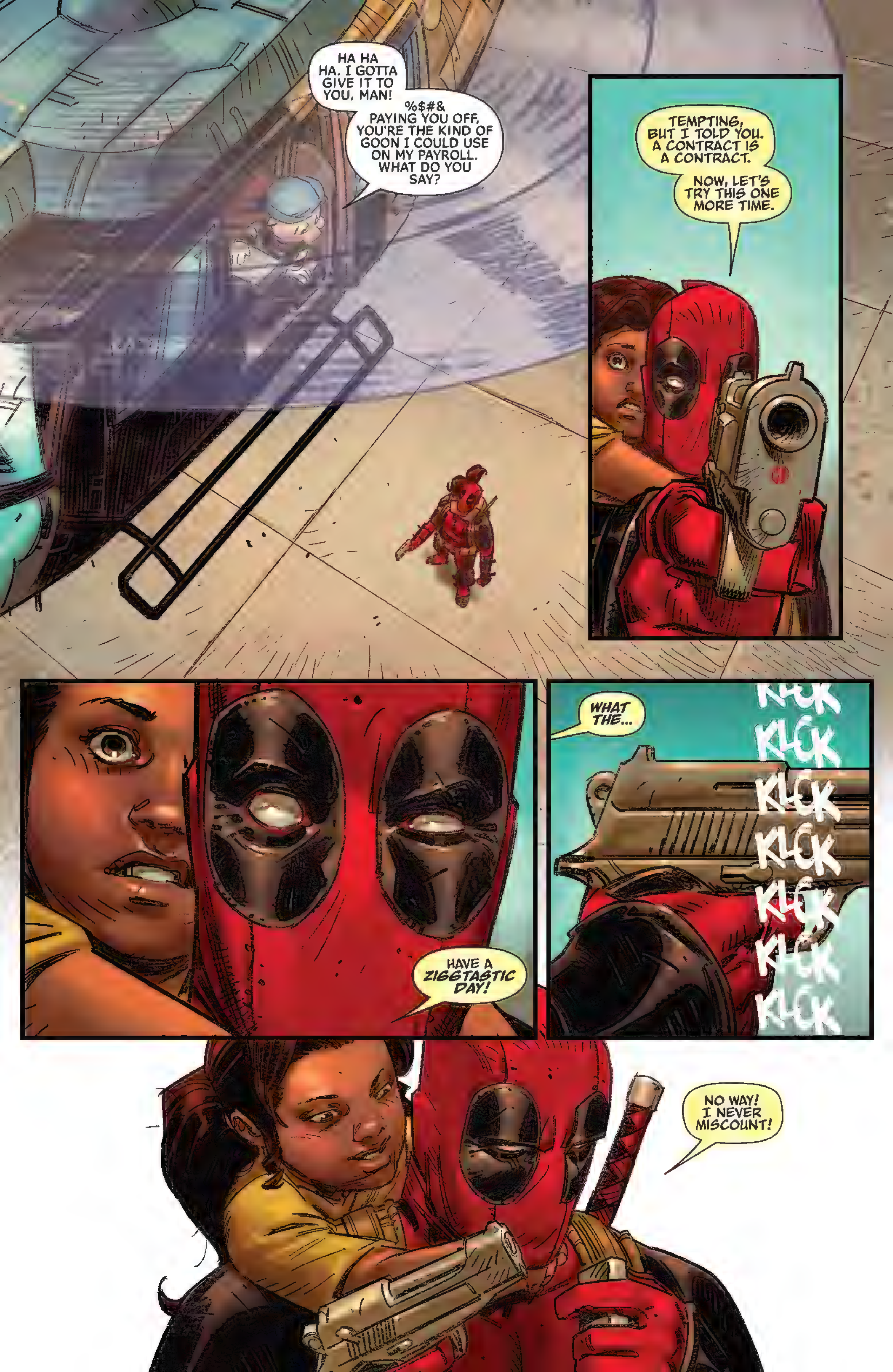

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I SAW A DOCUMENTARY ON THE TRAVEL CHANNEL ON THIS PLACE ONCE.
ALL THE TRASH GETS SUCKED DOWN THROUGH THESE SHAFTS...
... AND IT'S PICKED UP IN THIS ELABORATE NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND TUNNELS.
IF YOU'RE A REAL PIMPLE-FACED KID WITH A PART-TIME JOB, YOU CAN RUN AWAY NOW.
BUT IF YOU STAY, THAT MEANS YOU'RE ONE OF ZAGGY'S GOONS AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO *NOT* HAVE A ZIGGTASTIC DAY.
ELLIE, COME ON! YOU'RE *KILLING* ME HERE!
OR RATHER, YOU'RE GETTING IN THE WAY OF ME DOING SOME KILLING.
I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU HURT ZIGGY. NO MATTER IF YOU SAY HE'S BAD OR NOT. THIS ISN'T HOW THINGS ARE SUPPOSED TO WORK.
IT'S ACTUALLY NOT ZIGGY. IT'S HIS COUSIN, ZAGGY. IT'S A WHOLE THING.
WHAT?
%$&#! THIS GUY JUST WON'T STOP!

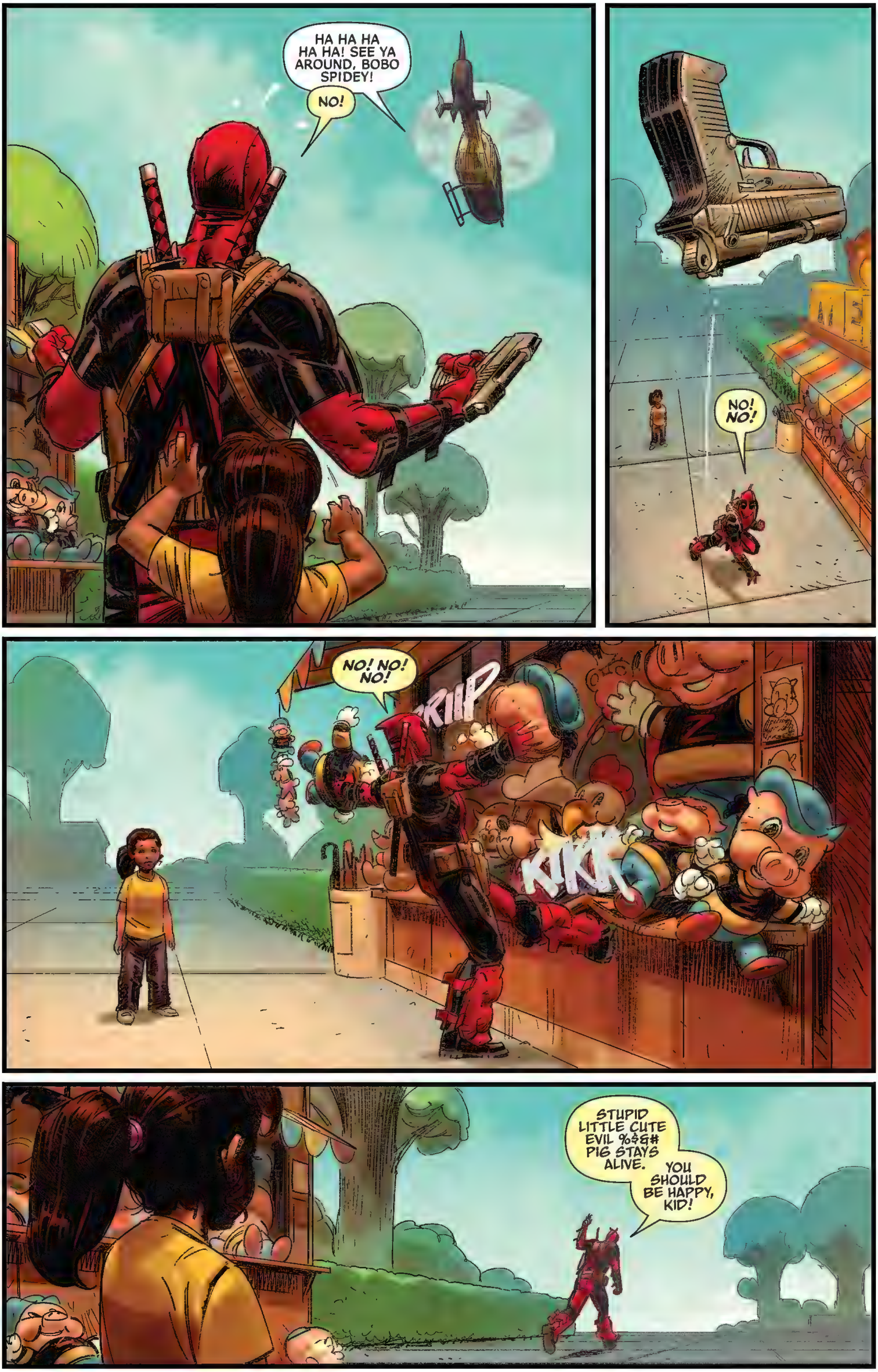

FOR THE LOVE OF WHATEVER THE %&$# YOU LOVE, KID. LIFE ISN'T FAIR, IT DOESN'T WORK OUT LIKE WE THINK IT'S GOING TO. SOMETIMES LIFE JUST PLAIN *SUCKS!* DIDN'T YOUR MOMMY AND DADDY TEACH YOU THAT?
WAIT, LET ME GUESS. YOU'RE A CLICHÉ *MY-DADDY-LEFT-ME-AND-NOW-I-GOT-ALL-TYPES-OF-ISSUES-AND-WANT-TO-LECTURE-ADULTS-ABOUT-WHAT'S-RIGHT-AND-FAIR* TYPE KID.
YEAH? NAILED IT, DIDN'T I? WELL--
HEY, BOBO SPIDER-MAN. I GOT AN OFFER FOR YOU.
HEY! THAT IS *OFFENSIVE*. AND FRANKLY, THE JOKE IS A LITTLE TIRED AT THIS POINT.
YEAH, I GIVE A %$&@. LISTEN UP.
I KNOW IT WAS THAT SLIPPERY PAL OF MY COUSIN'S THAT SENT YOU AFTER ME. SO I'M GONNA GIVE YOU FIVE TIMES WHATEVER HE OFFERED YOU TO CLUB THAT SILLY SEAL.
I APPLAUD THE KIND, IF NOT A BIT SHOWBOATY, OFFER. I WISH I COULD TAKE IT, I DO. BUT IF I TOOK EVERY COUNTEROFFER FROM EVERYONE I WAS SUPPOSED TO KILL, I'D BE STUCK IN AN INFINITE LOOP OF RENEGOTIATION.
BECAUSE OF THAT, I GOTTA KEEP IT FAIR AND TURN YOU DOWN.
OH, AND THEN KILL YOU. CAN'T FORGET ABOUT THAT PART.

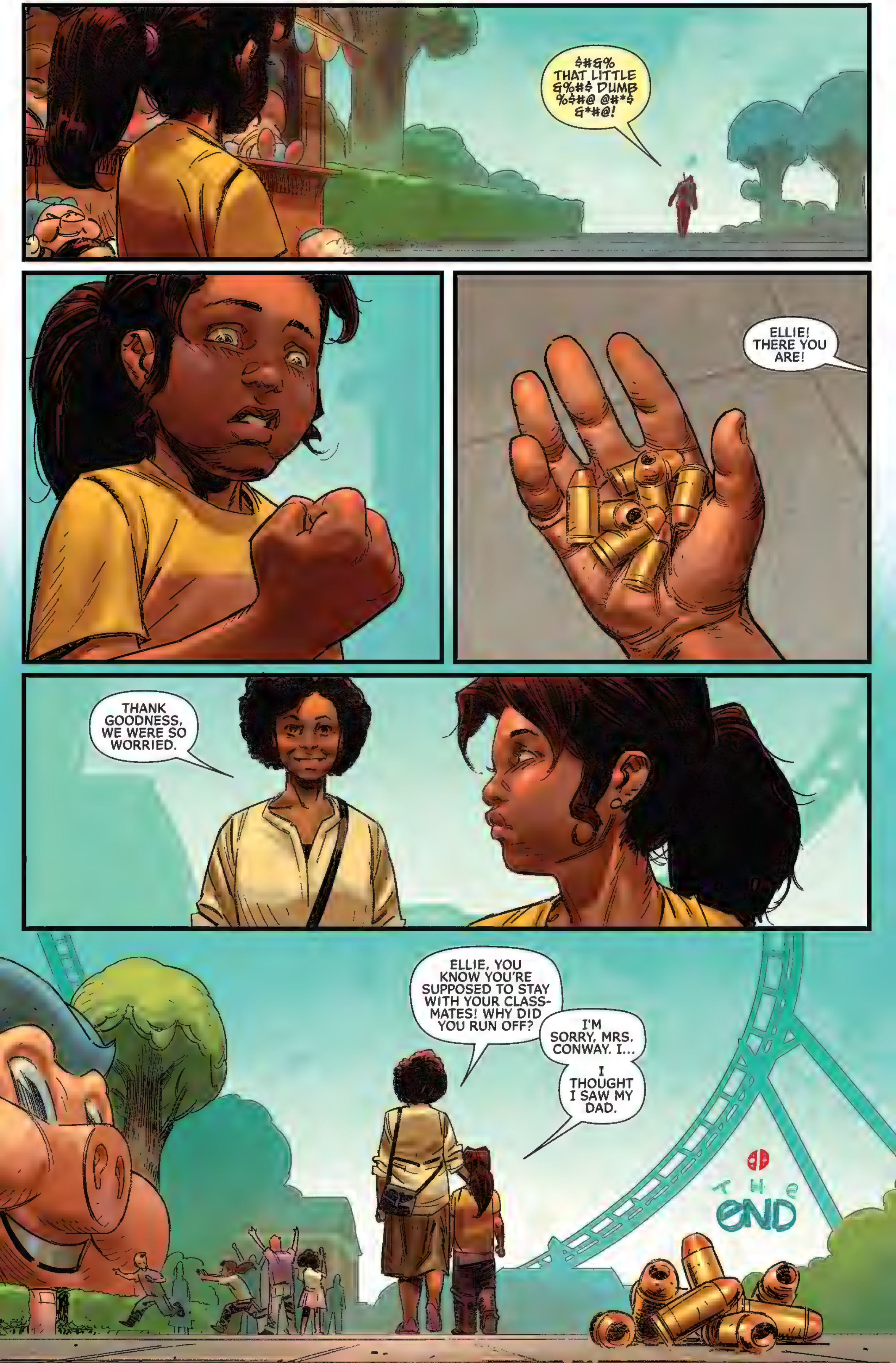

THE KID'S NOT FOR IT, BUT YOU KNOW...KIDS. CAN'T LIVE WITH THEM, SHOULD'VE CONSIDERED LIVING WITHOUT THEM.
THAT'S HOW THAT SAYING GOES, RIGHT?
FINE! HAVE IT YOUR WAY!
I WANT HIM DEAD. AND THE BRAT TOO! SHE'S SEEN TOO MUCH.
BET YOU'RE WISHING YOU WOULD'VE LET ME SHOOT HIM EARLIER NOW, *HUH?*
NOPE.
WELL, AREN'T YOU JUST LITTLE MISS GOODY TWO-SHOES!
I'D HOLD ON TIGHT IF YOU WANT TO KEEP BOTH FEET FOR THOSE TWO SHOES, BY THE WAY.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU GUYS, I'M LOW ON AMMO AND NEED TO SAVE WHAT'S LEFT FOR YOUR SOON-TO-BE-BACON BOSS.


SOOOO...
...THIS IS GOING TO HURT LIKE A...
EARMUFFS!
%^&$# %&*#!!!

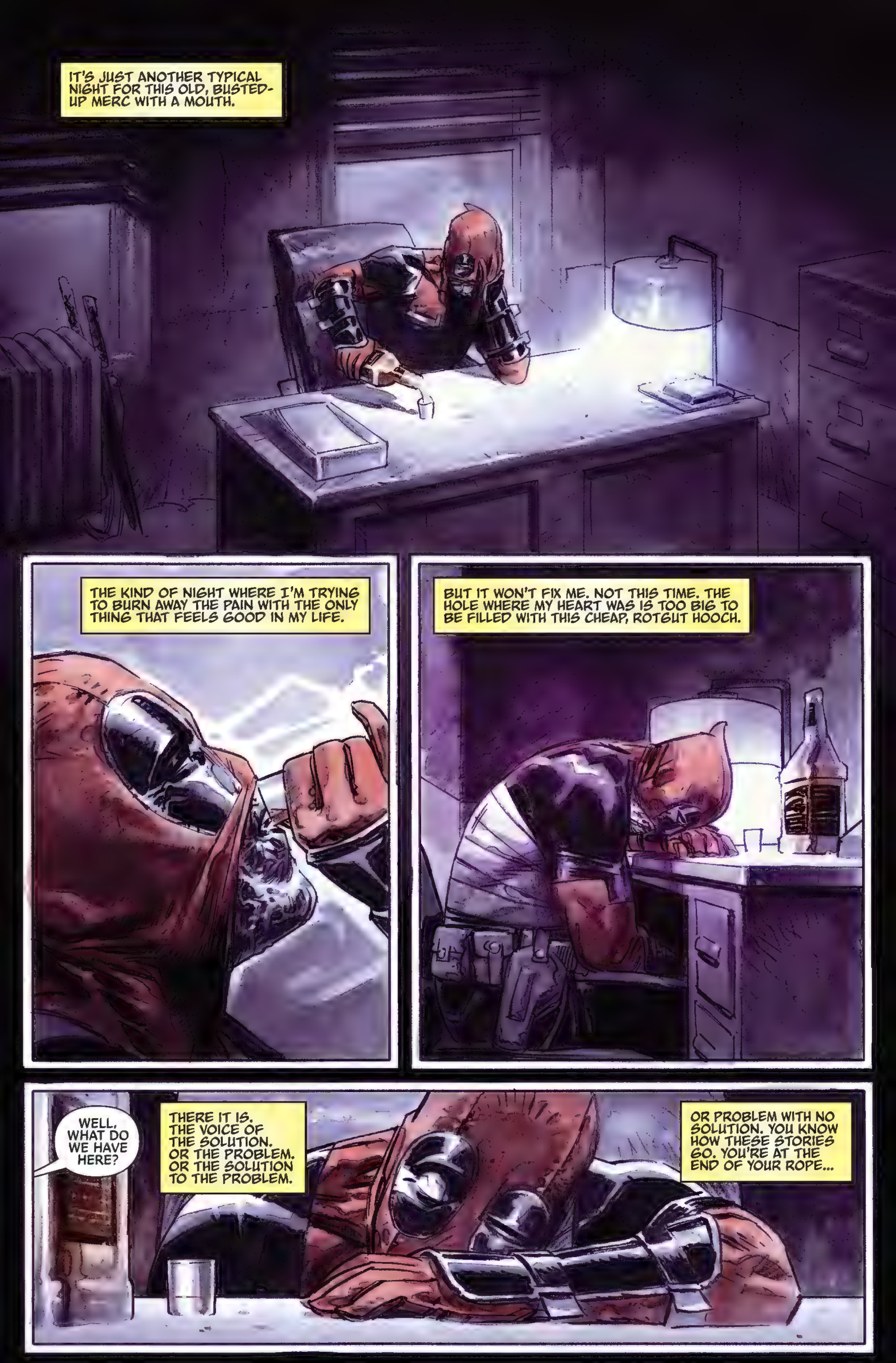

LAST ONE! YOU CAN OPEN YOUR EYES NOW.
ON SECOND THOUGHT, LET'S GO AHEAD AND KEEP THOSE PEEPERS SHUT TIGHT.
NOW IF I WERE A PIG ABOUT TO BE KILLED BY A VERY TALENTED MERCENARY, WHERE WOULD I BE?
WE'VE PUT A CALL IN TO OUR GUY AT THE FBI AND THIS IS BEING CLASSIFIED AS A TERRORIST ATTACK. YOU ARE COVERED, SIR.
GOOD. MAKE SURE ALL SECURITY FOOTAGE IS CORRUPTED...
...AND SEE THAT THEIR BODIES ARE DISPOSED OF BEFORE THE FEDS SHOW UP.
SIGH I SHOULDA OFFED MY STUPID COUSIN AND HIS DOPEY SEAL PAL YEARS AGO.
YOU'RE ONE *SICK PIG*, YOU KNOW THAT?

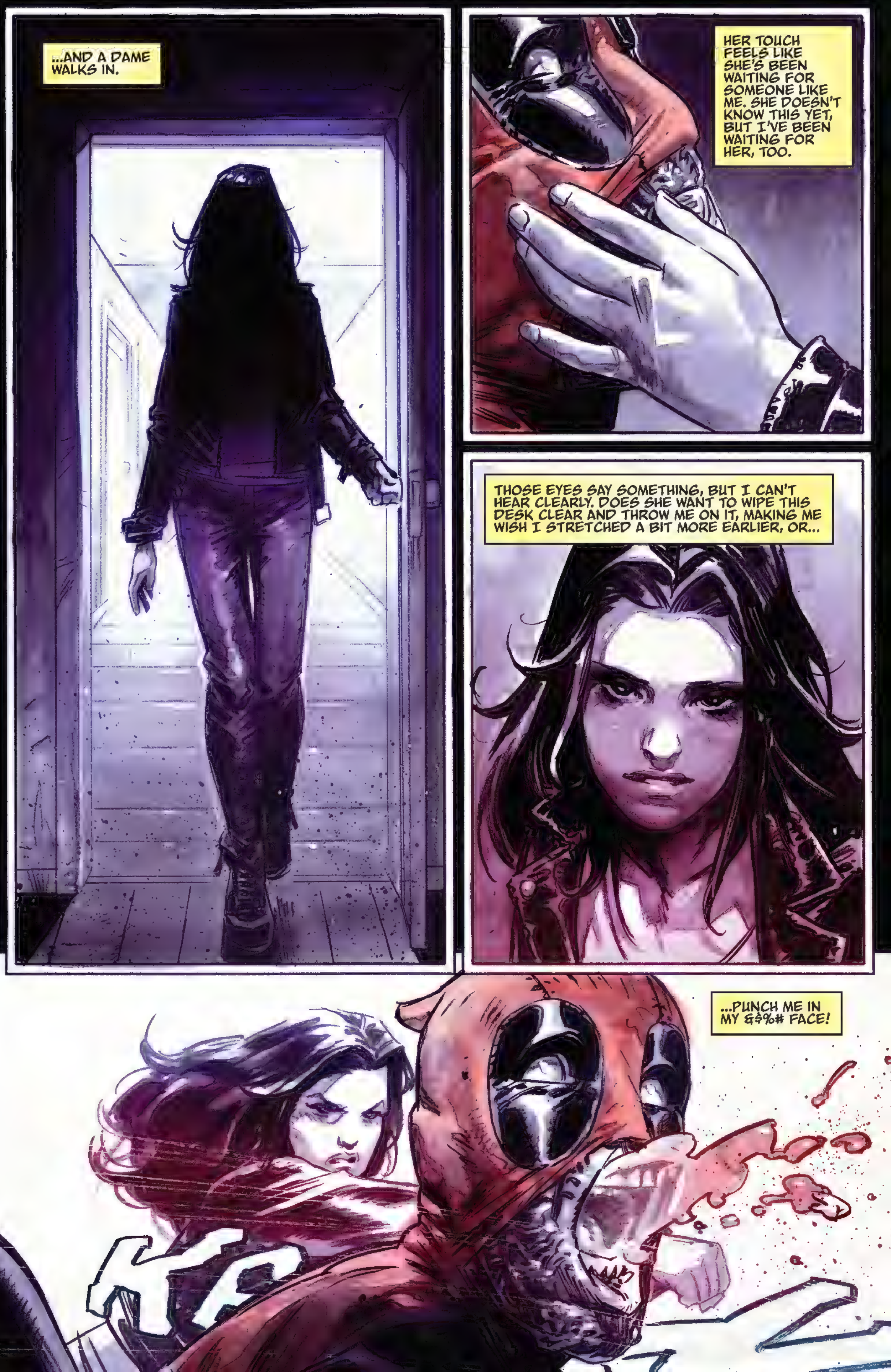

HA HA HA. I GOTTA GIVE IT TO YOU, MAN!
%$#& PAYING YOU OFF, YOU'RE THE KIND OF GOON I COULD USE ON MY PAYROLL. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
TEMPTING, BUT I TOLD YOU. A CONTRACT IS A CONTRACT.
NOW, LET'S TRY THIS ONE MORE TIME.
HAVE A ZIGGTASTIC DAY!
WHAT THE...
KLICK
KLICK
KLICK
KLICK
KLICK
KLICK
KLICK
NO WAY! I NEVER MISCOUNT!

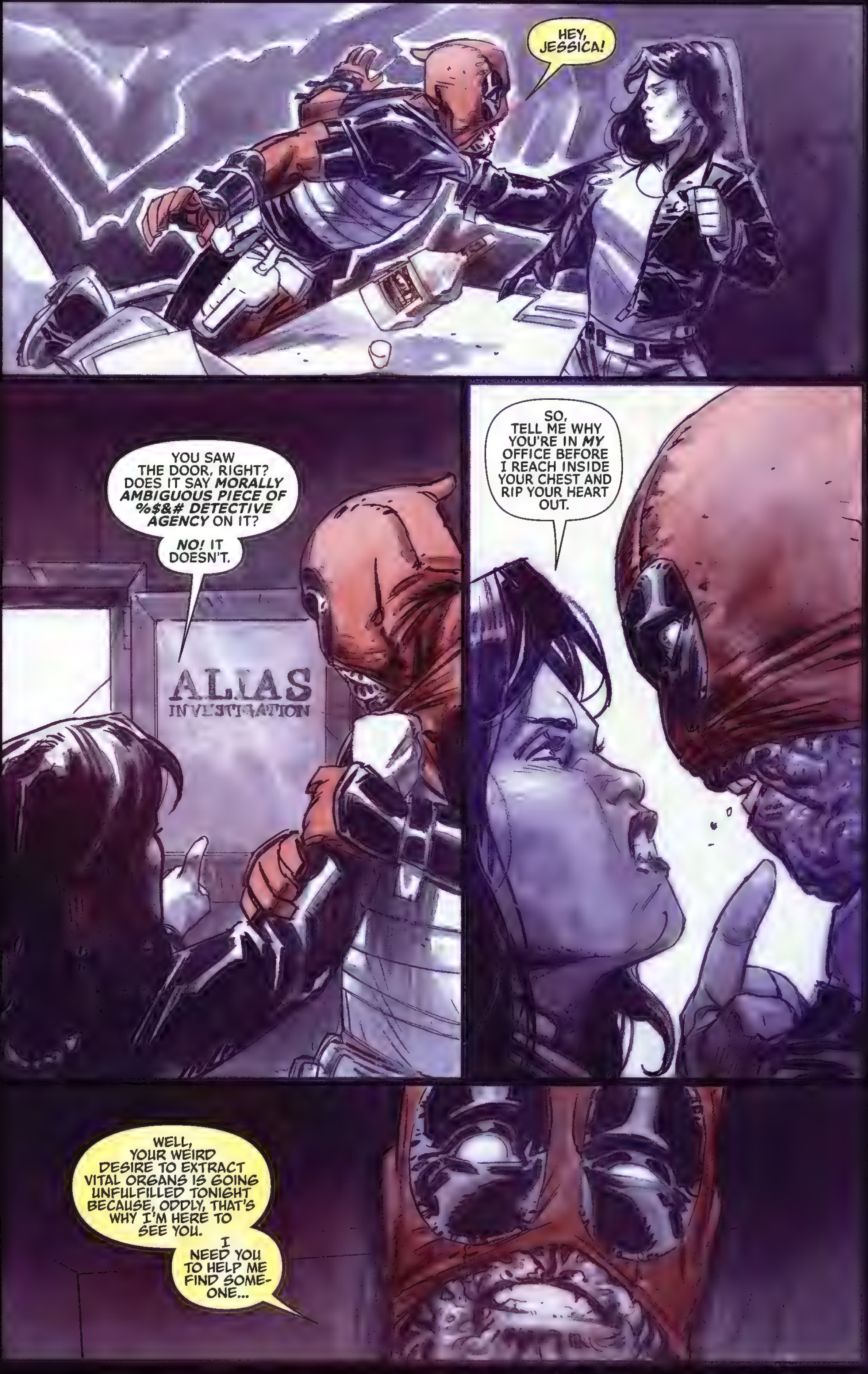

HA HA HA HA HA! SEE YA AROUND, BOBO SPIDEY!
NO!
NO! NO!
NO! NO! NO!
RIIP
KIKK
STUPID LITTLE CUTE EVIL %$&# PIG STAYS ALIVE.
YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY, KID!

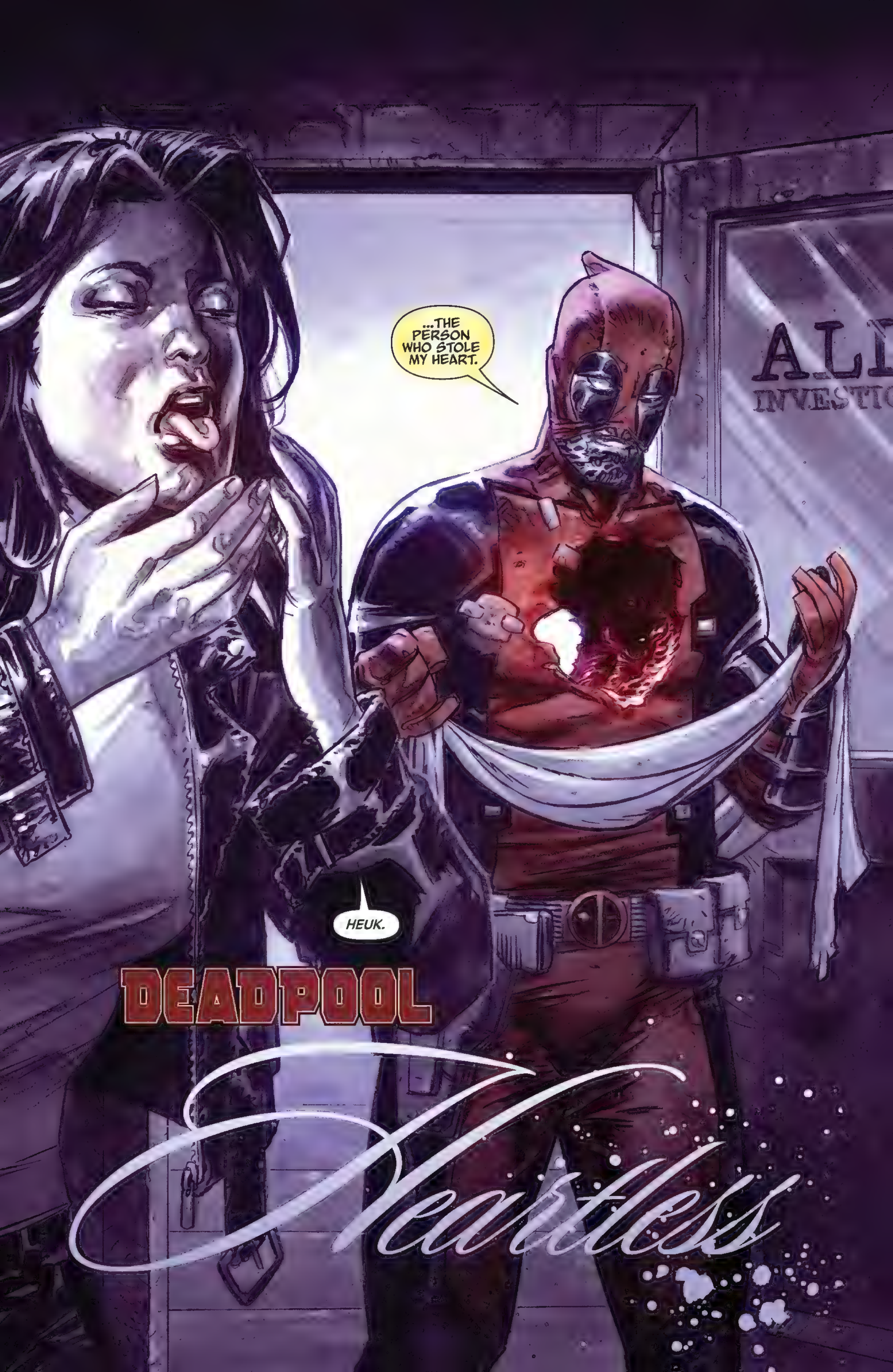

$#&% THAT LITTLE &%#$ DUMB %$#@ @#*$ &*#@!
ELLIE! THERE YOU ARE!
THANK GOODNESS, WE WERE SO WORRIED.
ELLIE, YOU KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO STAY WITH YOUR CLASSMATES! WHY DID YOU RUN OFF?
I'M SORRY, MRS. CONWAY. I...
I THOUGHT I SAW MY DAD.
THE END

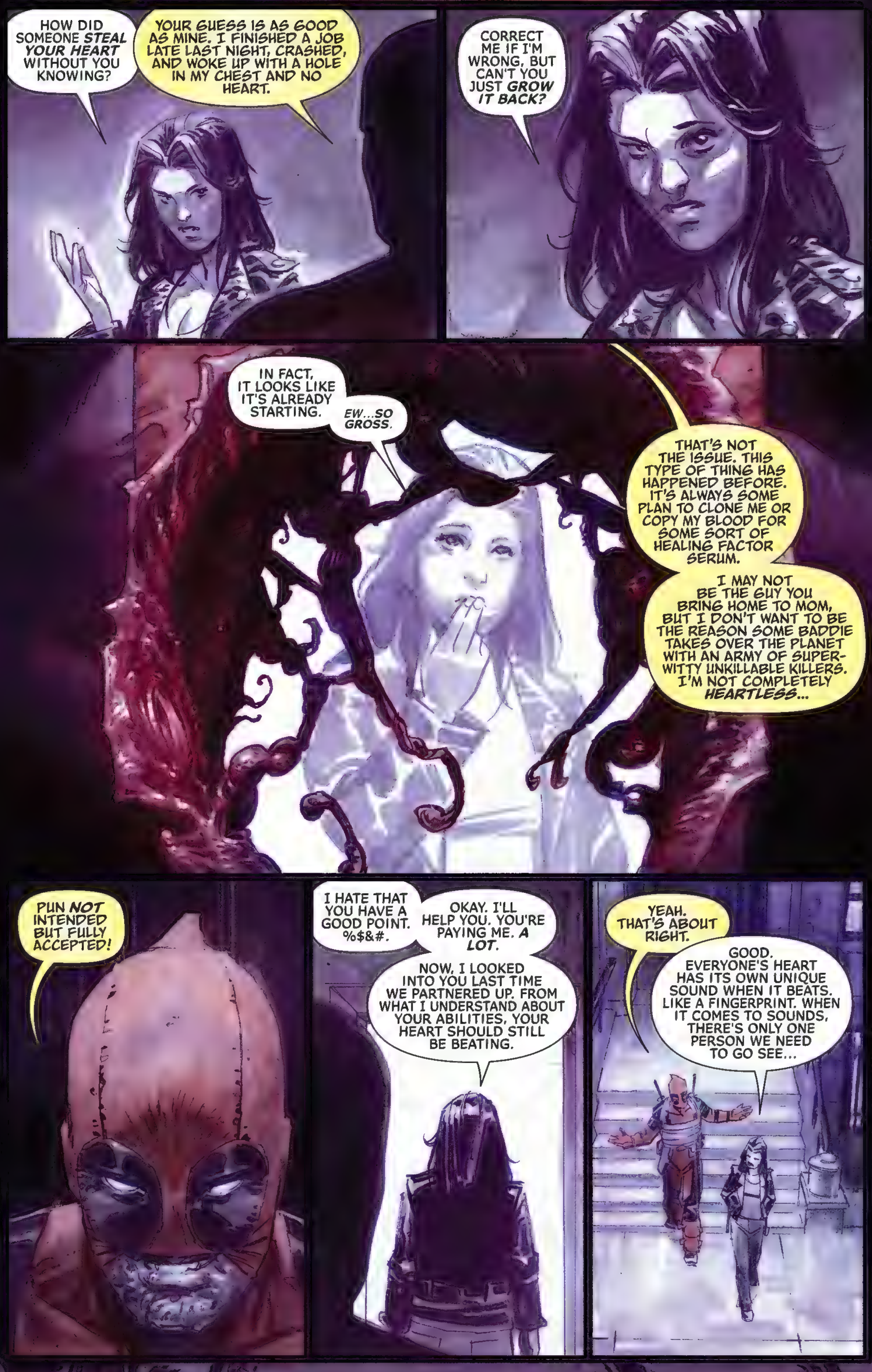
#9

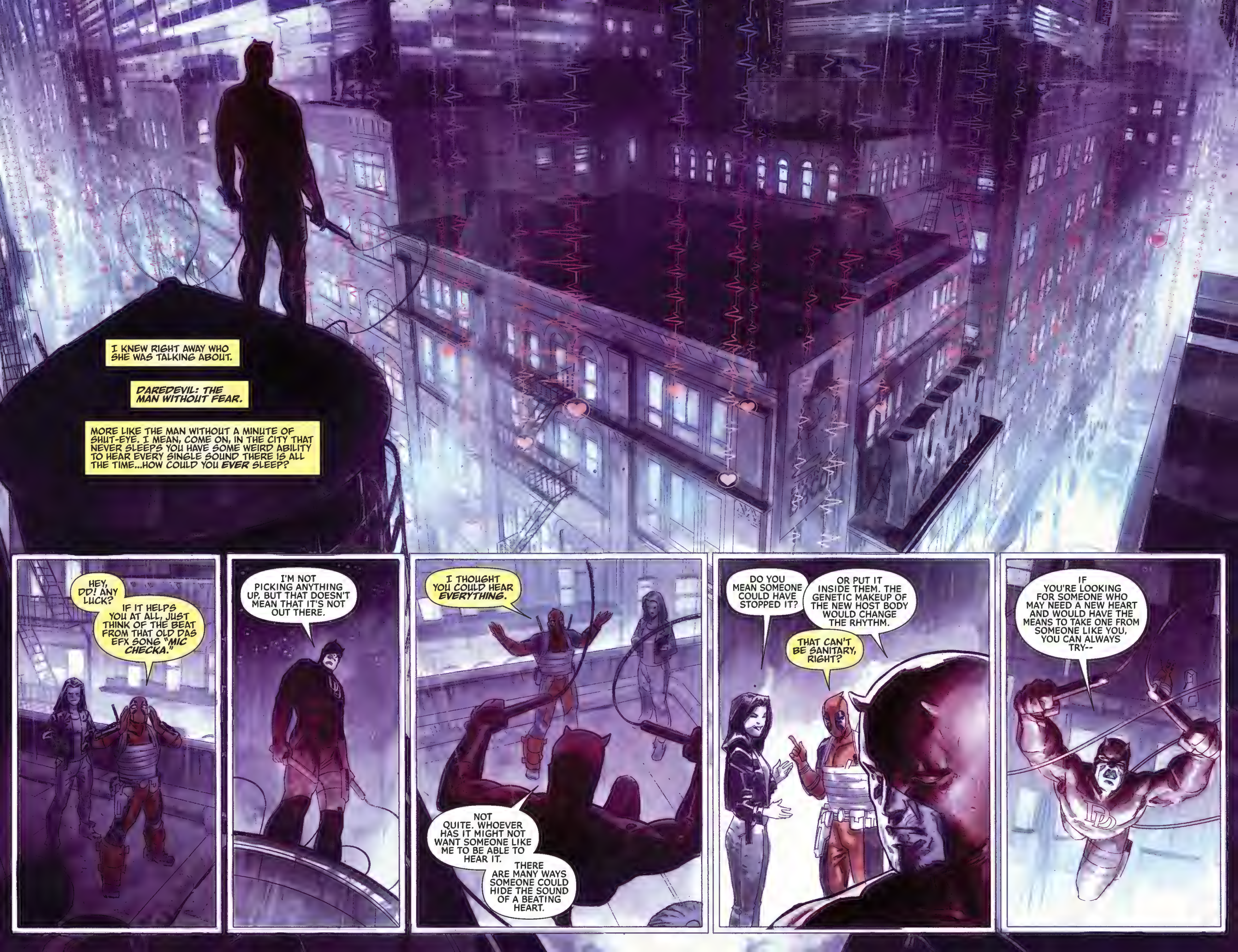

IT'S JUST ANOTHER TYPICAL NIGHT FOR THIS OLD, BUSTED-UP MERC WITH A MOUTH.
THE KIND OF NIGHT WHERE I'M TRYING TO BURN AWAY THE PAIN WITH THE ONLY THING THAT FEELS GOOD IN MY LIFE.
BUT IT WON'T FIX ME. NOT THIS TIME. THE HOLE WHERE MY HEART WAS IS TOO BIG TO BE FILLED WITH THIS CHEAP, ROTGUT HOOCH.
WELL, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
THERE IT IS. THE VOICE OF THE SOLUTION. OR THE PROBLEM. OR THE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM.
OR PROBLEM WITH NO SOLUTION. YOU KNOW HOW THESE STORIES GO. YOU'RE AT THE END OF YOUR ROPE...

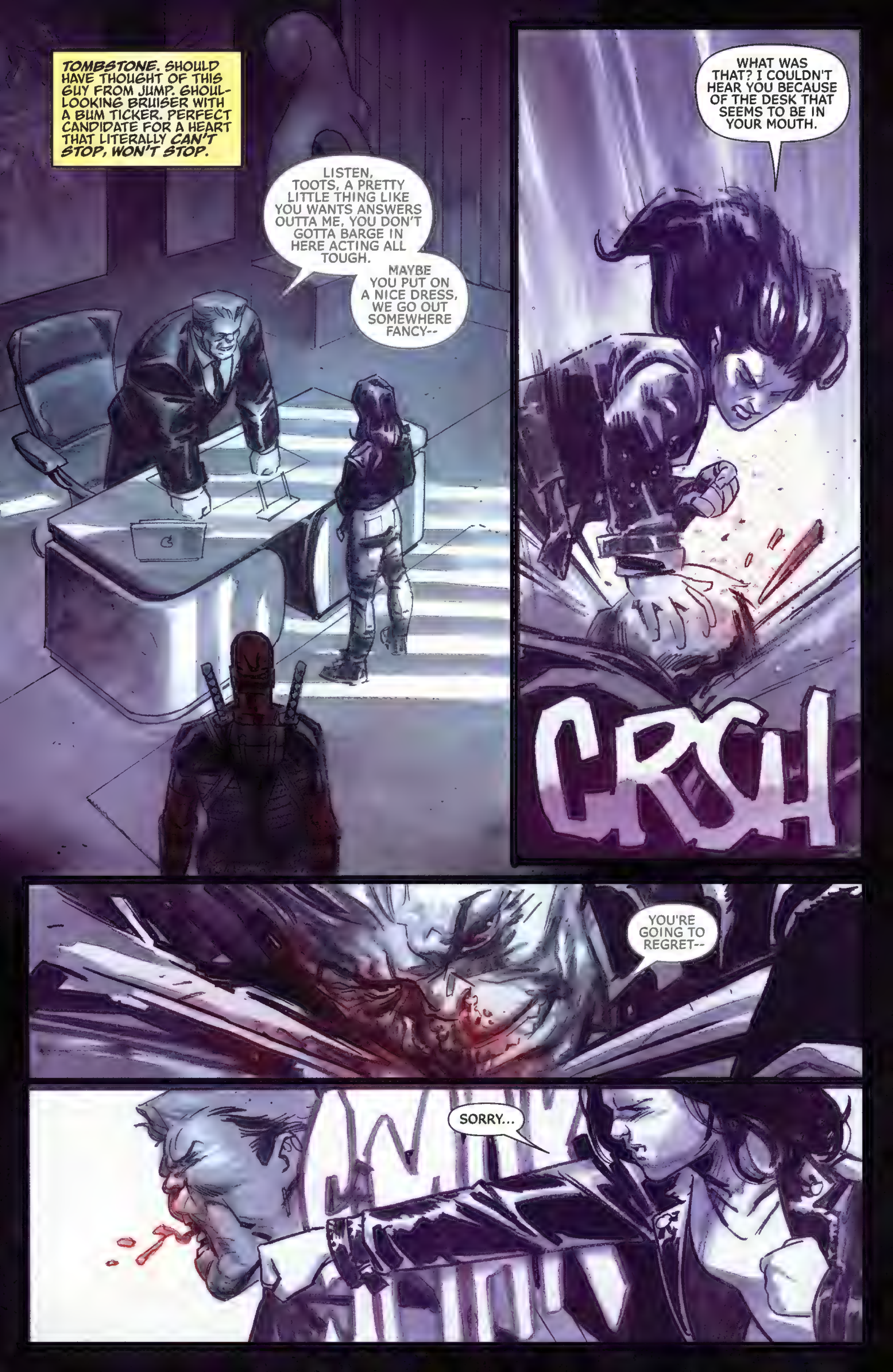

...AND A DAME WALKS IN.
HER TOUCH FEELS LIKE SHE'S BEEN WAITING FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME. SHE DOESN'T KNOW THIS YET, BUT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HER, TOO.
THOSE EYES SAY SOMETHING, BUT I CAN'T HEAR CLEARLY. DOES SHE WANT TO WIPE THIS DESK CLEAR AND THROW ME ON IT, MAKING ME WISH I STRETCHED A BIT MORE EARLIER, OR...
...PUNCH ME IN MY &$%# FACE!

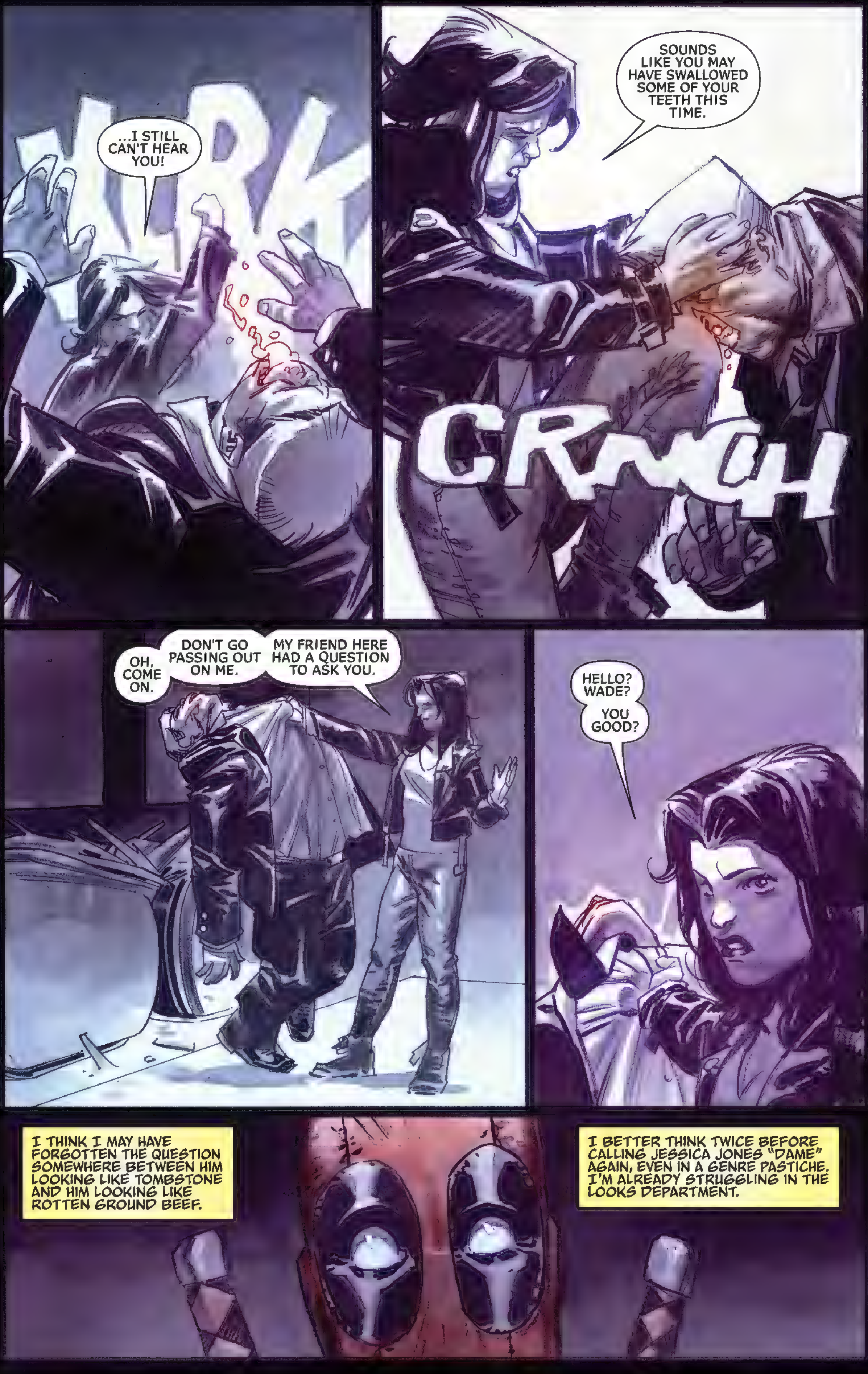

HEY, JESSICA!
YOU SAW THE DOOR, RIGHT? DOES IT SAY *MORALLY AMBIGUOUS PIECE OF %$&# DETECTIVE AGENCY* ON IT?
NO! IT DOESN'T.
ALIAS INVESTIGATION
SO, TELL ME WHY YOU'RE IN *MY* OFFICE BEFORE I REACH INSIDE YOUR CHEST AND RIP YOUR HEART OUT.
WELL, YOUR WEIRD DESIRE TO EXTRACT VITAL ORGANS IS GOING UNFULFILLED TONIGHT BECAUSE, ODDLY, THAT'S WHY I'M HERE TO SEE YOU.
I NEED YOU TO HELP ME FIND SOMEONE...

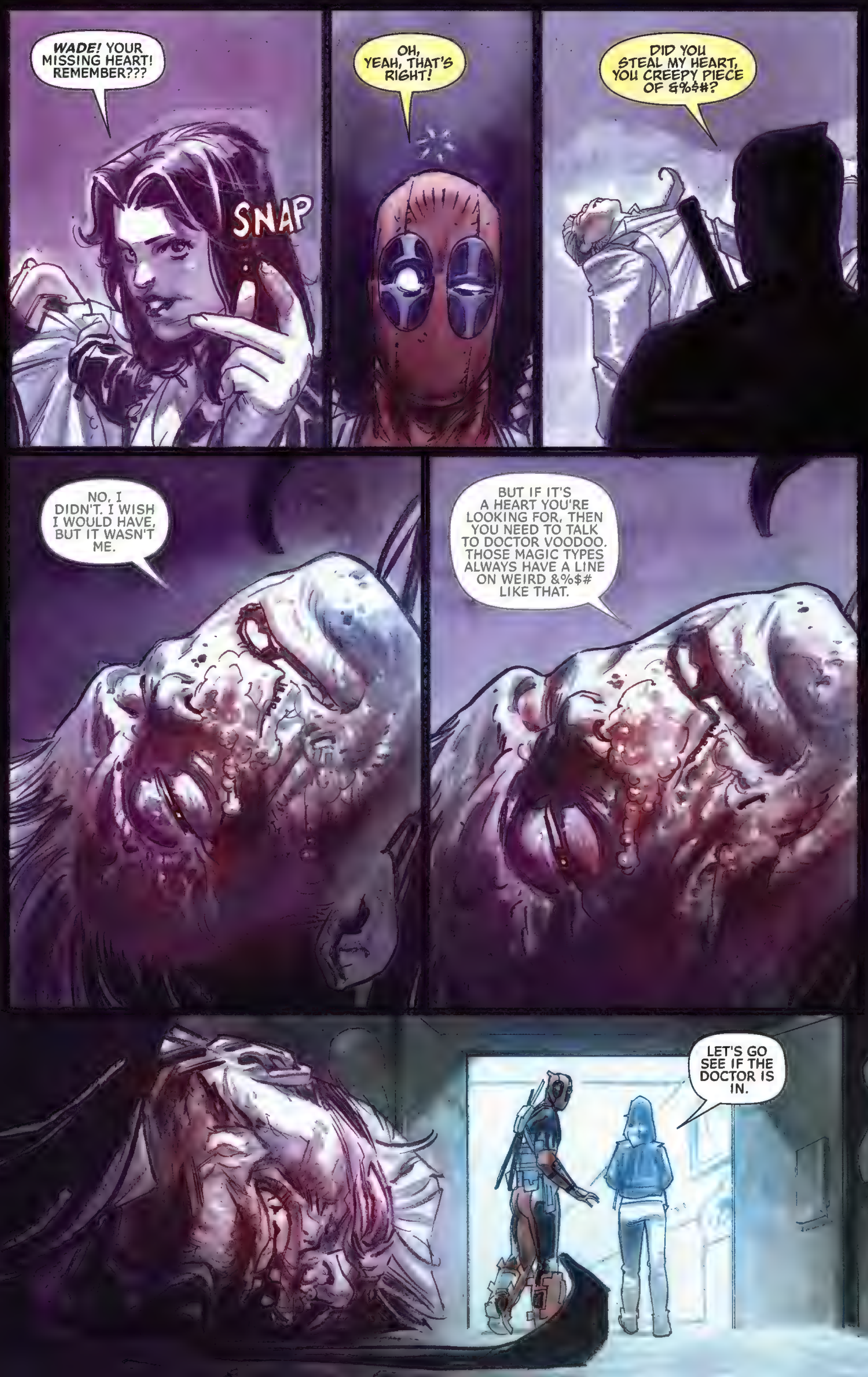

...THE PERSON WHO STOLE MY HEART.
ALI
INVESTIG
HEUK.
DEADPOOL
Heartless

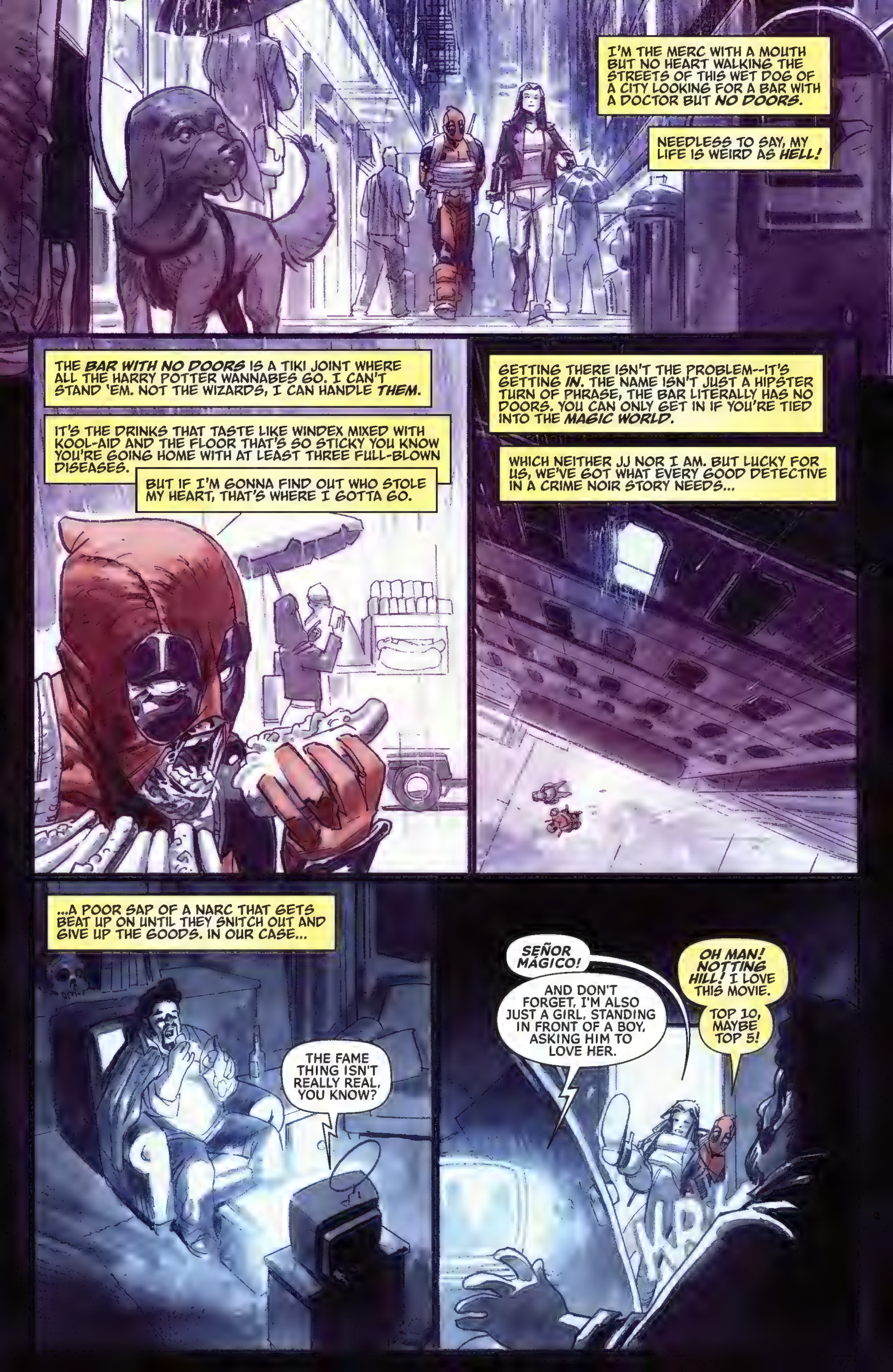

HOW DID SOMEONE STEAL YOUR HEART WITHOUT YOU KNOWING?
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE. I FINISHED A JOB LATE LAST NIGHT, CRASHED, AND WOKE UP WITH A HOLE IN MY CHEST AND NO HEART.
CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT CAN'T YOU JUST GROW IT BACK?
IN FACT, IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALREADY STARTING.
EW...SO GROSS.
THAT'S NOT THE ISSUE. THIS TYPE OF THING HAS HAPPENED BEFORE. IT'S ALWAYS SOME PLAN TO CLONE ME OR COPY MY BLOOD FOR SOME SORT OF HEALING FACTOR SERUM.
I MAY NOT BE THE GUY YOU BRING HOME TO MOM, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE THE REASON SOME BADDIE TAKES OVER THE PLANET WITH AN ARMY OF SUPER-WITTY UNKILLABLE KILLERS. I'M NOT COMPLETELY HEARTLESS...
PUN NOT INTENDED BUT FULLY ACCEPTED!
I HATE THAT YOU HAVE A GOOD POINT. %$&#.
OKAY. I'LL HELP YOU. YOU'RE PAYING ME. A LOT.
NOW, I LOOKED INTO YOU LAST TIME WE PARTNERED UP. FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND ABOUT YOUR ABILITIES, YOUR HEART SHOULD STILL BE BEATING.
YEAH. THAT'S ABOUT RIGHT.
GOOD. EVERYONE'S HEART HAS ITS OWN UNIQUE SOUND WHEN IT BEATS. LIKE A FINGERPRINT. WHEN IT COMES TO SOUNDS, THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WE NEED TO GO SEE...

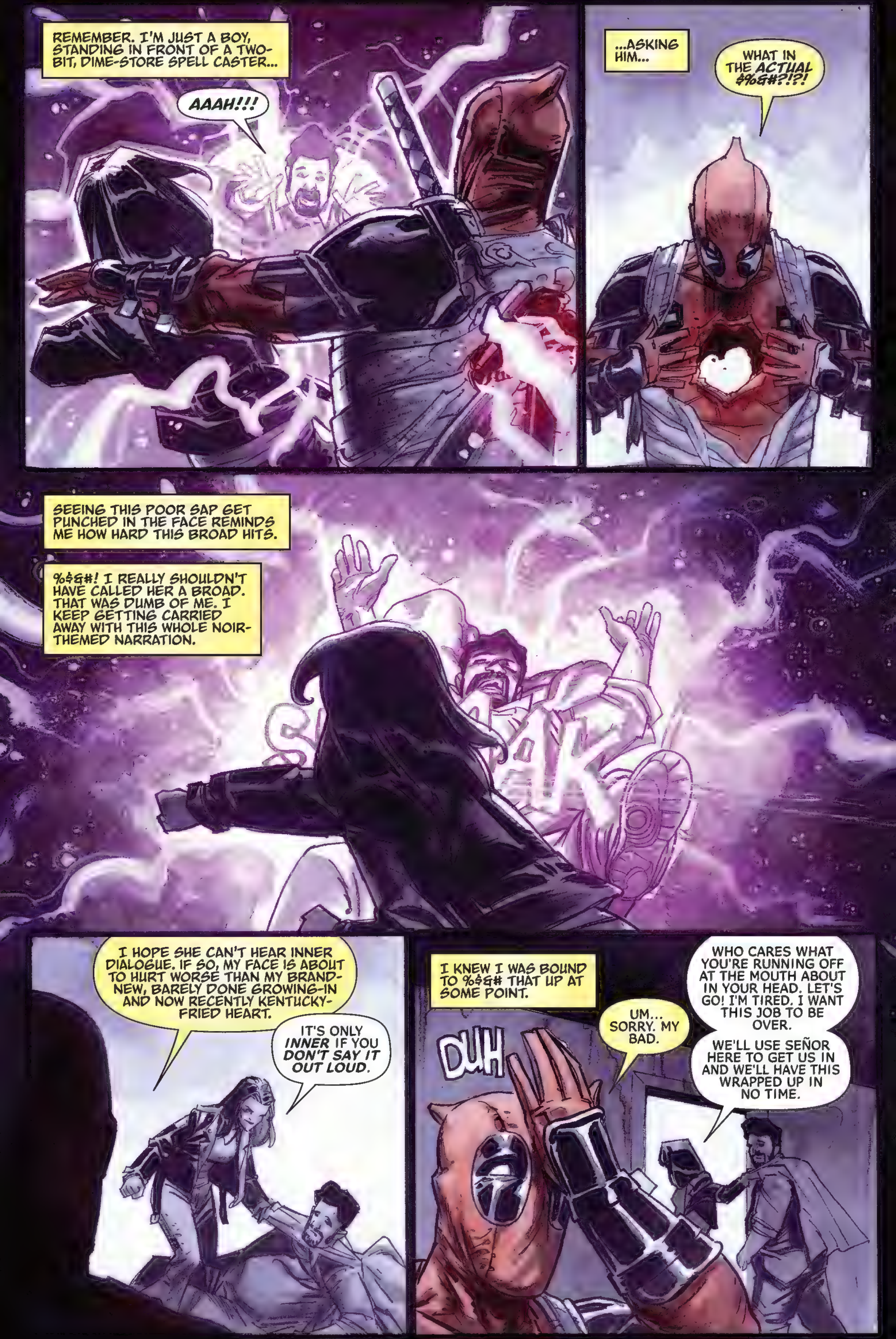

I KNEW RIGHT AWAY WHO SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT.
DAREDEVIL: THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.
MORE LIKE THE MAN WITHOUT A MINUTE OF SHUT-EYE. I MEAN, COME ON, IN THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS YOU HAVE SOME WEIRD ABILITY TO HEAR EVERY SINGLE SOUND THERE IS ALL THE TIME...HOW COULD YOU *EVER* SLEEP?
HEY, DD! ANY LUCK?
IF IT HELPS YOU AT ALL, JUST THINK OF THE BEAT FROM THAT OLD DAS EFX SONG "*MIC CHECKA.*"
I'M NOT PICKING ANYTHING UP, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT IT'S NOT OUT THERE.
I THOUGHT YOU COULD HEAR *EVERYTHING.*
NOT QUITE. WHOEVER HAS IT MIGHT NOT WANT SOMEONE LIKE ME TO BE ABLE TO HEAR IT.
THERE ARE MANY WAYS SOMEONE COULD HIDE THE SOUND OF A BEATING HEART.
DO YOU MEAN SOMEONE COULD HAVE STOPPED IT?
OR PUT IT INSIDE THEM. THE GENETIC MAKEUP OF THE NEW HOST BODY WOULD CHANGE THE RHYTHM.
THAT CAN'T BE SANITARY, RIGHT?
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO MAY NEED A NEW HEART AND WOULD HAVE THE MEANS TO TAKE ONE FROM SOMEONE LIKE YOU, YOU CAN ALWAYS TRY--

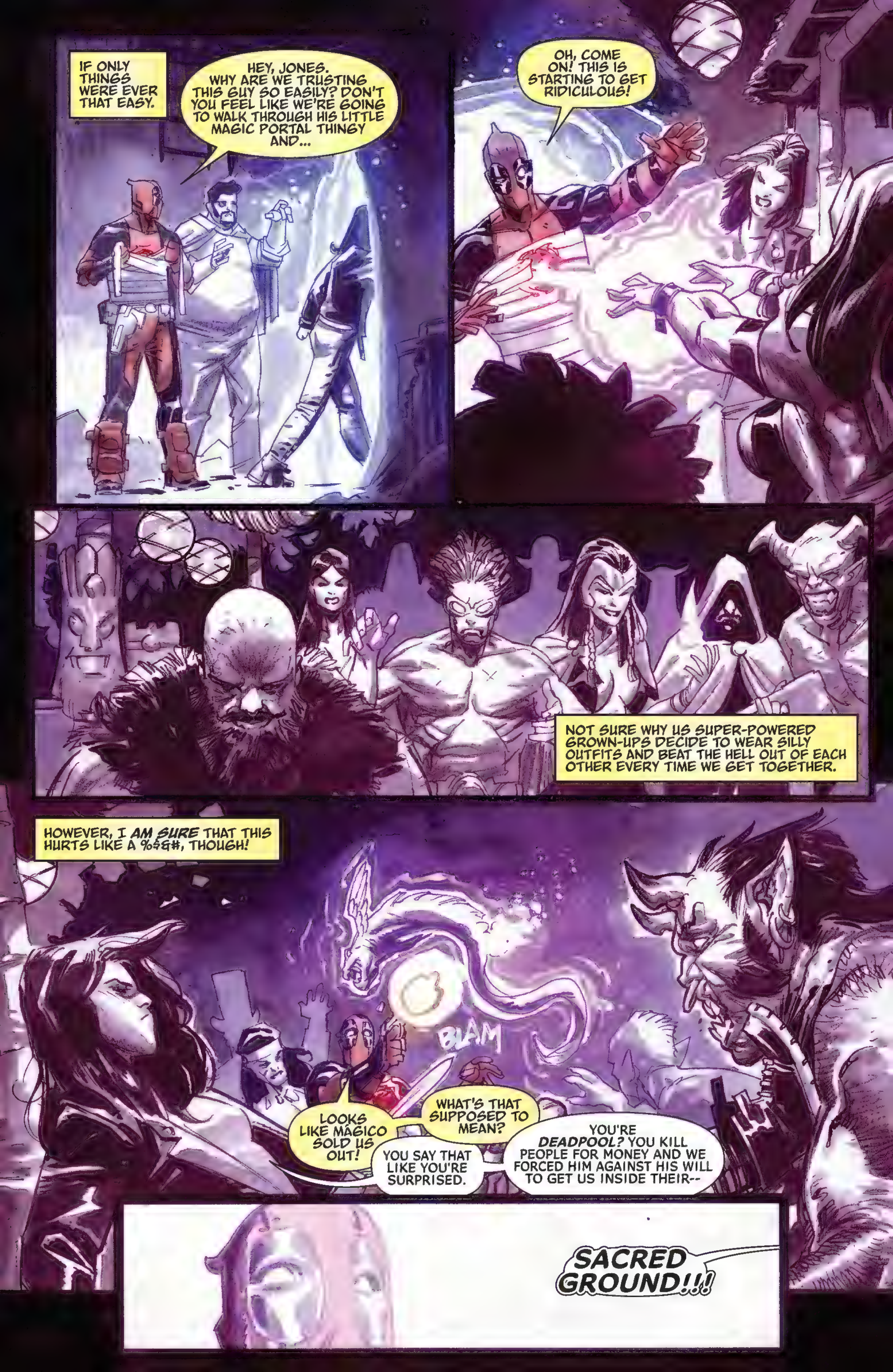

TOMBSTONE. SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS GUY FROM JUMP. GHOUL-LOOKING BRUISER WITH A BUM TICKER. PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR A HEART THAT LITERALLY CAN'T STOP, WON'T STOP.
LISTEN, TOOTS, A PRETTY LITTLE THING LIKE YOU WANTS ANSWERS OUTTA ME, YOU DON'T GOTTA BARGE IN HERE ACTING ALL TOUGH.
MAYBE YOU PUT ON A NICE DRESS, WE GO OUT SOMEWHERE FANCY--
WHAT WAS THAT? I COULDN'T HEAR YOU BECAUSE OF THE DESK THAT SEEMS TO BE IN YOUR MOUTH.
CRCH
YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET--
SORRY...

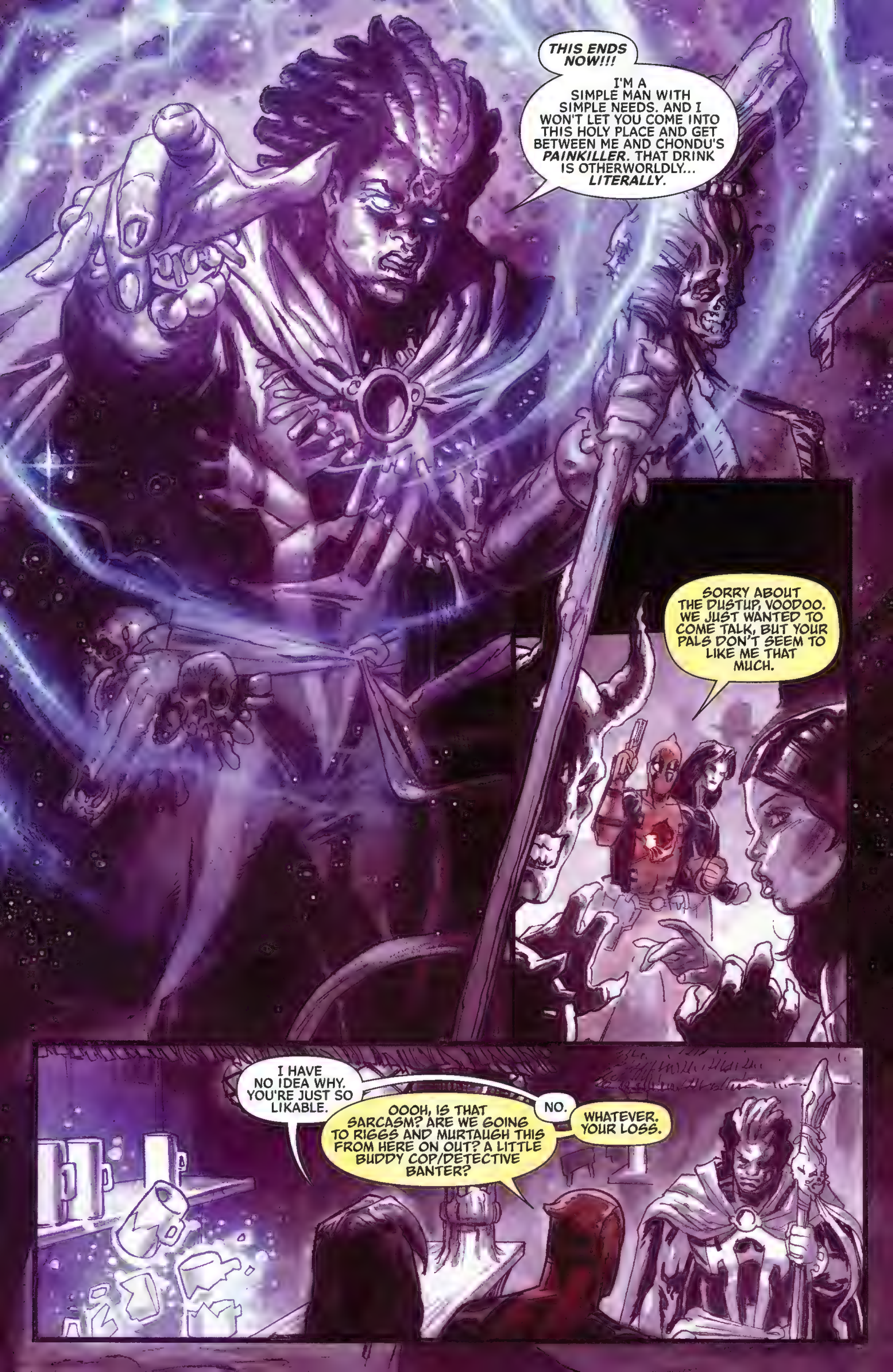

...I STILL CAN'T HEAR YOU!
SOUNDS LIKE YOU MAY HAVE SWALLOWED SOME OF YOUR TEETH THIS TIME.
CRNCH
OH, COME ON.
DON'T GO PASSING OUT ON ME.
MY FRIEND HERE HAD A QUESTION TO ASK YOU.
HELLO? WADE?
YOU GOOD?
I THINK I MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN THE QUESTION SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HIM LOOKING LIKE TOMBSTONE AND HIM LOOKING LIKE ROTTEN GROUND BEEF.
I BETTER THINK TWICE BEFORE CALLING JESSICA JONES "DAME" AGAIN, EVEN IN A GENRE PASTICHE. I'M ALREADY STRUGGLING IN THE LOOKS DEPARTMENT.

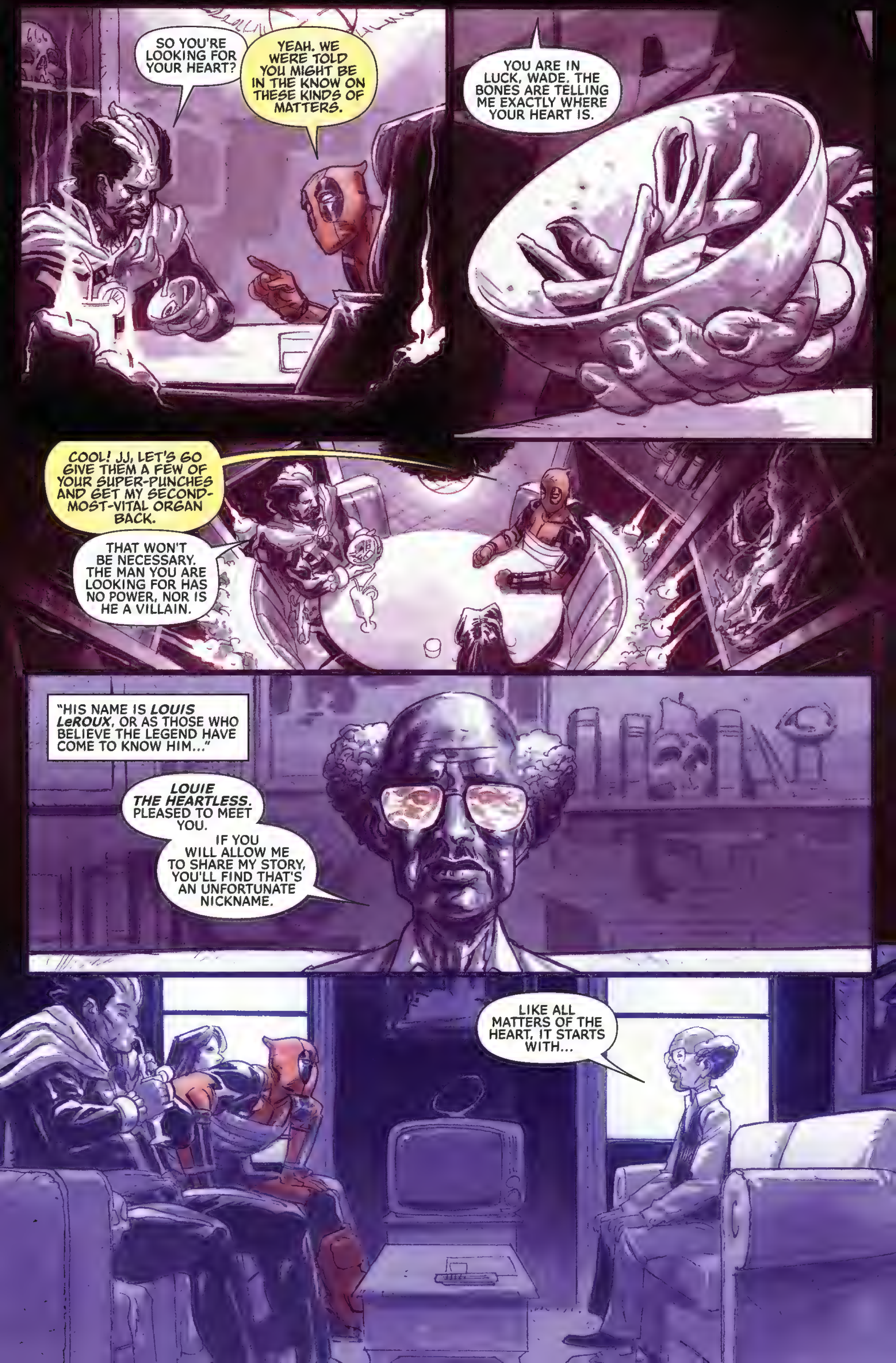

WADE! YOUR MISSING HEART! REMEMBER???
SNAP
OH, YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT!
DID YOU STEAL MY HEART, YOU CREEPY PIECE OF &%$#?
NO, I DIDN'T. I WISH I WOULD HAVE, BUT IT WASN'T ME.
BUT IF IT'S A HEART YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, THEN YOU NEED TO TALK TO DOCTOR VOODOO. THOSE MAGIC TYPES ALWAYS HAVE A LINE ON WEIRD &%$# LIKE THAT.
LET'S GO SEE IF THE DOCTOR IS IN.

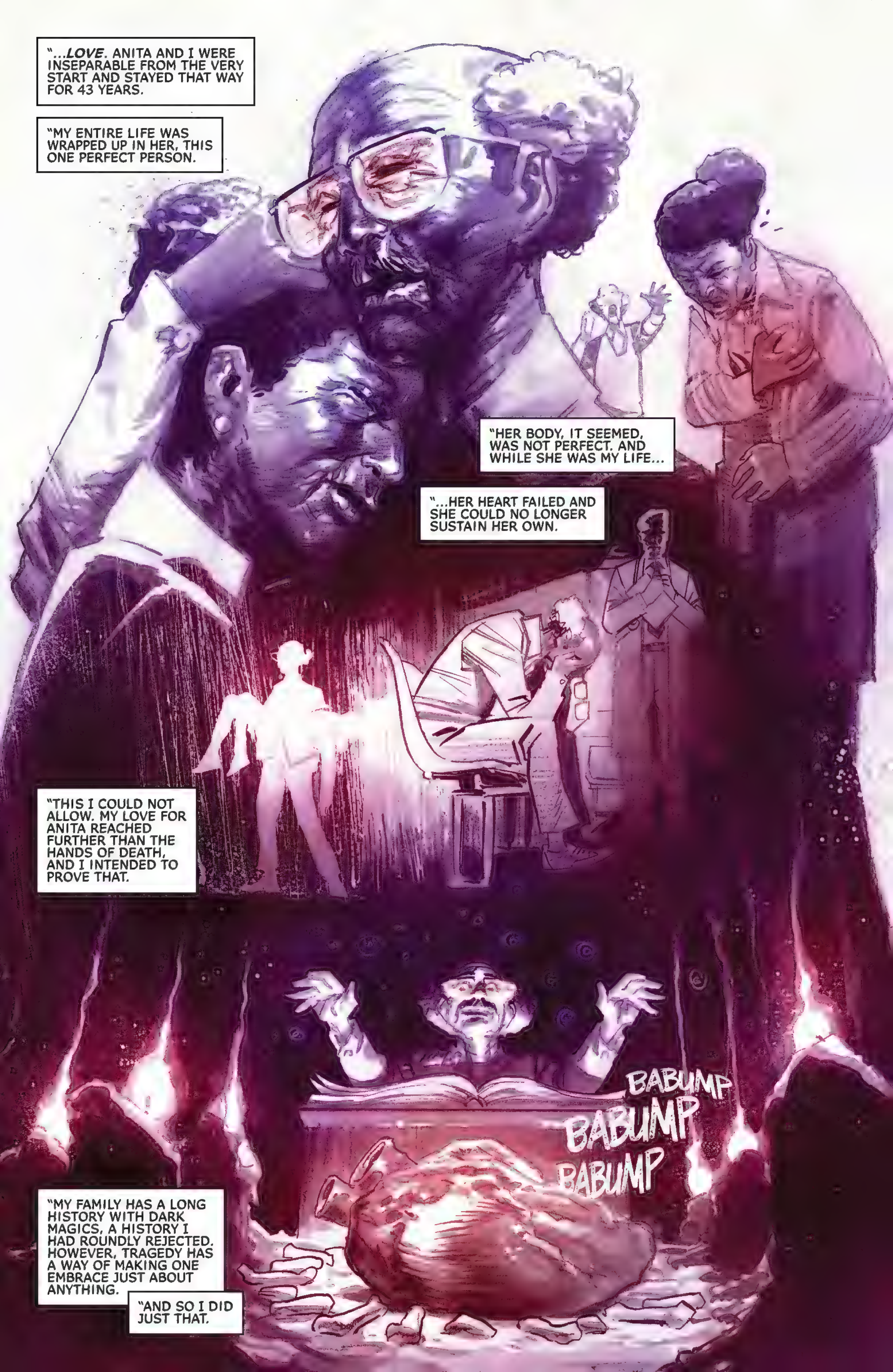

I'M THE MERC WITH A MOUTH BUT NO HEART WALKING THE STREETS OF THIS WET DOG OF A CITY LOOKING FOR A BAR WITH A DOCTOR BUT *NO DOORS*.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, MY LIFE IS WEIRD AS *HELL!*
THE *BAR WITH NO DOORS* IS A TIKI JOINT WHERE ALL THE HARRY POTTER WANNABES GO. I CAN'T STAND 'EM. NOT THE WIZARDS, I CAN HANDLE *THEM*.
IT'S THE DRINKS THAT TASTE LIKE WINDEX MIXED WITH KOOL-AID AND THE FLOOR THAT'S SO STICKY YOU KNOW YOU'RE GOING HOME WITH AT LEAST THREE FULL-BLOWN DISEASES.
BUT IF I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHO STOLE MY HEART, THAT'S WHERE I GOTTA GO.
GETTING THERE ISN'T THE PROBLEM--IT'S GETTING *IN*. THE NAME ISN'T JUST A HIPSTER TURN OF PHRASE, THE BAR LITERALLY HAS NO DOORS. YOU CAN ONLY GET IN IF YOU'RE TIED INTO THE *MAGIC WORLD*.
WHICH NEITHER JJ NOR I AM. BUT LUCKY FOR US, WE'VE GOT WHAT EVERY GOOD DETECTIVE IN A CRIME NOIR STORY NEEDS...
...A POOR SAP OF A NARC THAT GETS BEAT UP ON UNTIL THEY SNITCH OUT AND GIVE UP THE GOODS. IN OUR CASE...
THE FAME THING ISN'T REALLY REAL, YOU KNOW?
SEÑOR MÁGICO!
AND DON'T FORGET, I'M ALSO JUST A GIRL, STANDING IN FRONT OF A BOY, ASKING HIM TO LOVE HER.
OH MAN! NOTTING HILL! I LOVE THIS MOVIE.
TOP 10, MAYBE TOP 5!
HRK

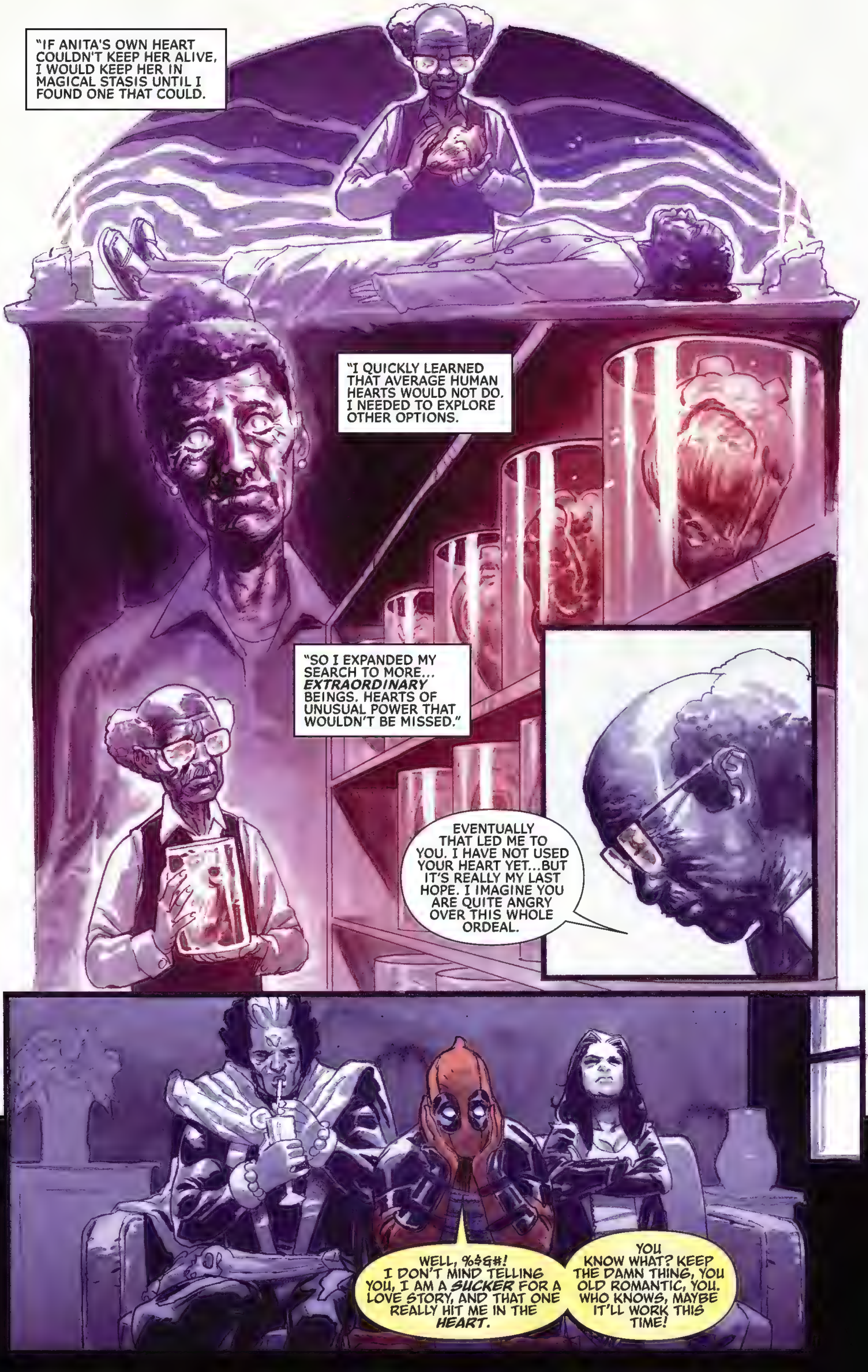

REMEMBER. I'M JUST A BOY, STANDING IN FRONT OF A TWO-BIT, DIME-STORE SPELL CASTER...
AAAH!!!
...ASKING HIM...
WHAT IN THE *ACTUAL* $%&#?!?!
SEEING THIS POOR SAP GET PUNCHED IN THE FACE REMINDS ME HOW HARD THIS BROAD HITS.
%$&#! I REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED HER A BROAD. THAT WAS DUMB OF ME. I KEEP GETTING CARRIED AWAY WITH THIS WHOLE NOIR-THEMED NARRATION.
I HOPE SHE CAN'T HEAR INNER DIALOGUE. IF SO, MY FACE IS ABOUT TO HURT WORSE THAN MY BRAND-NEW, BARELY DONE GROWING-IN AND NOW RECENTLY KENTUCKY-FRIED HEART.
IT'S ONLY *INNER* IF YOU *DON'T SAY IT OUT LOUD.*
I KNEW I WAS BOUND TO %$&# THAT UP AT SOME POINT.
DUH
UM... SORRY. MY BAD.
WHO CARES WHAT YOU'RE RUNNING OFF AT THE MOUTH ABOUT IN YOUR HEAD. LET'S GO! I'M TIRED. I WANT THIS JOB TO BE OVER.
WE'LL USE SEÑOR HERE TO GET US IN AND WE'LL HAVE THIS WRAPPED UP IN NO TIME.

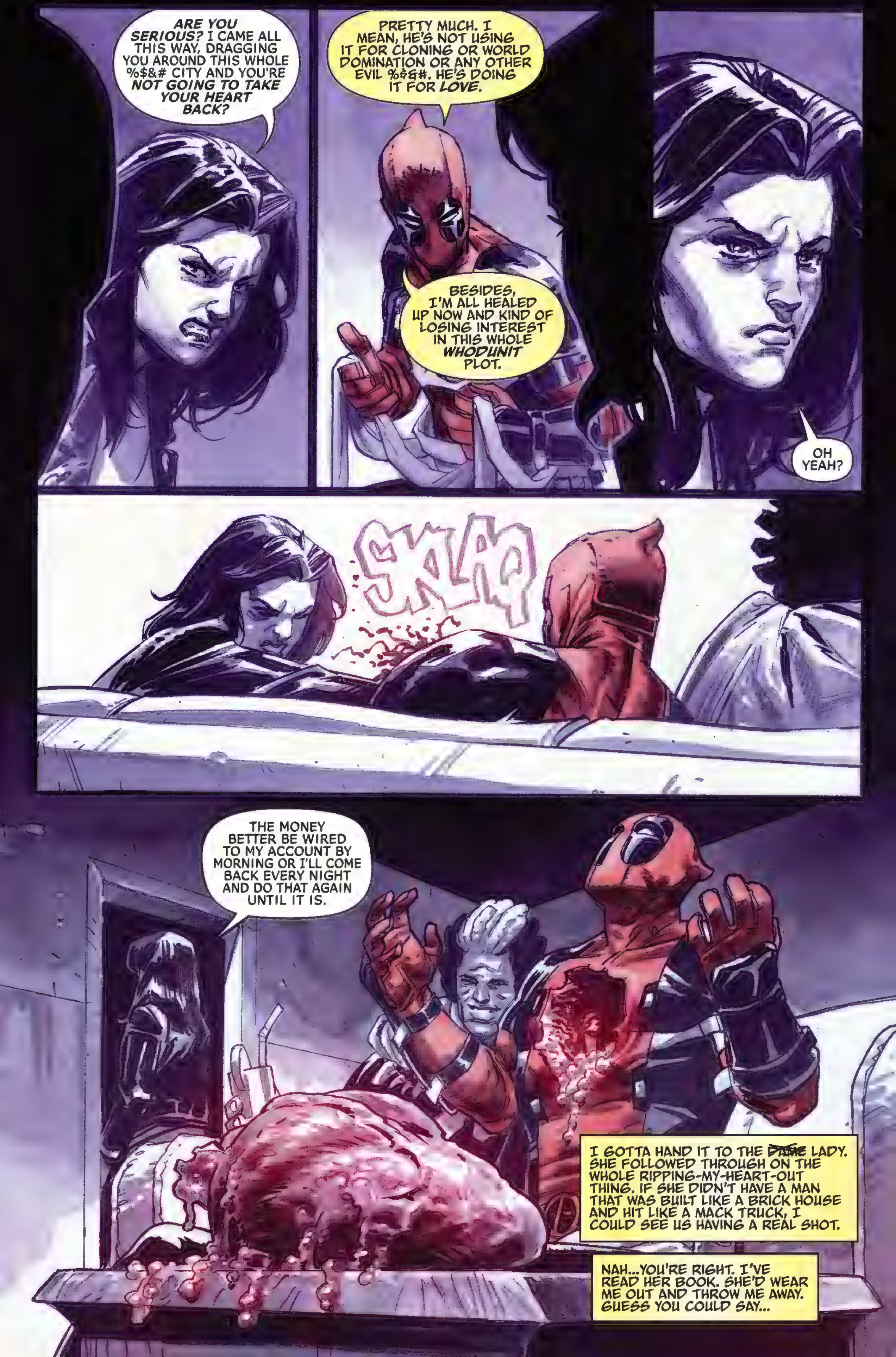

IF ONLY THINGS WERE EVER THAT EASY.
HEY, JONES. WHY ARE WE TRUSTING THIS GUY SO EASILY? DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE WE'RE GOING TO WALK THROUGH HIS LITTLE MAGIC PORTAL THINGY AND...
OH, COME ON! THIS IS STARTING TO GET RIDICULOUS!
NOT SURE WHY US SUPER-POWERED GROWN-UPS DECIDE TO WEAR SILLY OUTFITS AND BEAT THE HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER EVERY TIME WE GET TOGETHER.
HOWEVER, I *AM SURE* THAT THIS HURTS LIKE A %$&#, THOUGH!
BLAM
LOOKS LIKE MAGICO SOLD US OUT!
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
YOU SAY THAT LIKE YOU'RE SURPRISED.
YOU'RE *DEADPOOL?* YOU KILL PEOPLE FOR MONEY AND WE FORCED HIM AGAINST HIS WILL TO GET US INSIDE THEIR--
SACRED GROUND!!!

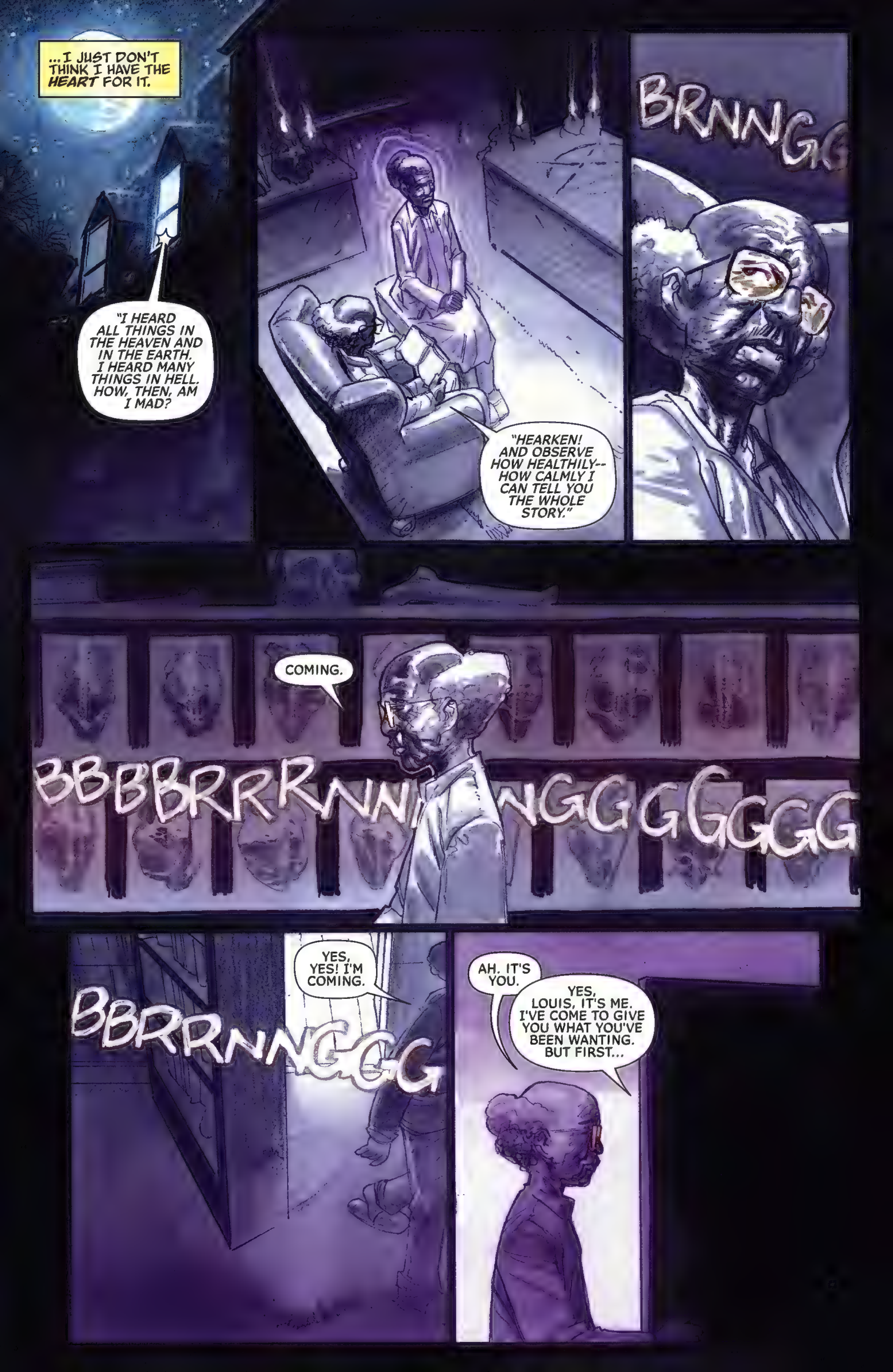

THIS ENDS NOW!!!
I'M A SIMPLE MAN WITH SIMPLE NEEDS. AND I WON'T LET YOU COME INTO THIS HOLY PLACE AND GET BETWEEN ME AND CHONDU'S *PAINKILLER*. THAT DRINK IS OTHERWORLDLY... *LITERALLY*.
SORRY ABOUT THE DUSTUP, VOODOO. WE JUST WANTED TO COME TALK, BUT YOUR PALS DON'T SEEM TO LIKE ME THAT MUCH.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHY. YOU'RE JUST SO LIKABLE.
OOOH, IS THAT SARCASM? ARE WE GOING TO RIGGS AND MURTAUGH THIS FROM HERE ON OUT? A LITTLE BUDDY COP/DETECTIVE BANTER?
NO.
WHATEVER. YOUR LOSS.

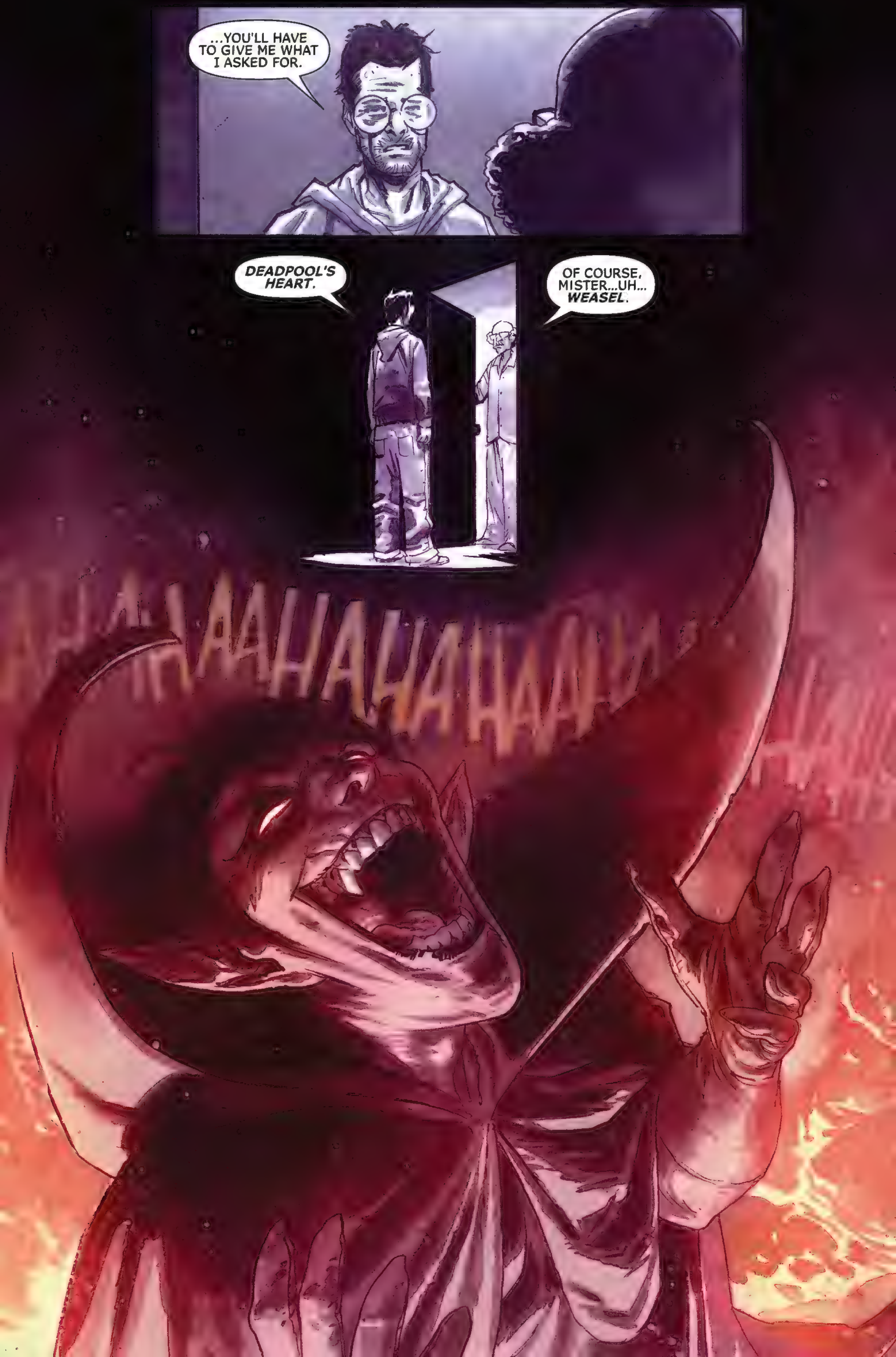

SO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR YOUR HEART?
YEAH. WE WERE TOLD YOU MIGHT BE IN THE KNOW ON THESE KINDS OF MATTERS.
YOU ARE IN LUCK, WADE. THE BONES ARE TELLING ME EXACTLY WHERE YOUR HEART IS.
COOL! JJ, LET'S GO GIVE THEM A FEW OF YOUR SUPER-PUNCHES AND GET MY SECOND-MOST-VITAL ORGAN BACK.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. THE MAN YOU ARE LOOKING FOR HAS NO POWER, NOR IS HE A VILLAIN.
"HIS NAME IS *LOUIS LeROUX*, OR AS THOSE WHO BELIEVE THE LEGEND HAVE COME TO KNOW HIM..."
LOUIE THE HEARTLESS. PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO SHARE MY STORY, YOU'LL FIND THAT'S AN UNFORTUNATE NICKNAME.
LIKE ALL MATTERS OF THE HEART, IT STARTS WITH...

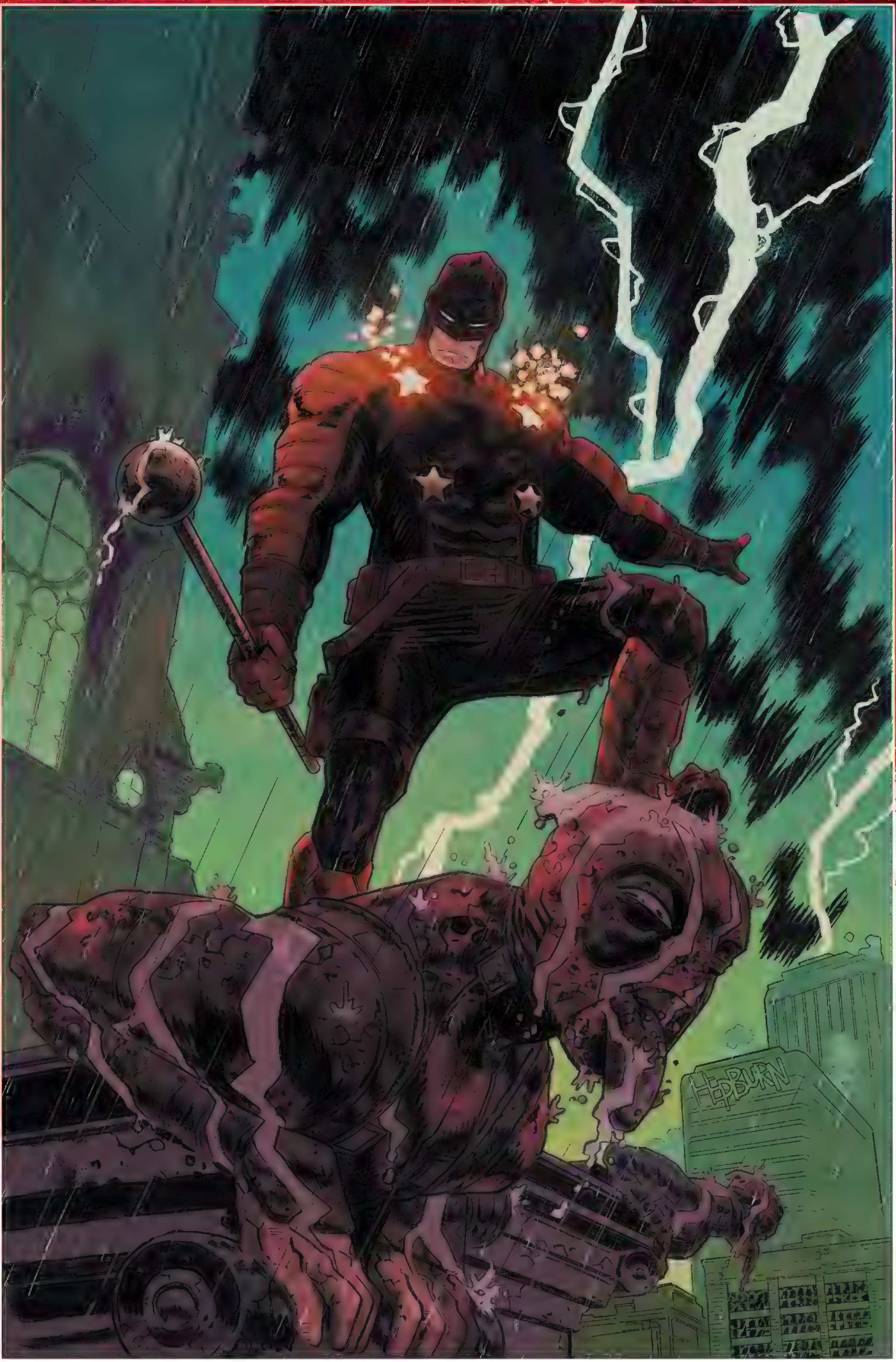

"...*LOVE*. ANITA AND I WERE INSEPARABLE FROM THE VERY START AND STAYED THAT WAY FOR 43 YEARS.
"MY ENTIRE LIFE WAS WRAPPED UP IN HER, THIS ONE PERFECT PERSON.
"HER BODY, IT SEEMED, WAS NOT PERFECT. AND WHILE SHE WAS MY LIFE...
"...HER HEART FAILED AND SHE COULD NO LONGER SUSTAIN HER OWN.
"THIS I COULD NOT ALLOW. MY LOVE FOR ANITA REACHED FURTHER THAN THE HANDS OF DEATH, AND I INTENDED TO PROVE THAT.
BABUMP
BABUMP
BABUMP
"MY FAMILY HAS A LONG HISTORY WITH DARK MAGICS, A HISTORY I HAD ROUNDLY REJECTED. HOWEVER, TRAGEDY HAS A WAY OF MAKING ONE EMBRACE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING.
"AND SO I DID JUST THAT.


"IF ANITA'S OWN HEART COULDN'T KEEP HER ALIVE, I WOULD KEEP HER IN MAGICAL STASIS UNTIL I FOUND ONE THAT COULD.
"I QUICKLY LEARNED THAT AVERAGE HUMAN HEARTS WOULD NOT DO. I NEEDED TO EXPLORE OTHER OPTIONS.
"SO I EXPANDED MY SEARCH TO MORE... ***EXTRAORDINARY*** BEINGS. HEARTS OF UNUSUAL POWER THAT WOULDN'T BE MISSED."
EVENTUALLY THAT LED ME TO YOU. I HAVE NOT USED YOUR HEART YET...BUT IT'S REALLY MY LAST HOPE. I IMAGINE YOU ARE QUITE ANGRY OVER THIS WHOLE ORDEAL.
WELL, %$&#! I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, I AM A ***SUCKER*** FOR A LOVE STORY, AND THAT ONE REALLY HIT ME IN THE ***HEART***.
YOU KNOW WHAT? KEEP THE DAMN THING, YOU OLD ROMANTIC, YOU. WHO KNOWS, MAYBE IT'LL WORK THIS TIME!


ARE YOU SERIOUS? I CAME ALL THIS WAY, DRAGGING YOU AROUND THIS WHOLE %$&# CITY AND YOU'RE *NOT GOING TO TAKE YOUR HEART BACK?*
PRETTY MUCH. I MEAN, HE'S NOT USING IT FOR CLONING OR WORLD DOMINATION OR ANY OTHER EVIL %$&#. HE'S DOING IT FOR *LOVE*.
BESIDES, I'M ALL HEALED UP NOW AND KIND OF LOSING INTEREST IN THIS WHOLE *WHODUNIT* PLOT.
OH YEAH?
SKLAQ
THE MONEY BETTER BE WIRED TO MY ACCOUNT BY MORNING OR I'LL COME BACK EVERY NIGHT AND DO THAT AGAIN UNTIL IT IS.
I GOTTA HAND IT TO THE ~~DAME~~ LADY. SHE FOLLOWED THROUGH ON THE WHOLE RIPPING-MY-HEART-OUT THING. IF SHE DIDN'T HAVE A MAN THAT WAS BUILT LIKE A BRICK HOUSE AND HIT LIKE A MACK TRUCK, I COULD SEE US HAVING A REAL SHOT.
NAH...YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE READ HER BOOK. SHE'D WEAR ME OUT AND THROW ME AWAY. GUESS YOU COULD SAY...


...I JUST DON'T THINK I HAVE THE *HEART* FOR IT.
"I HEARD ALL THINGS IN THE HEAVEN AND IN THE EARTH. I HEARD MANY THINGS IN HELL. HOW, THEN, AM I MAD?
"HEARKEN! AND OBSERVE HOW HEALTHILY-- HOW CALMLY I CAN TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY."
BRNNGG
COMING.
BBBBRRRRNNNNGGGGGGGG
BBRRRNNGGG
YES, YES! I'M COMING.
AH. IT'S YOU.
YES, LOUIS, IT'S ME. I'VE COME TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WANTING. BUT FIRST...


...YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME WHAT I ASKED FOR.
DEADPOOL'S HEART.
OF COURSE, MISTER...UH... *WEASEL*.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA



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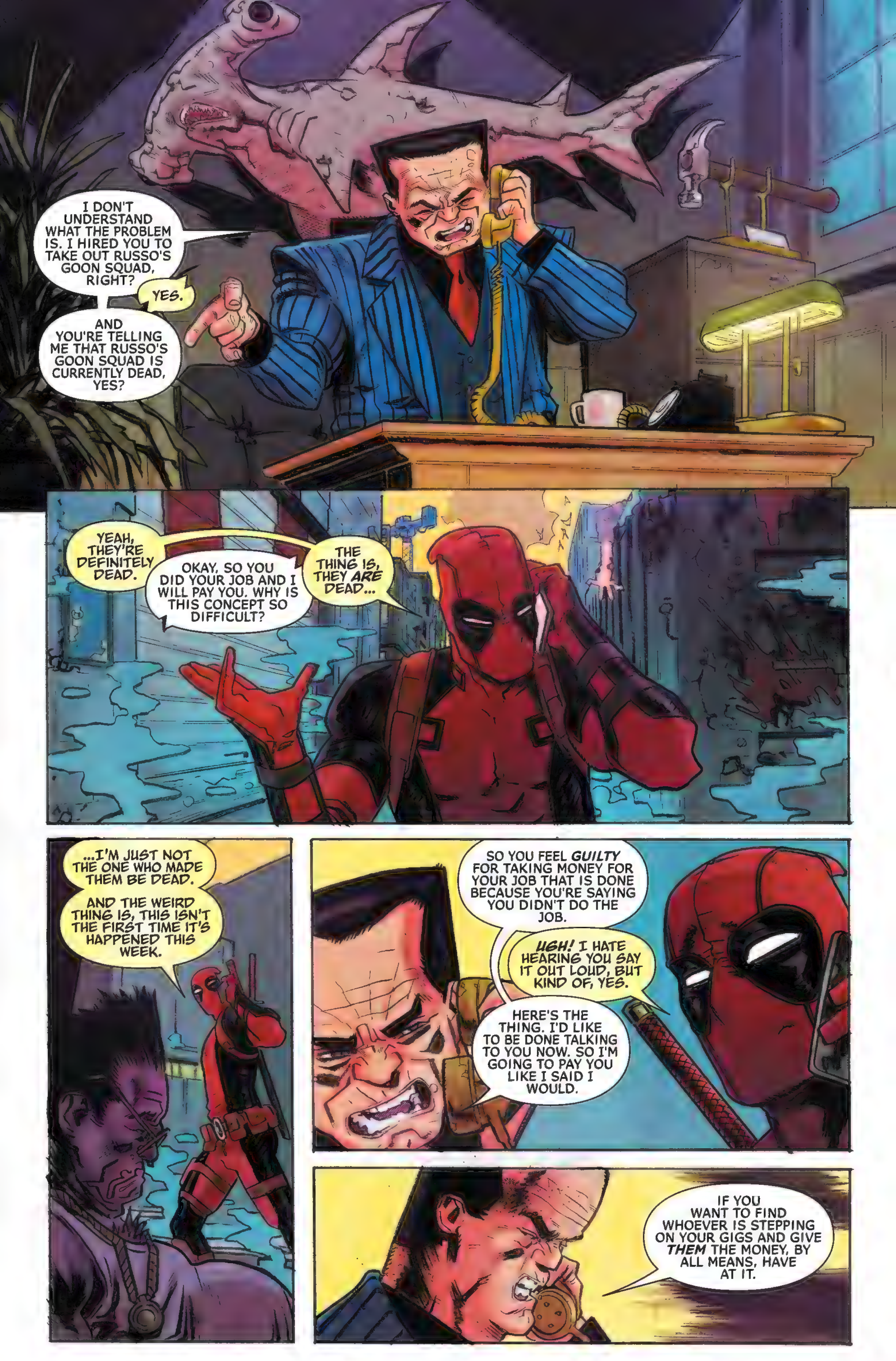
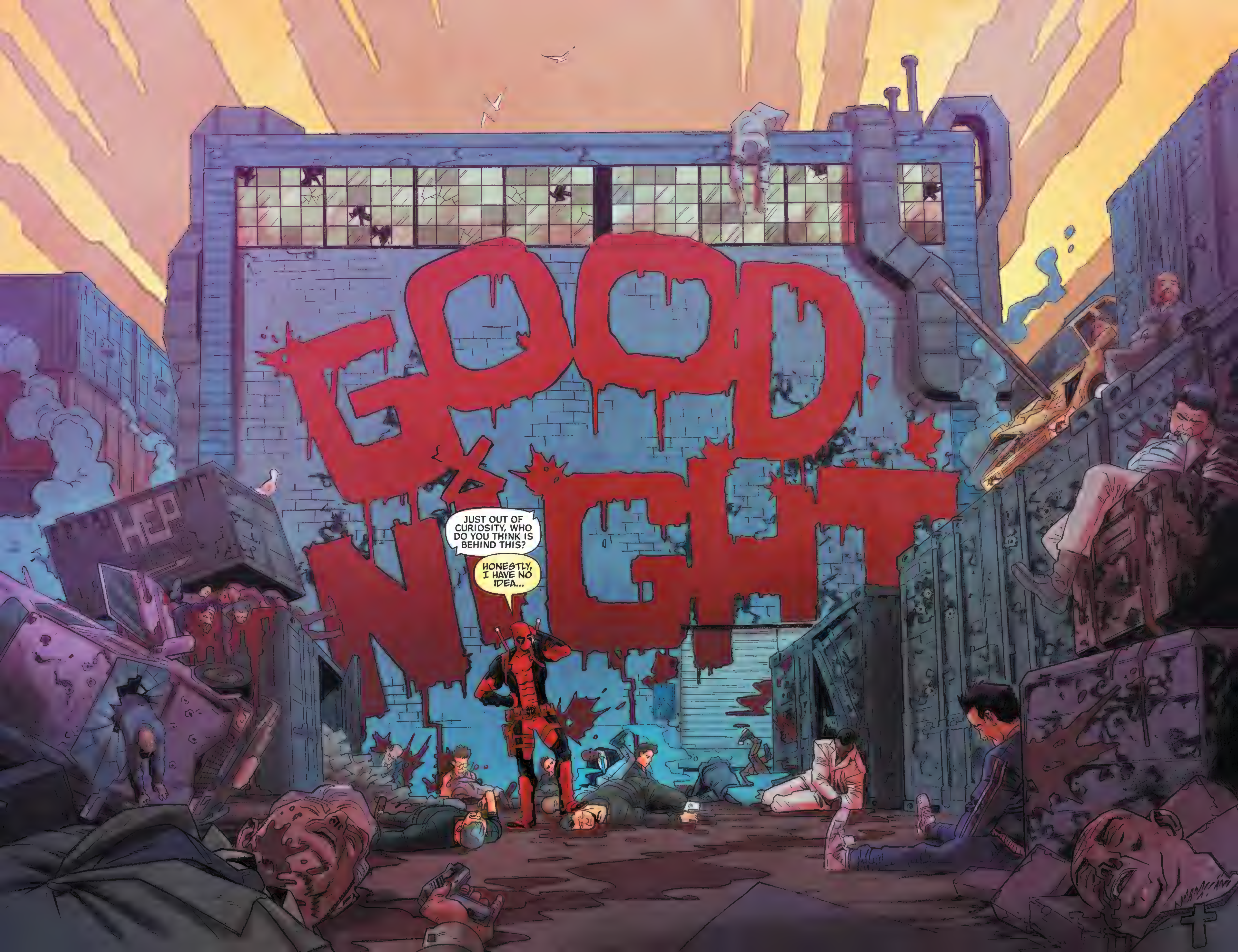
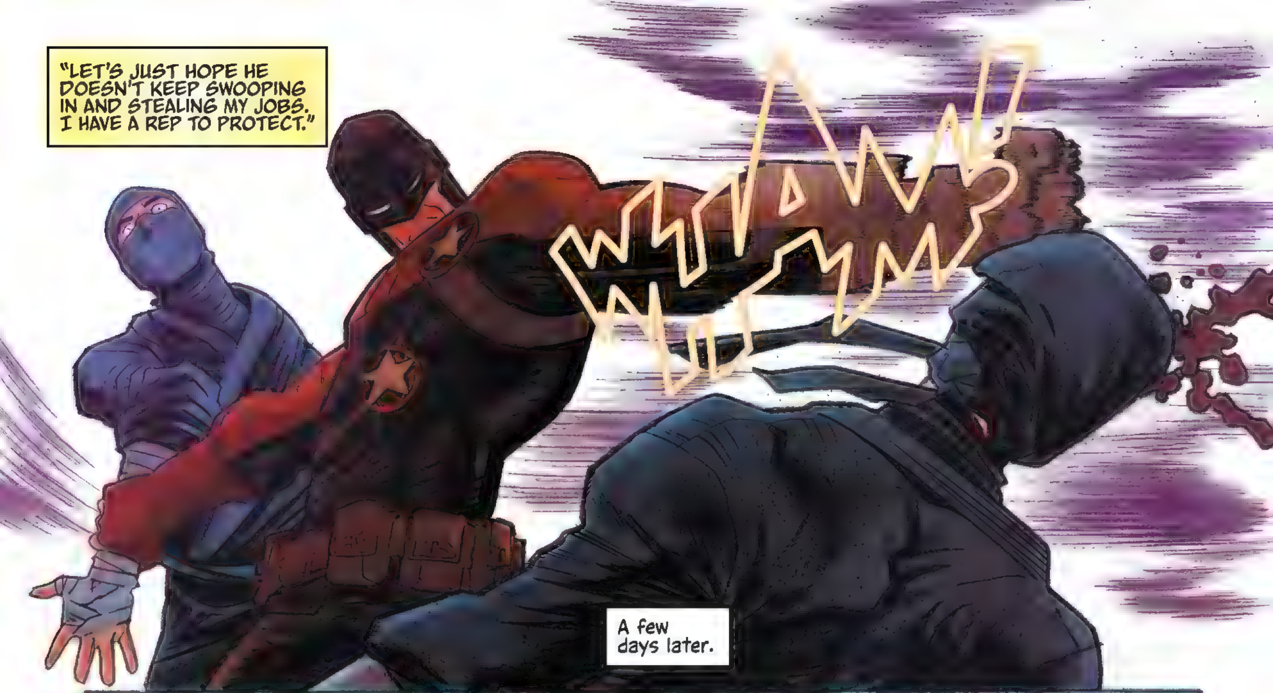
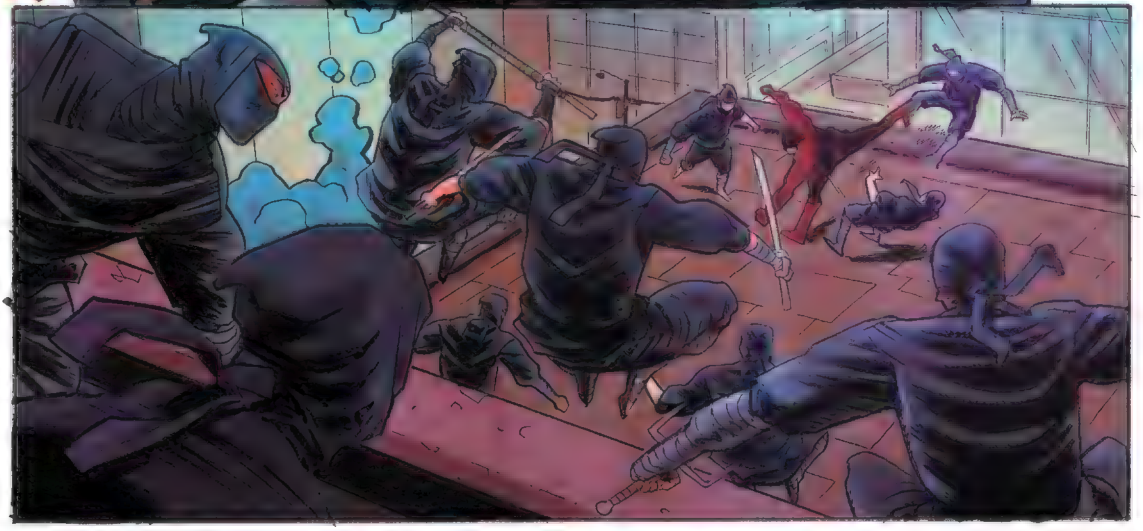
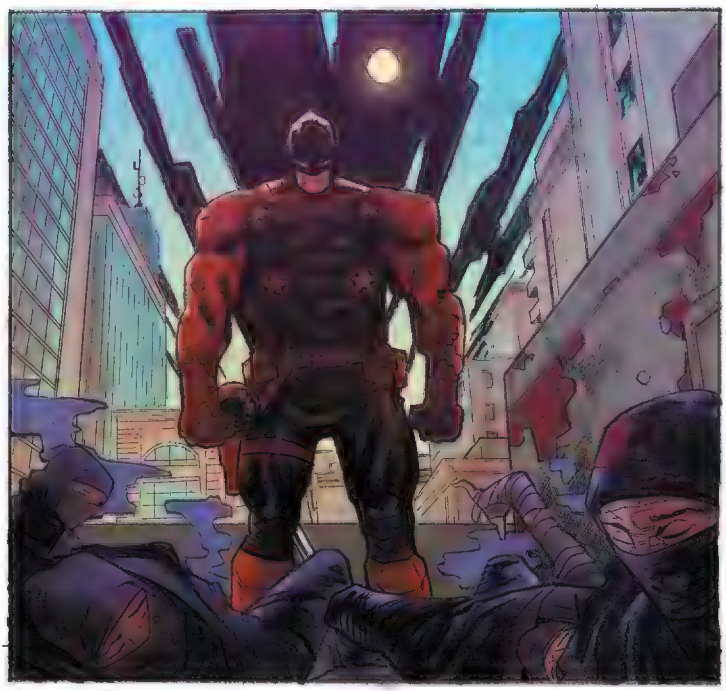
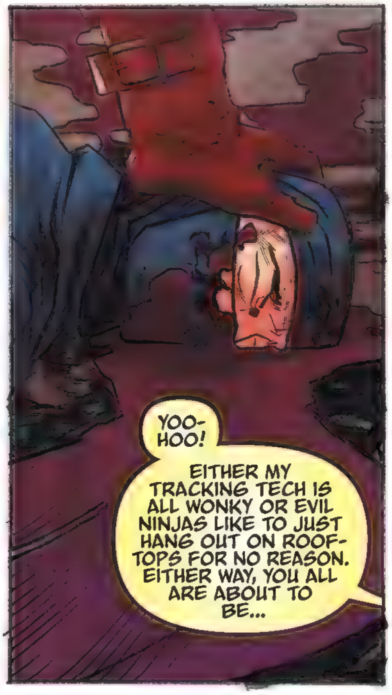

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THE PROBLEM IS. I HIRED YOU TO TAKE OUT RUSSO'S GOON SQUAD, RIGHT?
YES.
AND YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT RUSSO'S GOON SQUAD IS CURRENTLY DEAD, YES?
YEAH, THEY'RE DEFINITELY DEAD.
OKAY, SO YOU DID YOUR JOB AND I WILL PAY YOU. WHY IS THIS CONCEPT SO DIFFICULT?
THE THING IS, THEY *ARE* DEAD...
...I'M JUST NOT THE ONE WHO MADE THEM BE DEAD.
AND THE WEIRD THING IS, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME IT'S HAPPENED THIS WEEK.
SO YOU FEEL *GUILTY* FOR TAKING MONEY FOR YOUR JOB THAT IS DONE BECAUSE YOU'RE SAYING YOU DIDN'T DO THE JOB.
UGH! I HATE HEARING YOU SAY IT OUT LOUD, BUT KIND OF, YES.
HERE'S THE THING. I'D LIKE TO BE DONE TALKING TO YOU NOW. SO I'M GOING TO PAY YOU LIKE I SAID I WOULD.
IF YOU WANT TO FIND WHOEVER IS STEPPING ON YOUR GIGS AND GIVE *THEM* THE MONEY, BY ALL MEANS, HAVE AT IT.

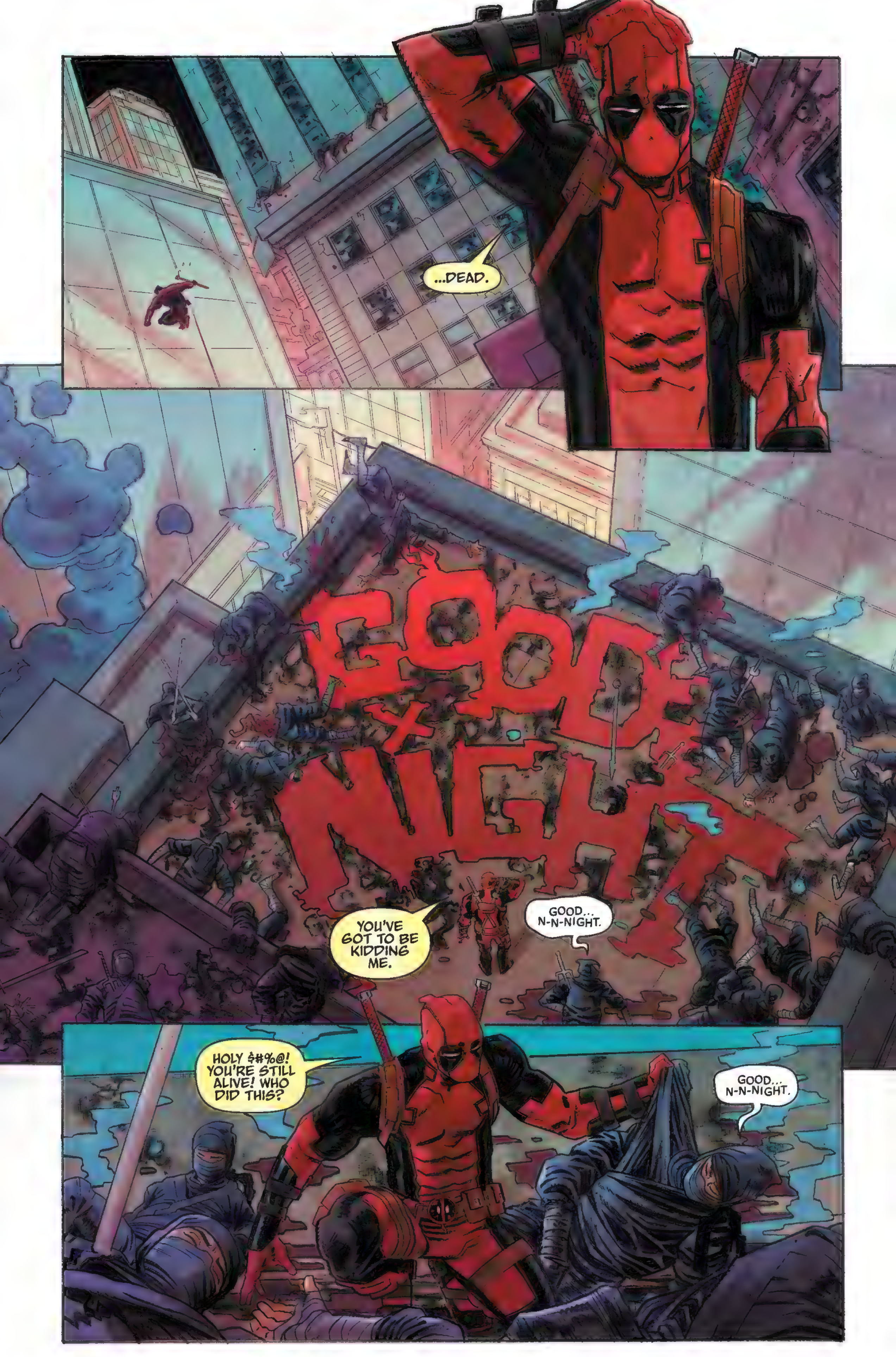

GOOD NIGHT
HEP
JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, WHO DO YOU THINK IS BEHIND THIS?
HONESTLY, I HAVE NO IDEA...

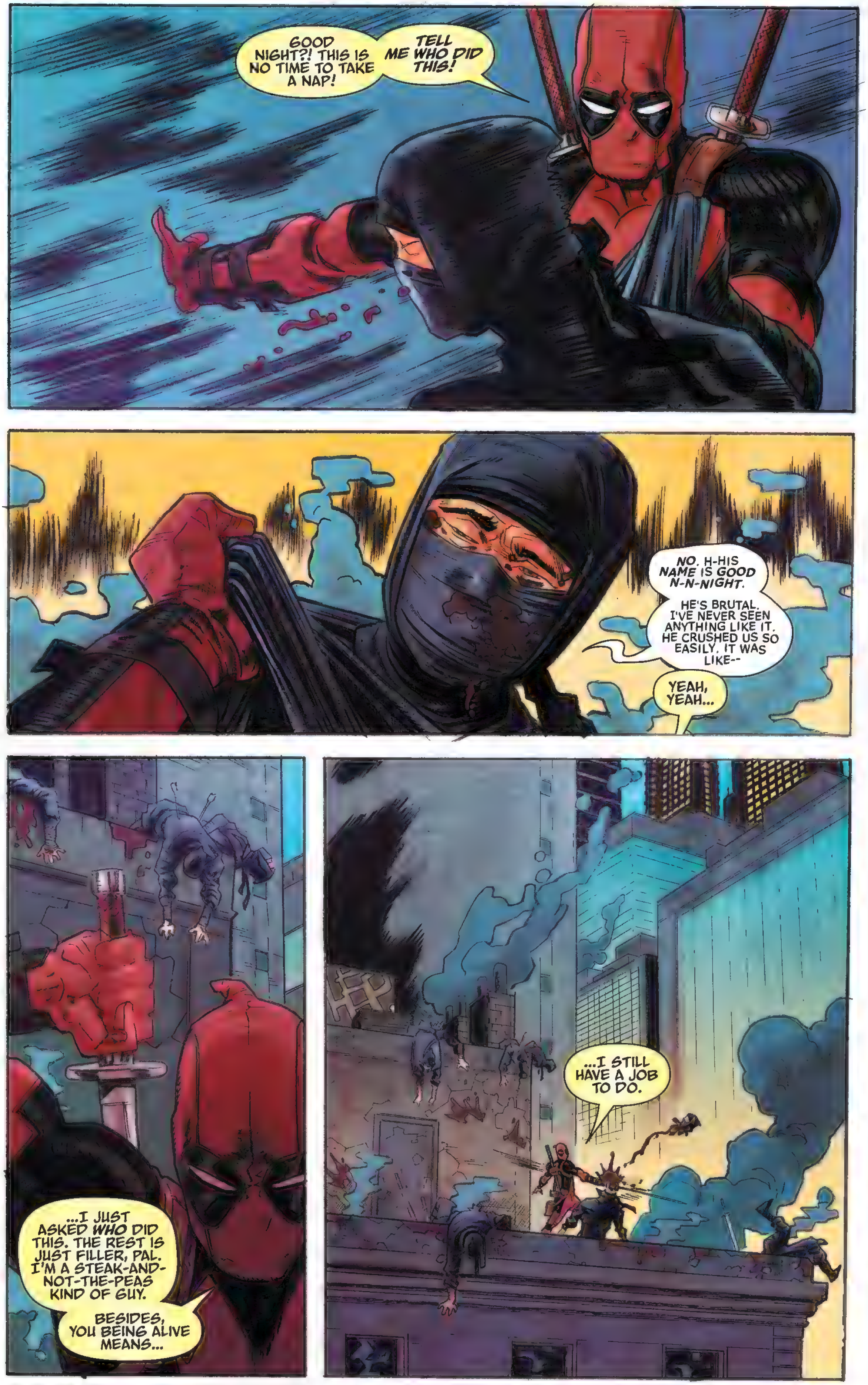

"LET'S JUST HOPE HE DOESN'T KEEP SWOOPING IN AND STEALING MY JOBS. I HAVE A REP TO PROTECT."
WHAM! WHAM!

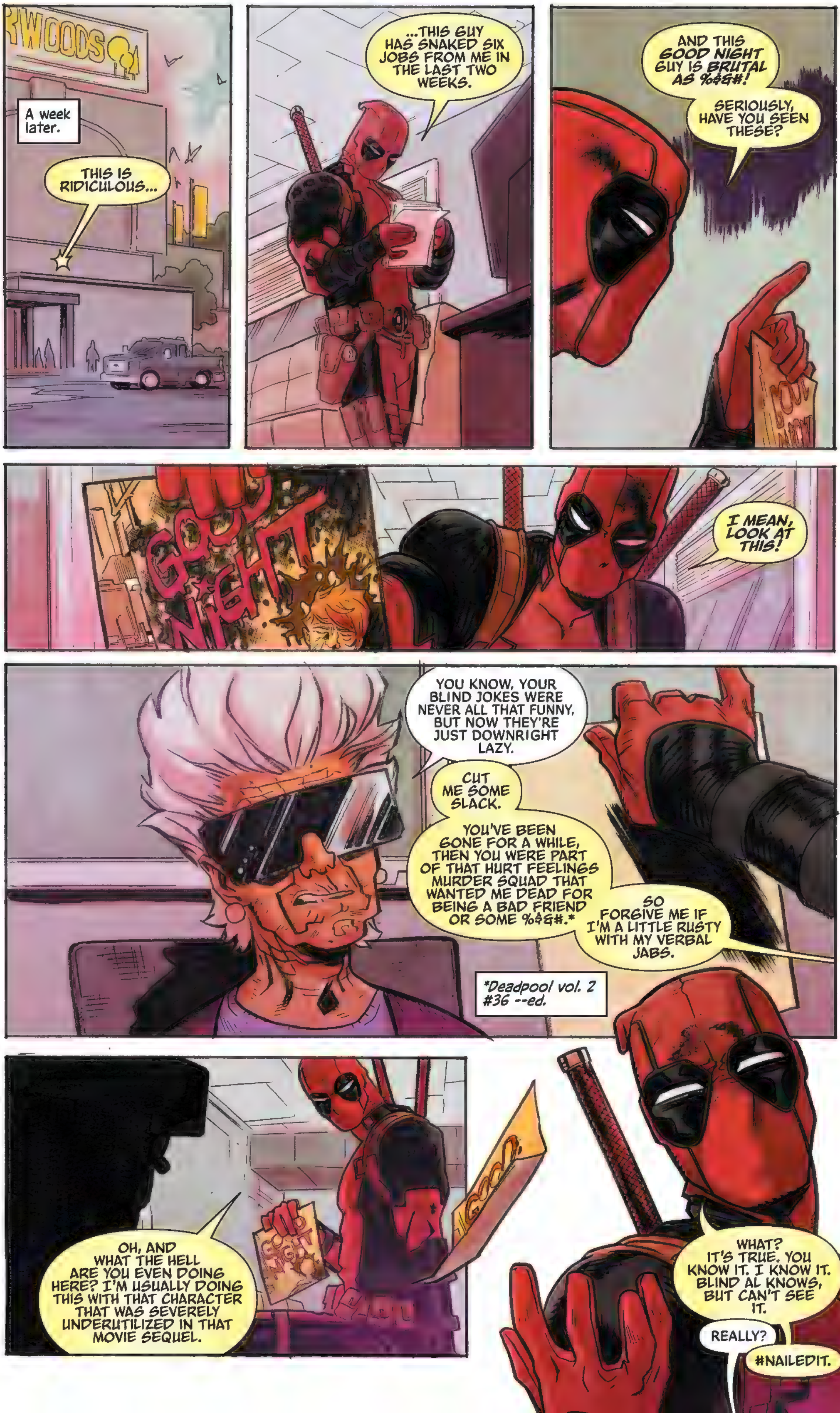

A few days later.

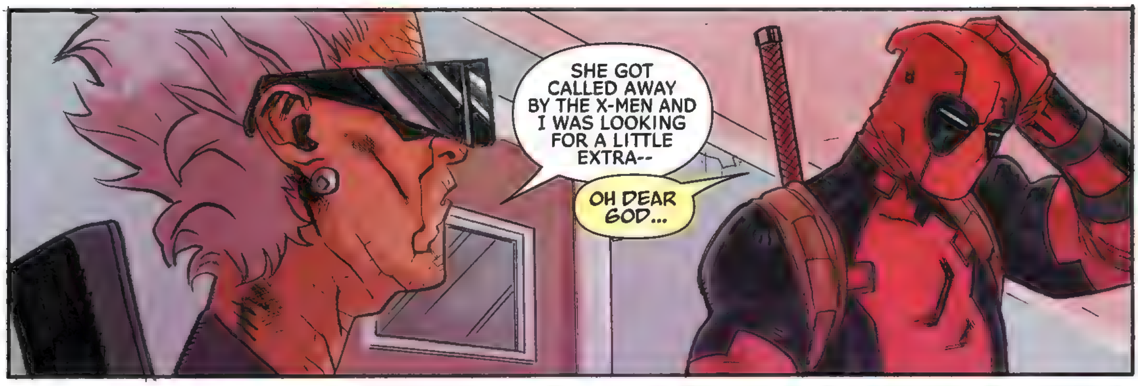


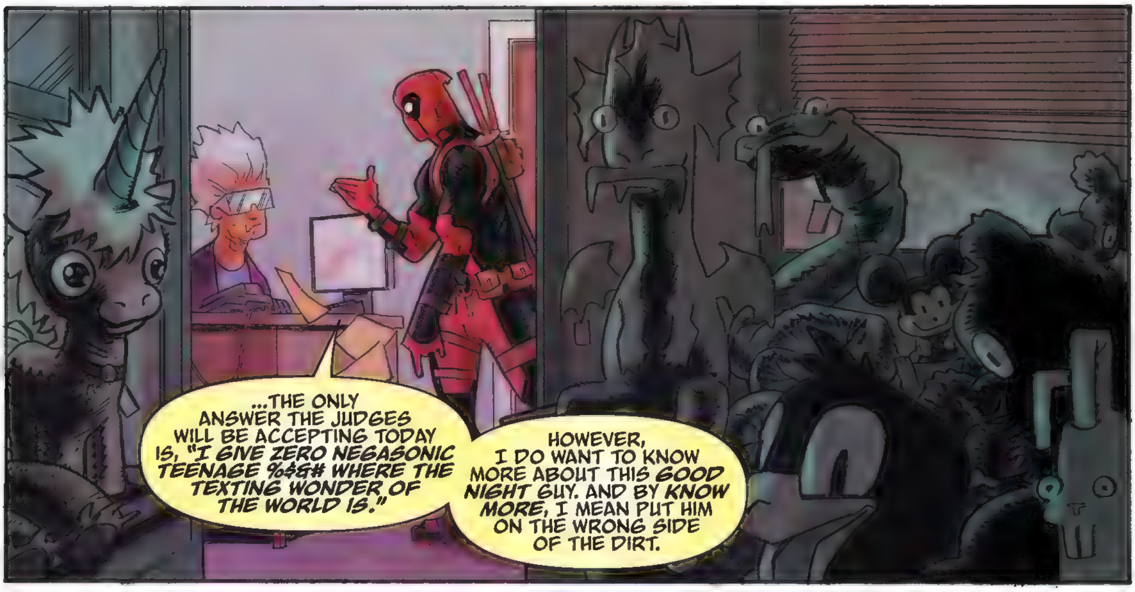

YOO-HOO!
EITHER MY TRACKING TECH IS ALL WONKY OR EVIL NINJAS LIKE TO JUST HANG OUT ON ROOFTOPS FOR NO REASON. EITHER WAY, YOU ALL ARE ABOUT TO BE...

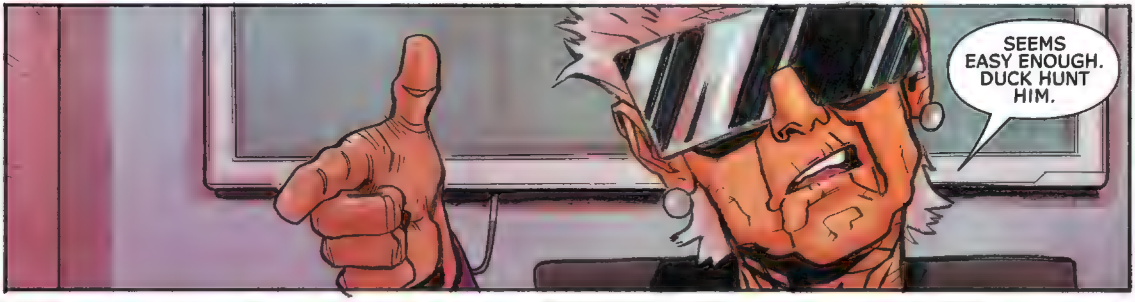

...DEAD.
GOOD NIGHT
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME.
GOOD... N-N-NIGHT.
HOLY $#%@! YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! WHO DID THIS?
GOOD... N-N-NIGHT.

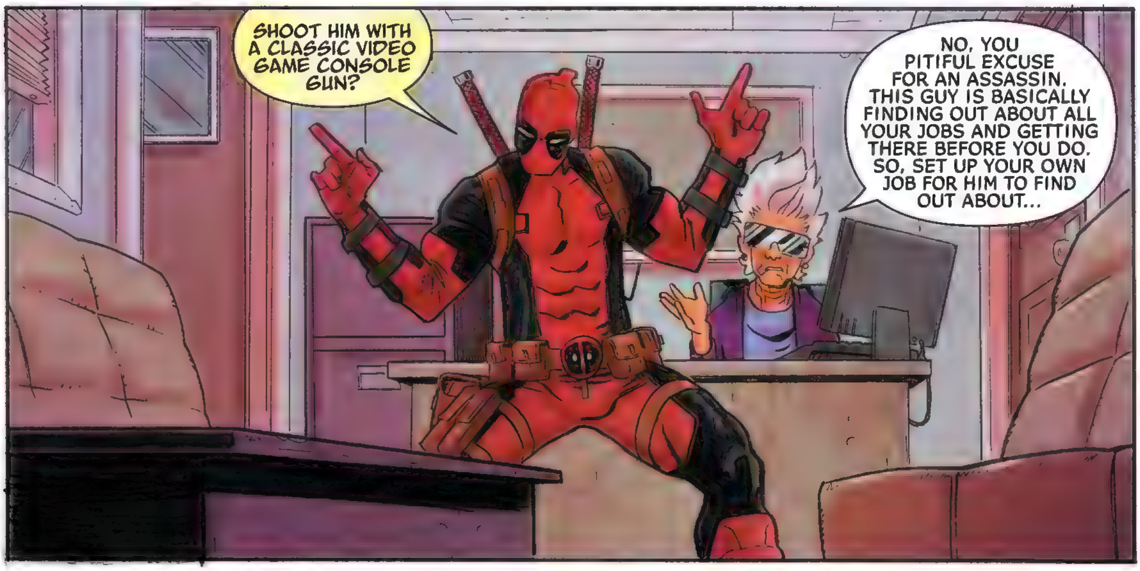

GOOD NIGHT?! THIS IS NO TIME TO TAKE A NAP!
TELL ME *WHO* DID THIS!
NO. H-HIS *NAME* IS *GOOD N-N-NIGHT*.
HE'S BRUTAL. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. HE CRUSHED US SO EASILY. IT WAS LIKE--
YEAH, YEAH...
...I JUST ASKED *WHO* DID THIS. THE REST IS JUST FILLER, PAL. I'M A STEAK-AND-NOT-THE-PEAS KIND OF GUY.
BESIDES, YOU BEING ALIVE MEANS...
...I STILL HAVE A JOB TO DO.

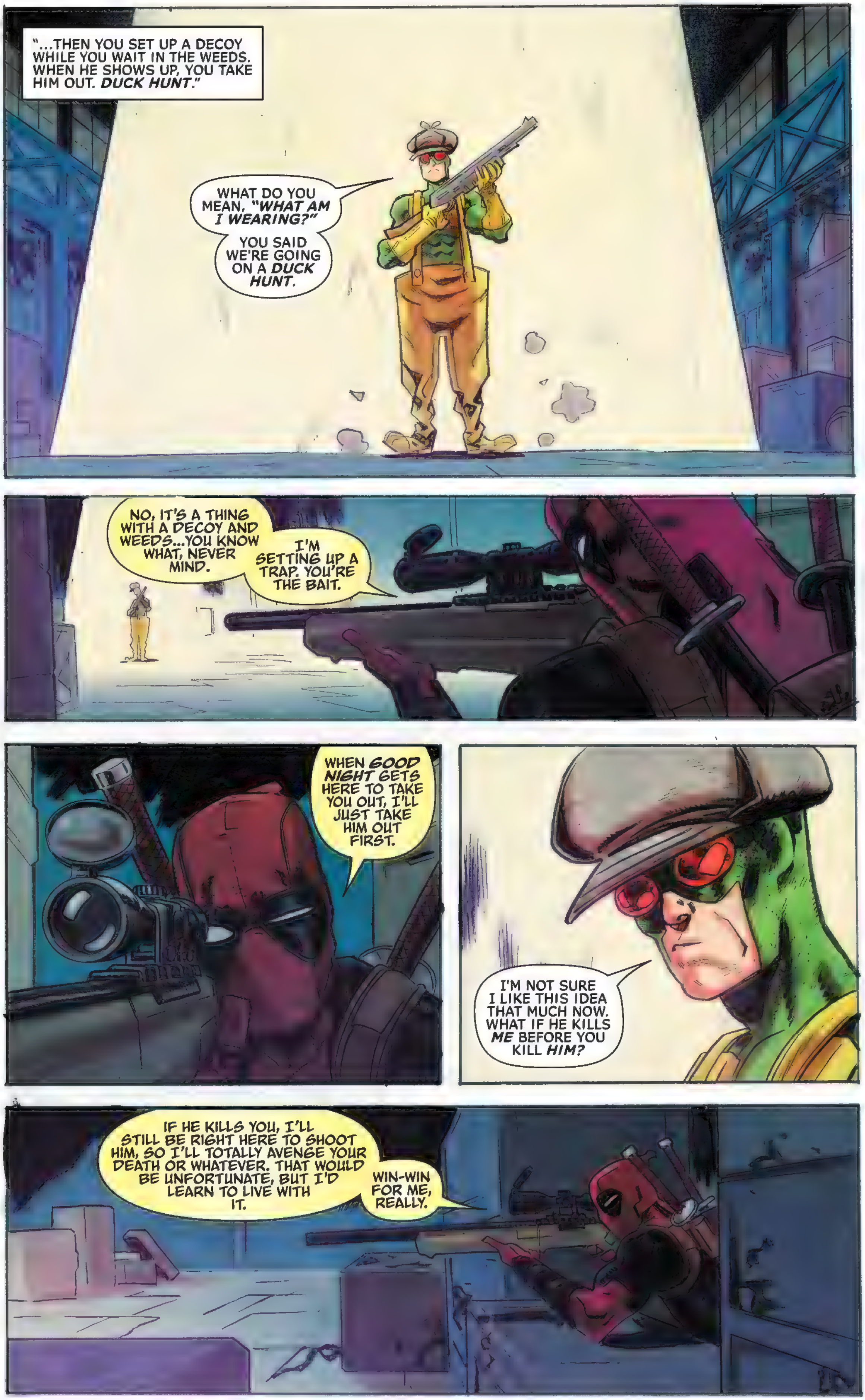

RWOODS
A week later.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS...
...THIS GUY HAS SNAKED SIX JOBS FROM ME IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS.
AND THIS GOOD NIGHT GUY IS BRUTAL AS %$&#!
SERIOUSLY, HAVE YOU SEEN THESE?
GOOD NIGHT
I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS!
YOU KNOW, YOUR BLIND JOKES WERE NEVER ALL THAT FUNNY, BUT NOW THEY'RE JUST DOWNRIGHT LAZY.
CUT ME SOME SLACK.
YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR A WHILE, THEN YOU WERE PART OF THAT HURT FEELINGS MURDER SQUAD THAT WANTED ME DEAD FOR BEING A BAD FRIEND OR SOME %$&#.*
SO FORGIVE ME IF I'M A LITTLE RUSTY WITH MY VERBAL JABS.
*Deadpool vol. 2 #36 --ed.
OH, AND WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU EVEN DOING HERE? I'M USUALLY DOING THIS WITH THAT CHARACTER THAT WAS SEVERELY UNDERUTILIZED IN THAT MOVIE SEQUEL.
WHAT? IT'S TRUE. YOU KNOW IT. I KNOW IT. BLIND AL KNOWS, BUT CAN'T SEE IT.
REALLY?
#NAILEDIT.

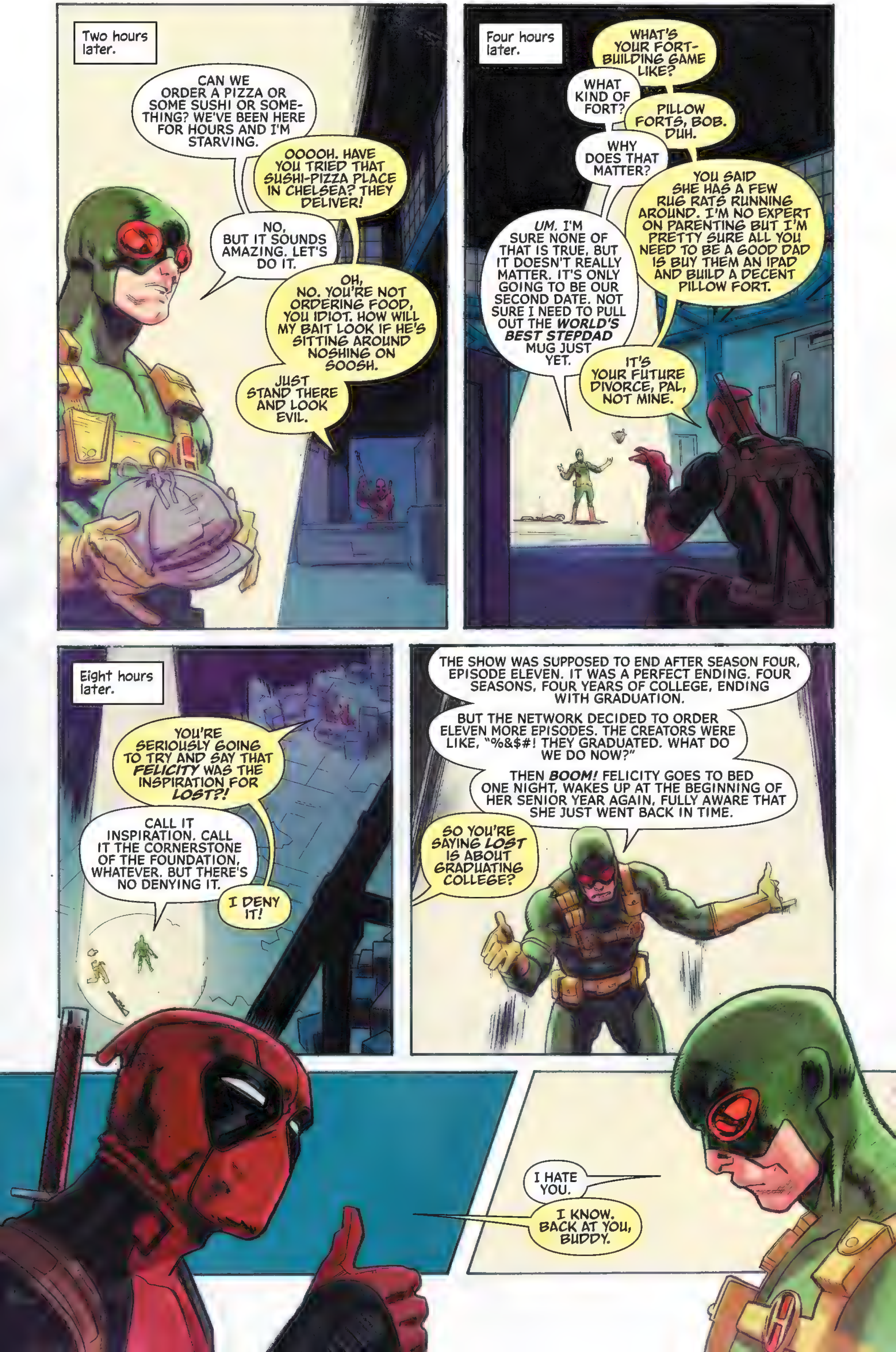

SHE GOT CALLED AWAY BY THE X-MEN AND I WAS LOOKING FOR A LITTLE EXTRA--
OH DEAR GOD...

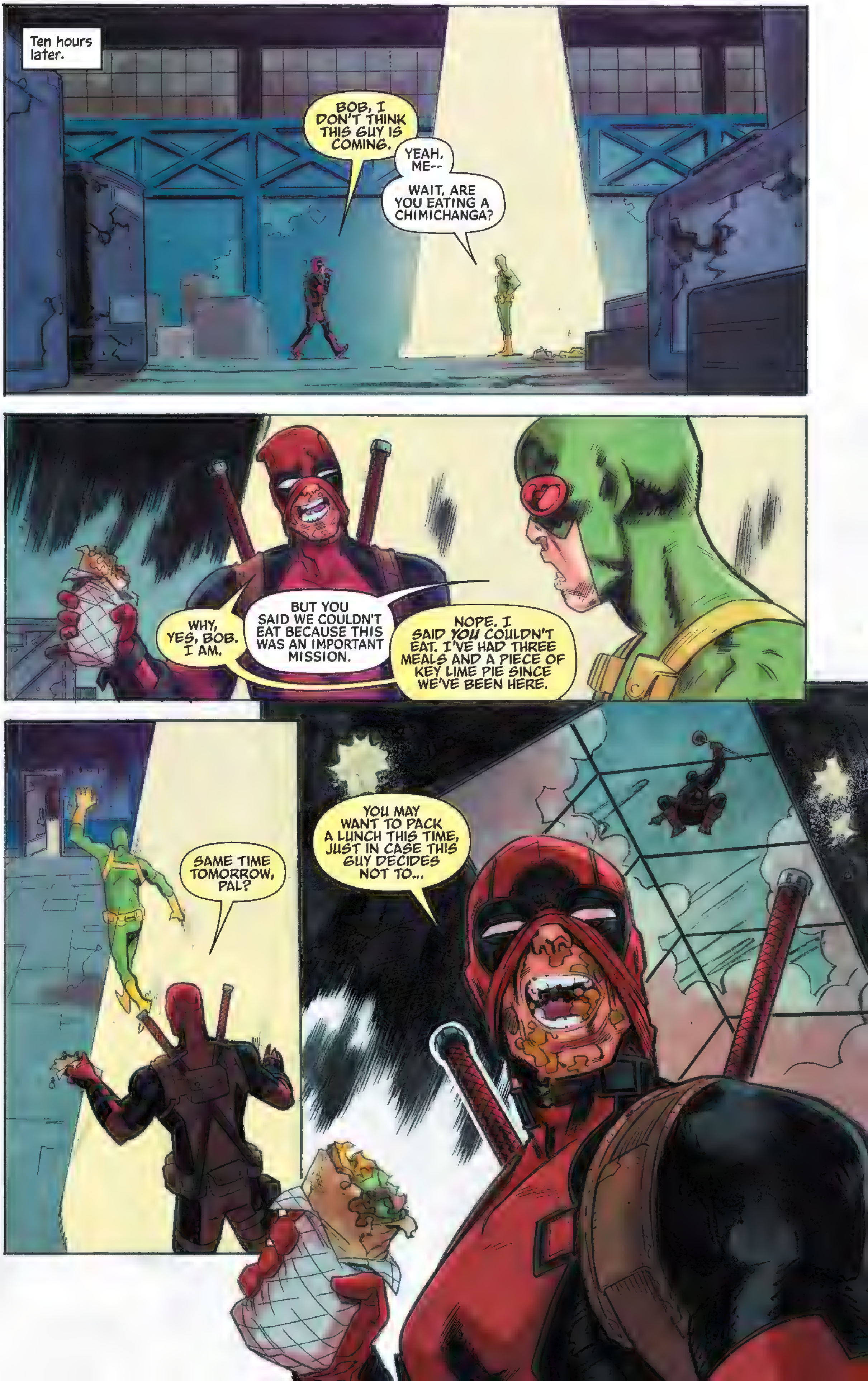

...THE ONLY ANSWER THE JUDGES WILL BE ACCEPTING TODAY IS, "I GIVE ZERO NEGASONIC TEENAGE %$&# WHERE THE TEXTING WONDER OF THE WORLD IS."
HOWEVER, I DO WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS GOOD NIGHT GUY. AND BY KNOW MORE, I MEAN PUT HIM ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE DIRT.

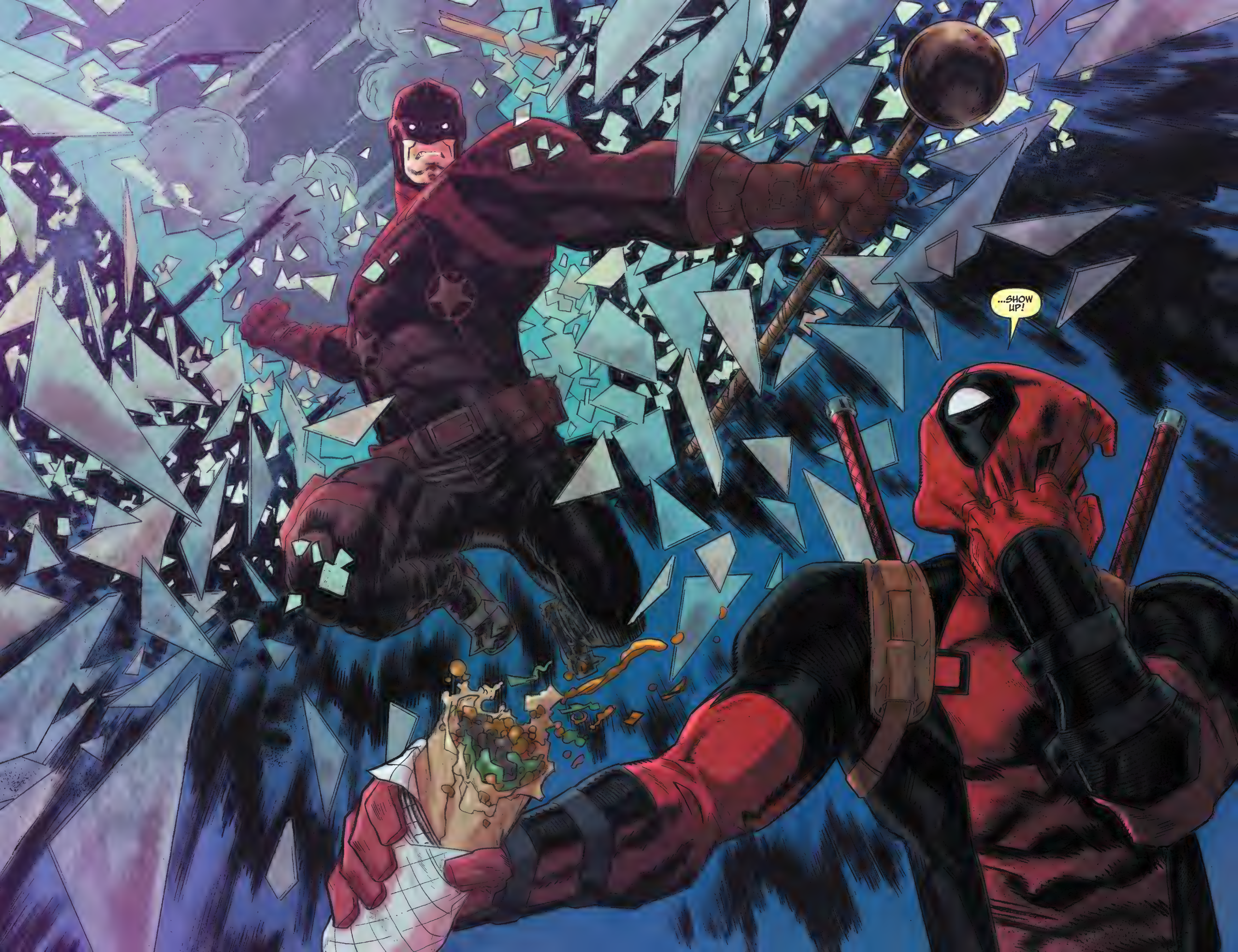

SEEMS EASY ENOUGH. DUCK HUNT HIM.

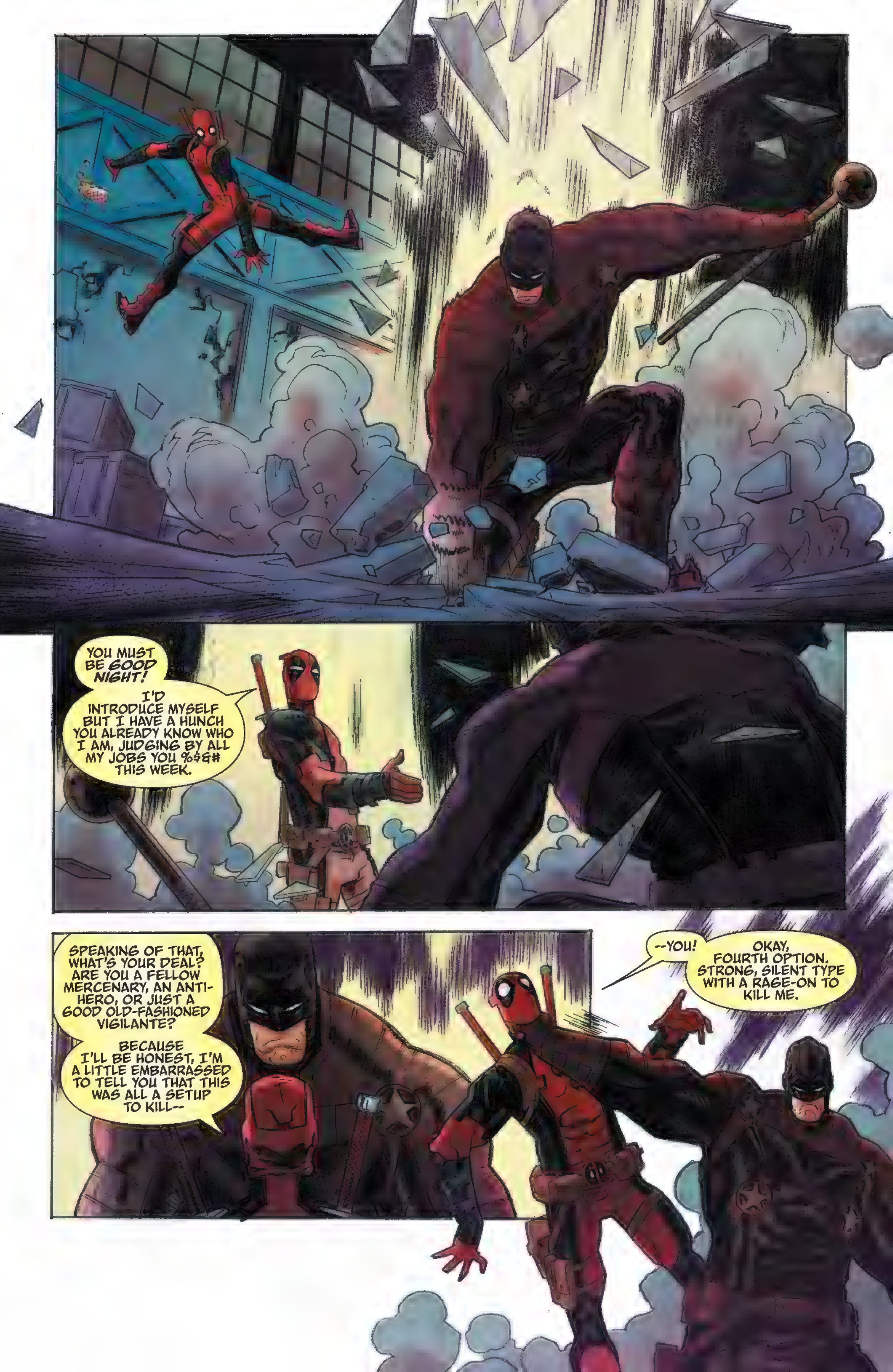

SHOOT HIM WITH A CLASSIC VIDEO GAME CONSOLE GUN?
NO, YOU PITIFUL EXCUSE FOR AN ASSASSIN. THIS GUY IS BASICALLY FINDING OUT ABOUT ALL YOUR JOBS AND GETTING THERE BEFORE YOU DO. SO, SET UP YOUR OWN JOB FOR HIM TO FIND OUT ABOUT...

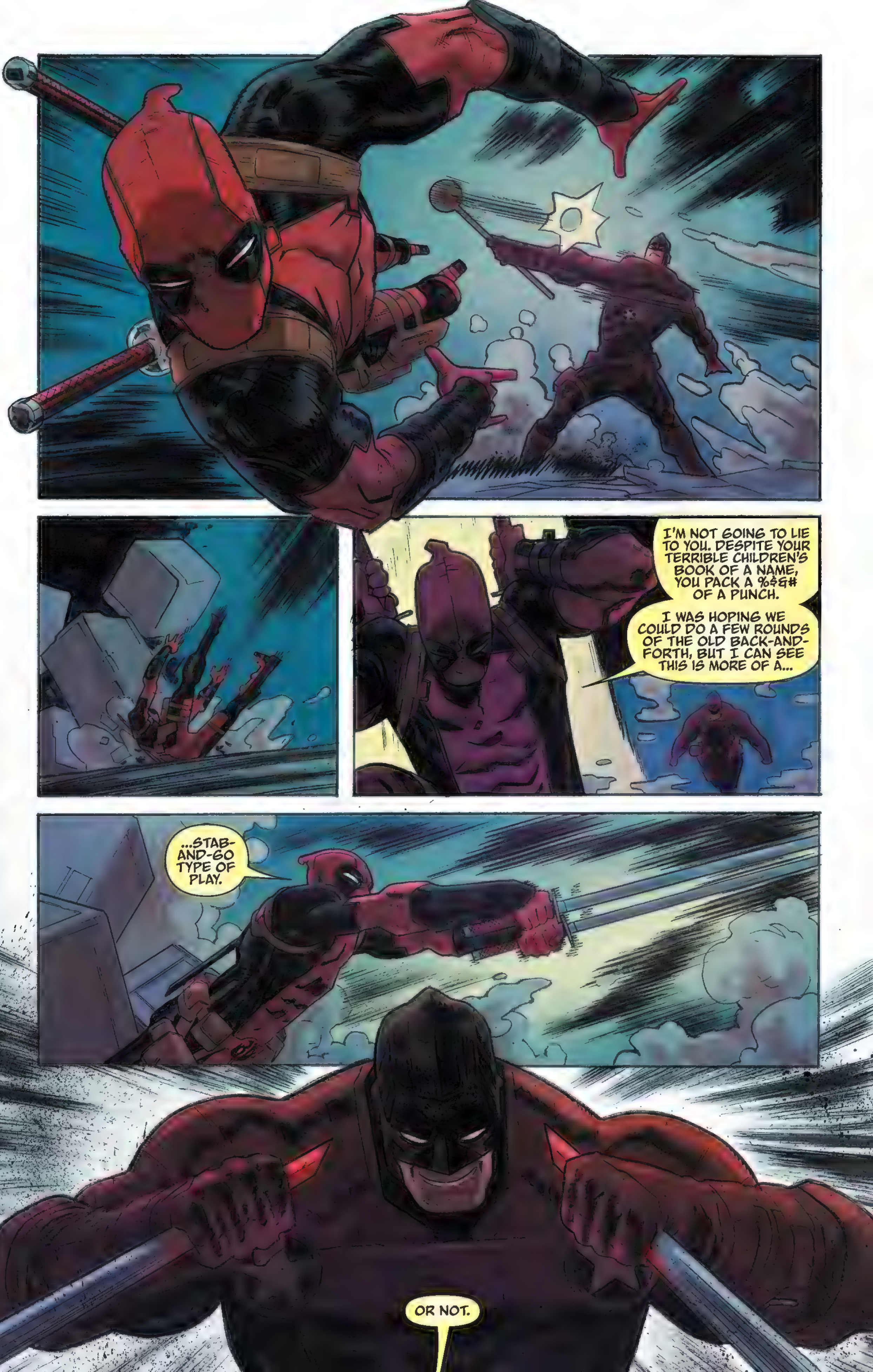

"...THEN YOU SET UP A DECOY WHILE YOU WAIT IN THE WEEDS. WHEN HE SHOWS UP, YOU TAKE HIM OUT. *DUCK HUNT*."
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *"WHAT AM I WEARING?"*
YOU SAID WE'RE GOING ON A *DUCK HUNT*.
NO, IT'S A THING WITH A DECOY AND WEEDS...YOU KNOW WHAT, NEVER MIND.
I'M SETTING UP A TRAP. YOU'RE THE BAIT.
WHEN *GOOD NIGHT* GETS HERE TO TAKE YOU OUT, I'LL JUST TAKE HIM OUT FIRST.
I'M NOT SURE I LIKE THIS IDEA THAT MUCH NOW. WHAT IF HE KILLS *ME* BEFORE YOU KILL *HIM?*
IF HE KILLS YOU, I'LL STILL BE RIGHT HERE TO SHOOT HIM, SO I'LL TOTALLY AVENGE YOUR DEATH OR WHATEVER. THAT WOULD BE UNFORTUNATE, BUT I'D LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT.
WIN-WIN FOR ME, REALLY.

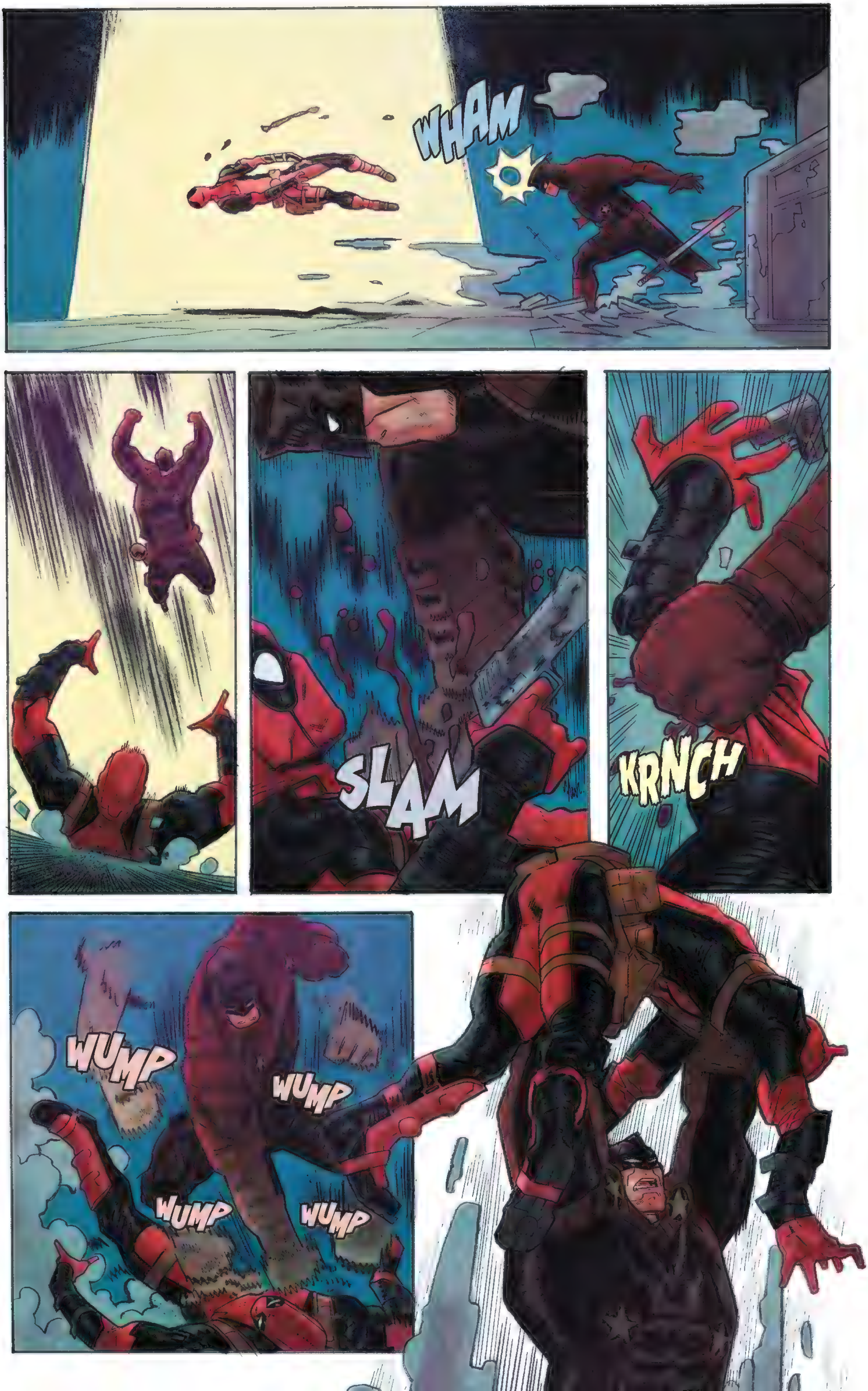

Two hours later.
CAN WE ORDER A PIZZA OR SOME SUSHI OR SOMETHING? WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS AND I'M STARVING.
OOOOH. HAVE YOU TRIED THAT SUSHI-PIZZA PLACE IN CHELSEA? THEY DELIVER!
NO, BUT IT SOUNDS AMAZING. LET'S DO IT.
OH, NO. YOU'RE NOT ORDERING FOOD, YOU IDIOT. HOW WILL MY BAIT LOOK IF HE'S SITTING AROUND NOSHING ON SOOSH.
JUST STAND THERE AND LOOK EVIL.
Four hours later.
WHAT'S YOUR FORT-BUILDING GAME LIKE?
WHAT KIND OF FORT?
PILLOW FORTS, BOB. DUH.
WHY DOES THAT MATTER?
YOU SAID SHE HAS A FEW RUG RATS RUNNING AROUND. I'M NO EXPERT ON PARENTING BUT I'M PRETTY SURE ALL YOU NEED TO BE A GOOD DAD IS BUY THEM AN IPAD AND BUILD A DECENT PILLOW FORT.
UM. I'M SURE NONE OF THAT IS TRUE, BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER. IT'S ONLY GOING TO BE OUR SECOND DATE. NOT SURE I NEED TO PULL OUT THE ***WORLD'S BEST STEPDAD*** MUG JUST YET.
IT'S YOUR FUTURE DIVORCE, PAL, NOT MINE.
Eight hours later.
YOU'RE SERIOUSLY GOING TO TRY AND SAY THAT *FELICITY* WAS THE INSPIRATION FOR *LOST?!*
CALL IT INSPIRATION. CALL IT THE CORNERSTONE OF THE FOUNDATION, WHATEVER. BUT THERE'S NO DENYING IT.
I DENY IT!
THE SHOW WAS SUPPOSED TO END AFTER SEASON FOUR, EPISODE ELEVEN. IT WAS A PERFECT ENDING. FOUR SEASONS, FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE, ENDING WITH GRADUATION.
BUT THE NETWORK DECIDED TO ORDER ELEVEN MORE EPISODES. THE CREATORS WERE LIKE, "%&$#! THEY GRADUATED. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?"
THEN *BOOM!* FELICITY GOES TO BED ONE NIGHT, WAKES UP AT THE BEGINNING OF HER SENIOR YEAR AGAIN, FULLY AWARE THAT SHE JUST WENT BACK IN TIME.
SO YOU'RE SAYING *LOST* IS ABOUT GRADUATING COLLEGE?
I HATE YOU.
I KNOW. BACK AT YOU, BUDDY.

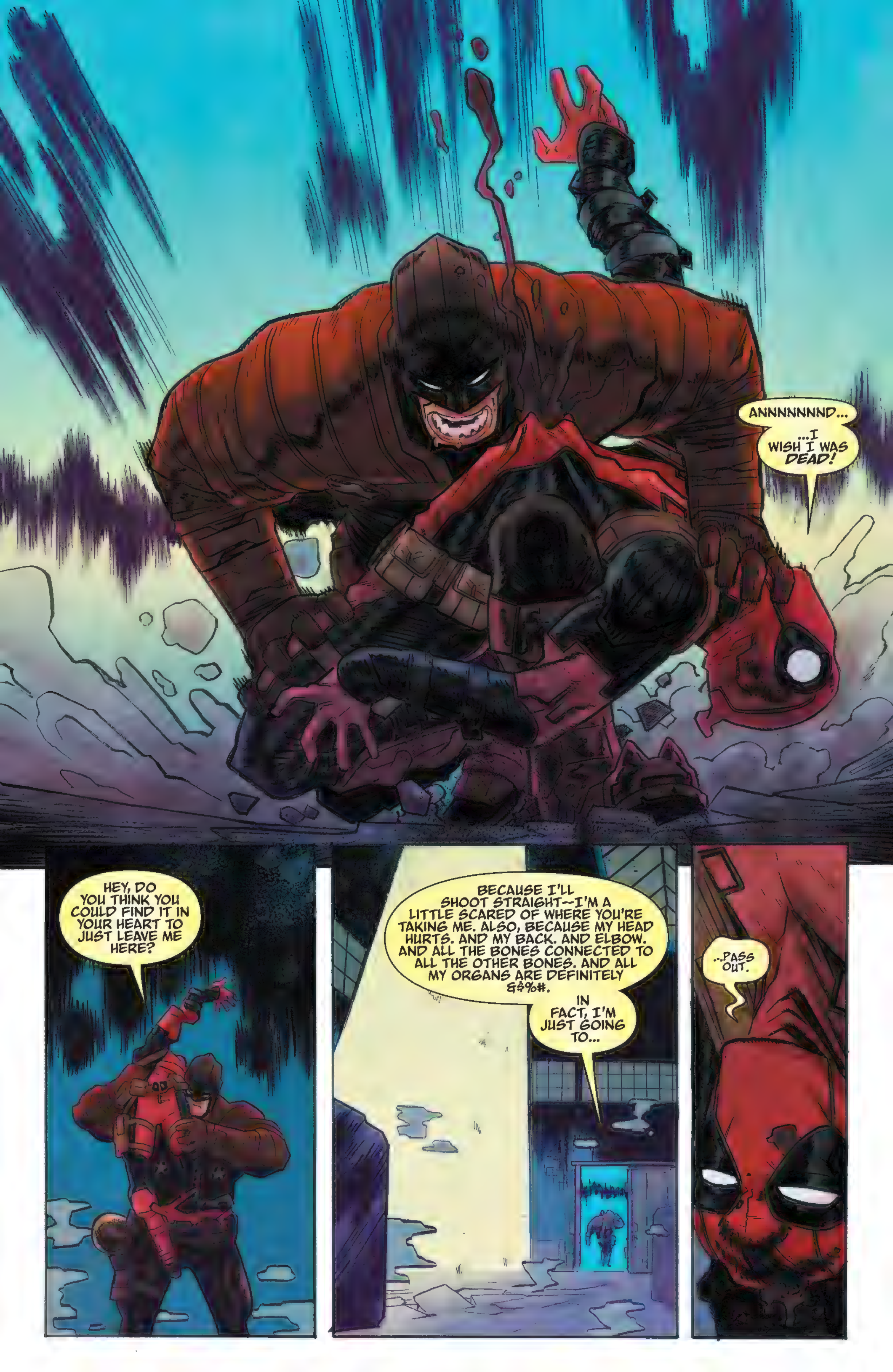

Ten hours later.
BOB, I DON'T THINK THIS GUY IS COMING.
YEAH, ME--
WAIT, ARE YOU EATING A CHIMICHANGA?
WHY, YES, BOB. I AM.
BUT YOU SAID WE COULDN'T EAT BECAUSE THIS WAS AN IMPORTANT MISSION.
NOPE. I SAID *YOU* COULDN'T EAT. I'VE HAD THREE MEALS AND A PIECE OF KEY LIME PIE SINCE WE'VE BEEN HERE.
SAME TIME TOMORROW, PAL?
YOU MAY WANT TO PACK A LUNCH THIS TIME, JUST IN CASE THIS GUY DECIDES NOT TO...

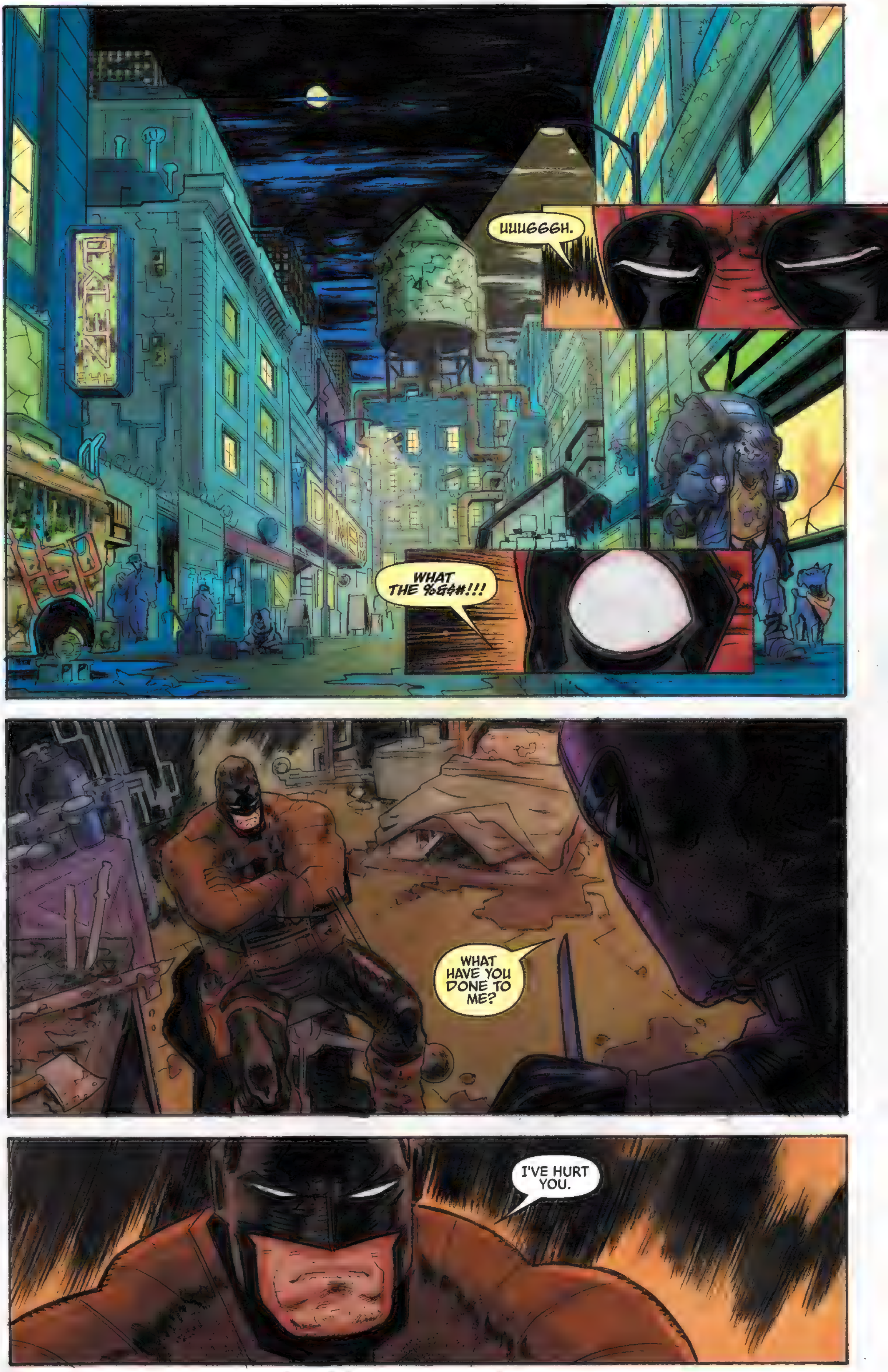

...SHOW UP!

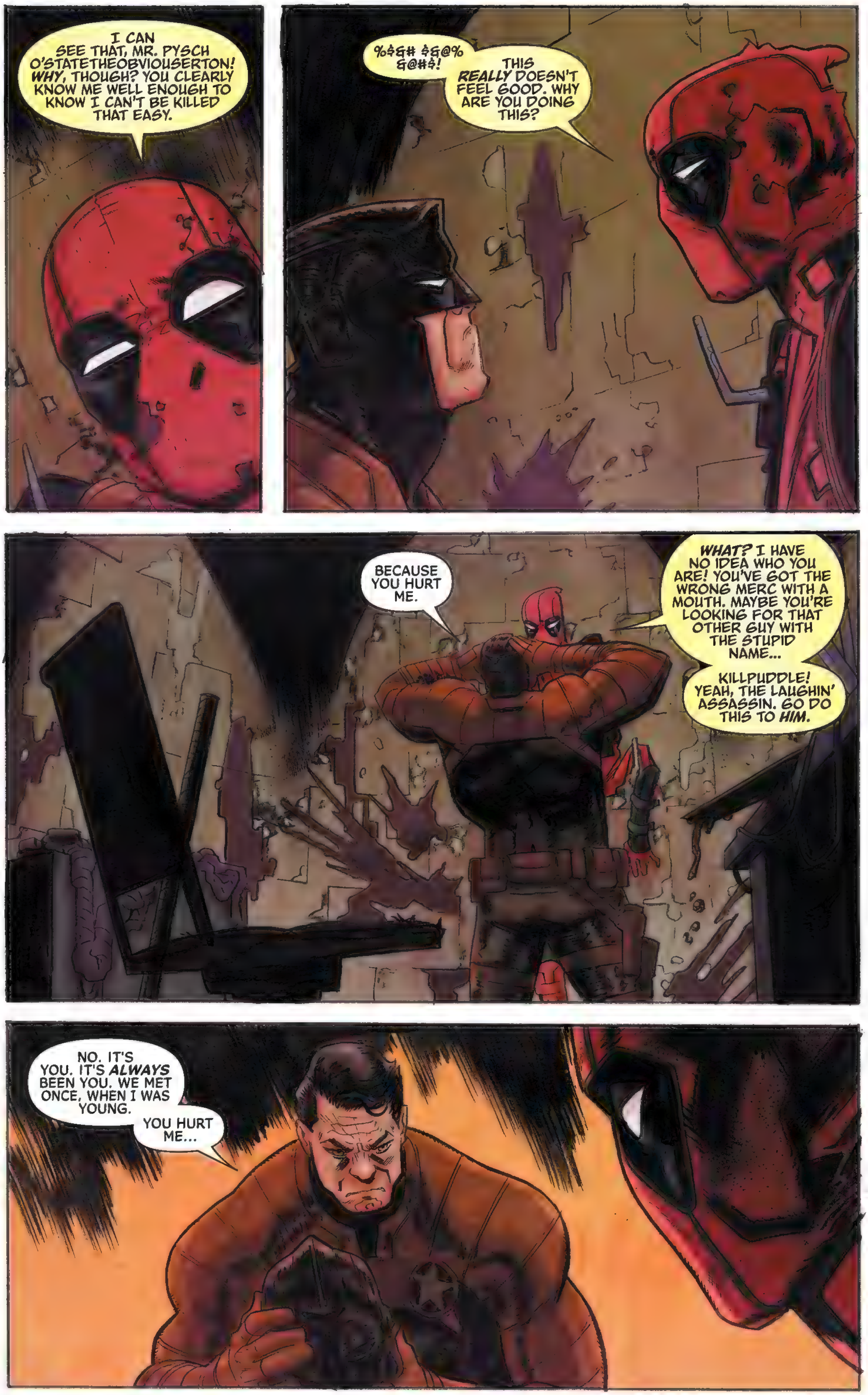

YOU MUST BE *GOOD NIGHT!*
I'D INTRODUCE MYSELF BUT I HAVE A HUNCH YOU ALREADY KNOW WHO I AM, JUDGING BY ALL MY JOBS YOU %$&# THIS WEEK.
SPEAKING OF THAT, WHAT'S YOUR DEAL? ARE YOU A FELLOW MERCENARY, AN ANTI-HERO, OR JUST A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED VIGILANTE?
BECAUSE I'LL BE HONEST, I'M A LITTLE EMBARRASSED TO TELL YOU THAT THIS WAS ALL A SETUP TO KILL--
--YOU!
OKAY, FOURTH OPTION. STRONG, SILENT TYPE WITH A RAGE-ON TO KILL ME.

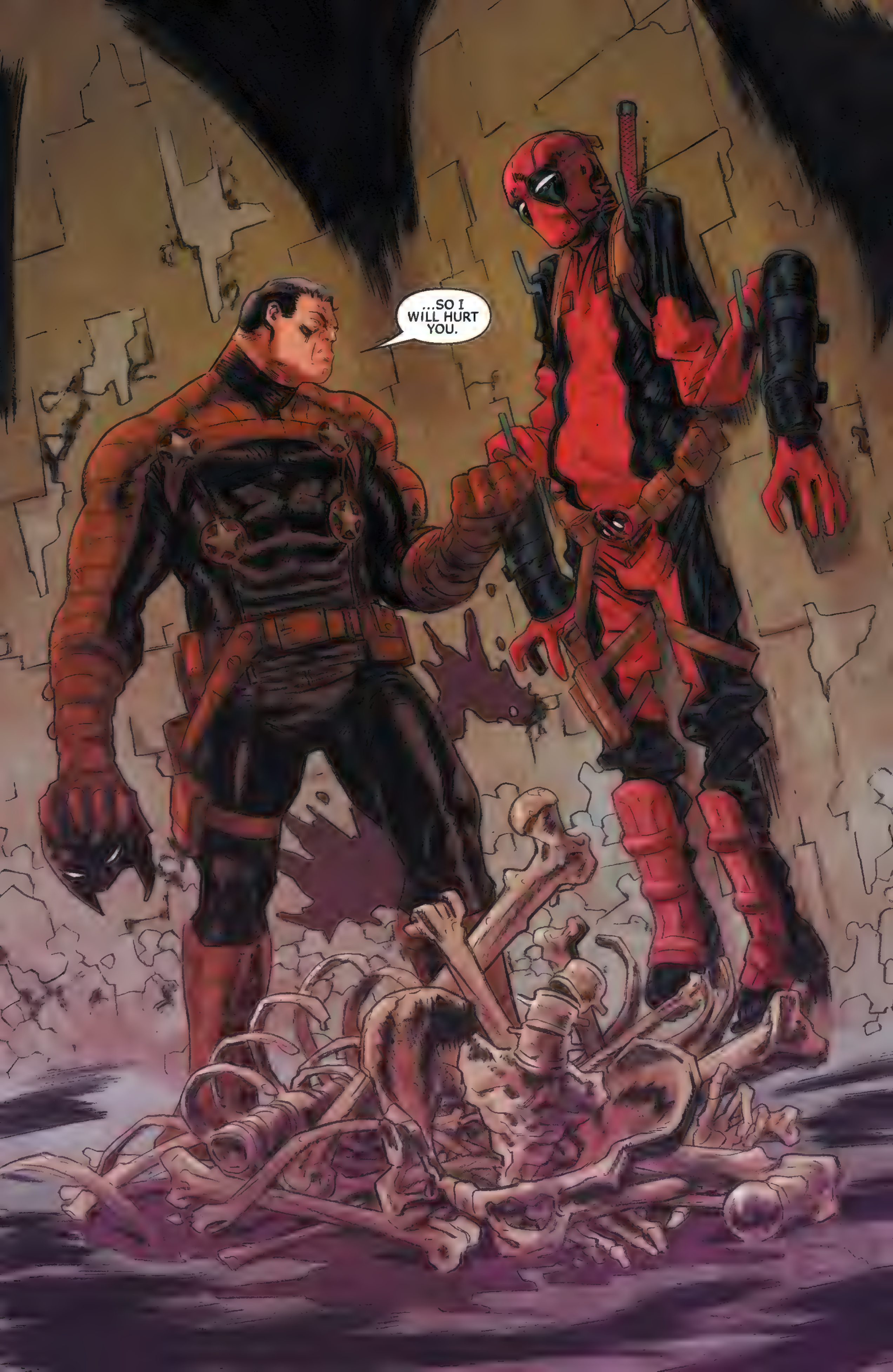

I'M NOT GOING TO LIE TO YOU. DESPITE YOUR TERRIBLE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF A NAME, YOU PACK A %$&# OF A PUNCH.
I WAS HOPING WE COULD DO A FEW ROUNDS OF THE OLD BACK-AND-FORTH, BUT I CAN SEE THIS IS MORE OF A...
...STAB-AND-GO TYPE OF PLAY.
OR NOT.


WHAM
SLAM
KRNCH
WUMP
WUMP
WUMP
WUMP

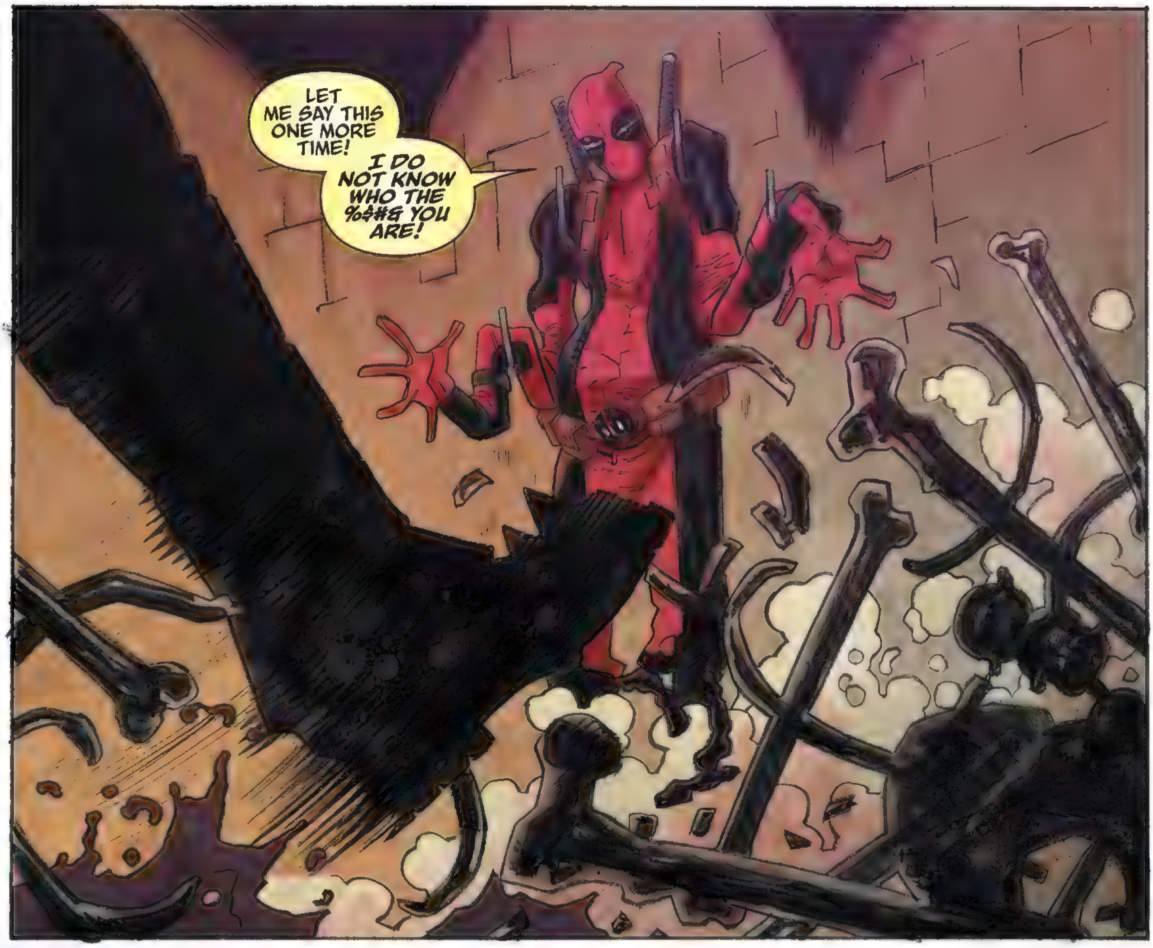

ANNNNNNND...
...I WISH I WAS *DEAD!*
HEY, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO JUST LEAVE ME HERE?
BECAUSE I'LL SHOOT STRAIGHT--I'M A LITTLE SCARED OF WHERE YOU'RE TAKING ME. ALSO, BECAUSE MY HEAD HURTS. AND MY BACK. AND ELBOW. AND ALL THE BONES CONNECTED TO ALL THE OTHER BONES. AND ALL MY ORGANS ARE DEFINITELY &$%#.
IN FACT, I'M JUST GOING TO...
...PASS OUT.

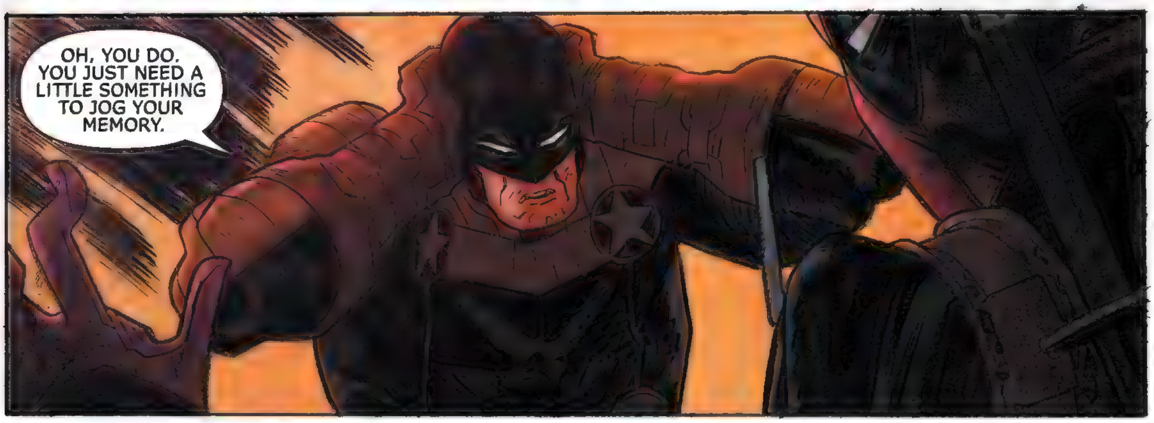

UUUGGGH.
DINER
PEP
WHAT THE %G$#!!!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
I'VE HURT YOU.

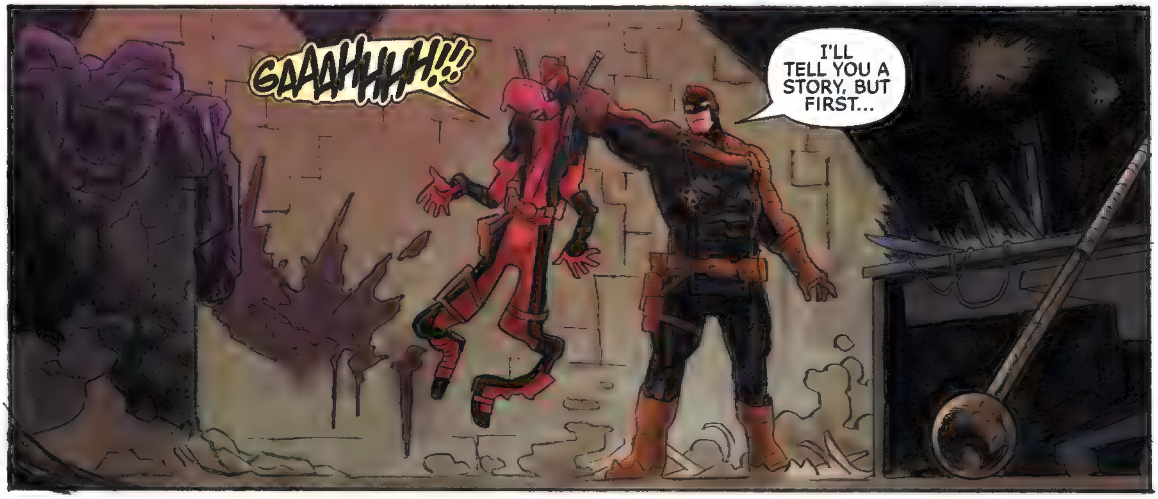

I CAN SEE THAT, MR. PYSCH O'STATETHEOBVIOUSERTON! *WHY*, THOUGH? YOU CLEARLY KNOW ME WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW I CAN'T BE KILLED THAT EASY.
%$&# $&@% &@#$!
THIS *REALLY* DOESN'T FEEL GOOD. WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
BECAUSE YOU HURT ME.
WHAT? I HAVE NO IDEA WHO YOU ARE! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MERC WITH A MOUTH. MAYBE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THAT OTHER GUY WITH THE STUPID NAME...
KILLPUDDLE! YEAH, THE LAUGHIN' ASSASSIN. GO DO THIS TO *HIM*.
NO. IT'S YOU. IT'S *ALWAYS* BEEN YOU. WE MET ONCE, WHEN I WAS YOUNG.
YOU HURT ME...

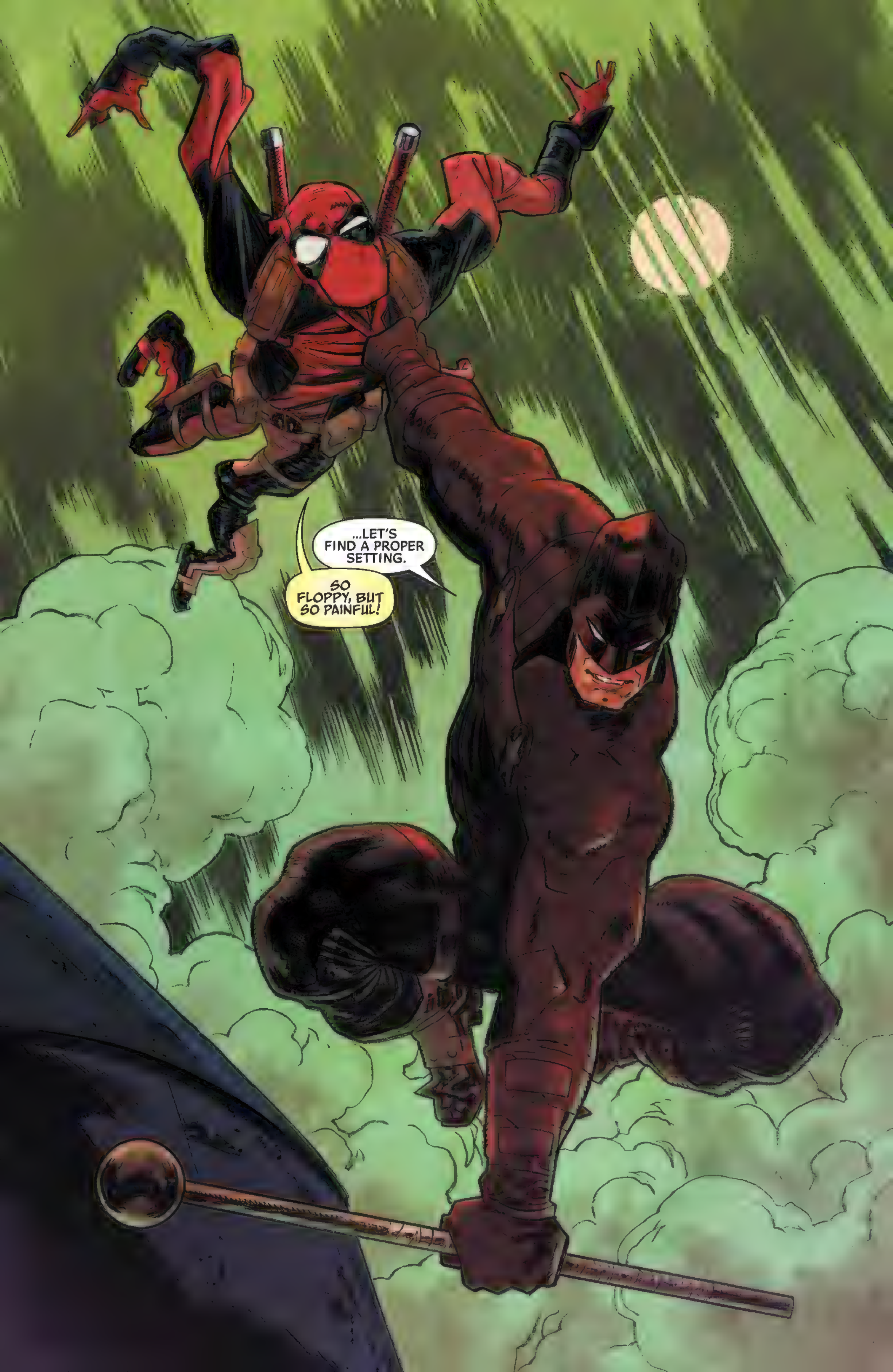

...SO I WILL HURT YOU.

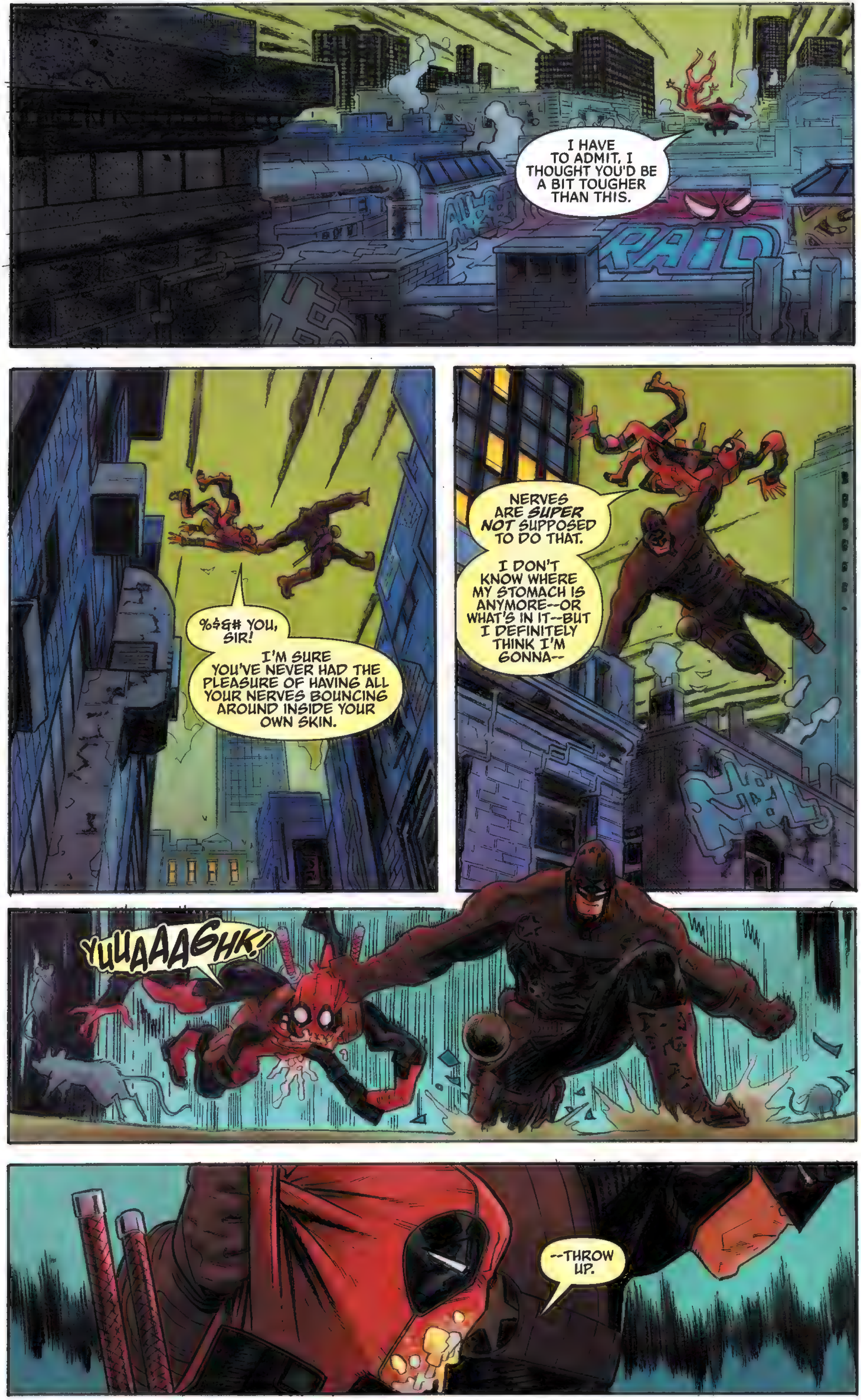
#11

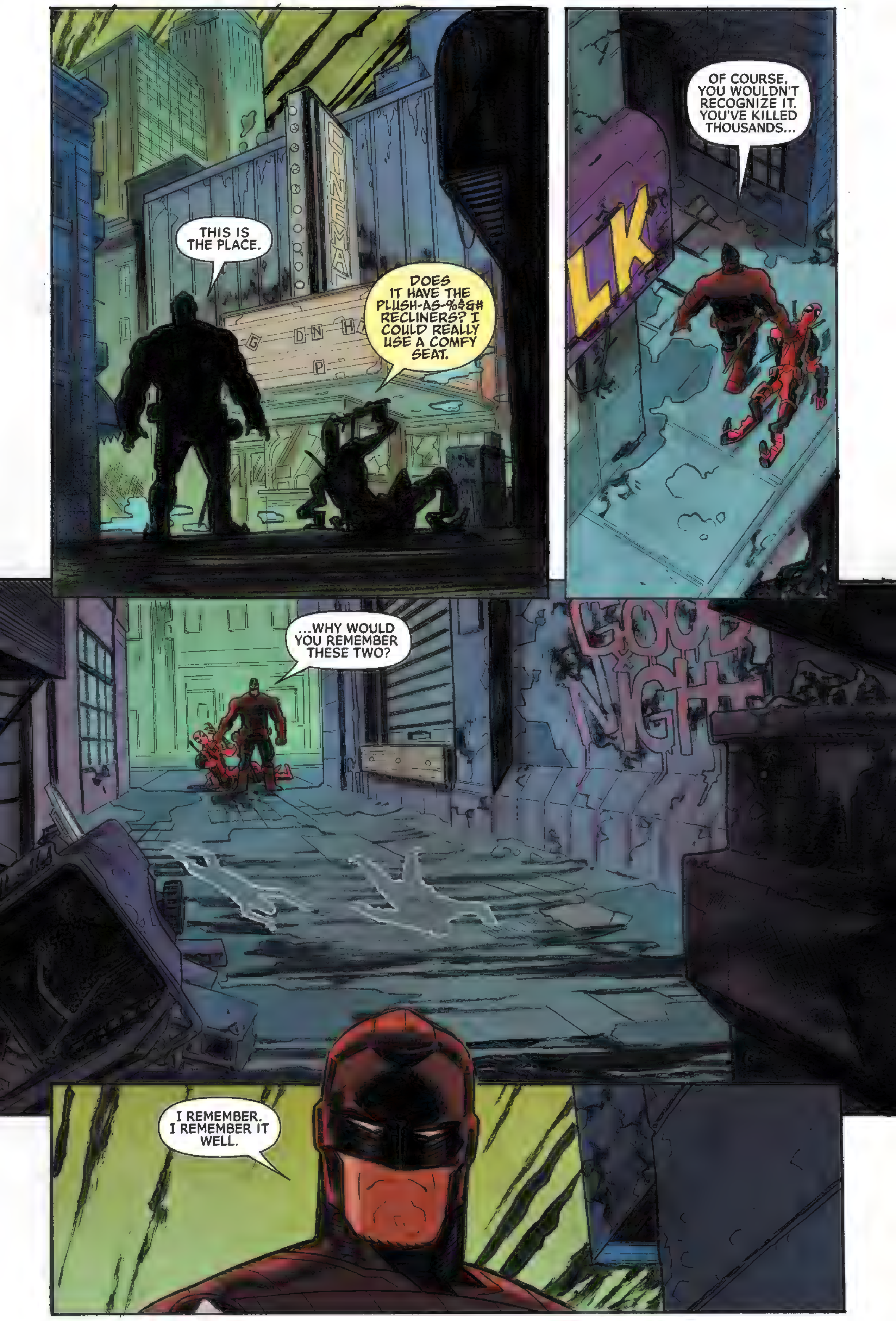

LET ME SAY THIS ONE MORE TIME!
I DO NOT KNOW WHO THE %$#& YOU ARE!

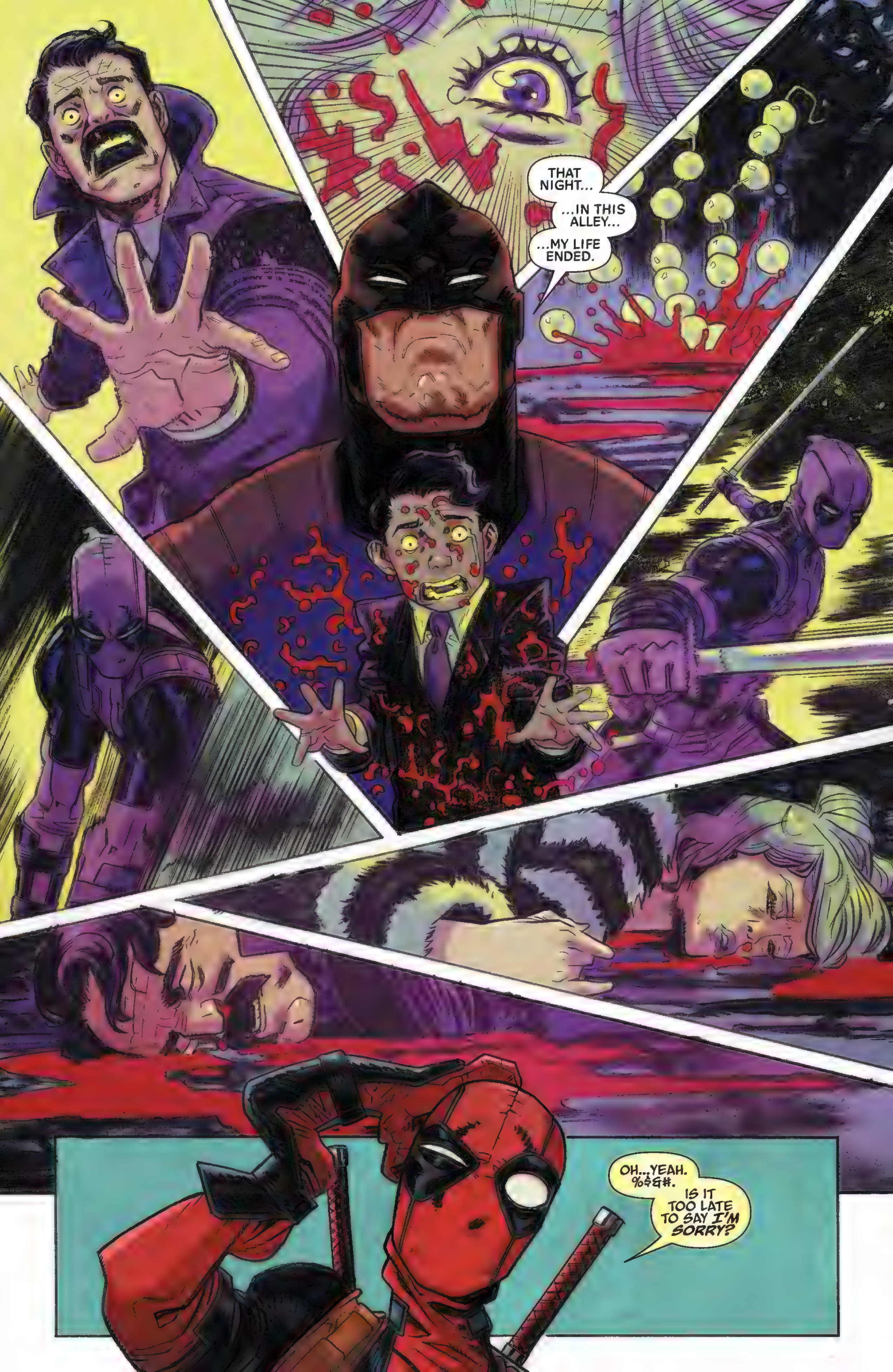

OH, YOU DO. YOU JUST NEED A LITTLE SOMETHING TO JOG YOUR MEMORY.

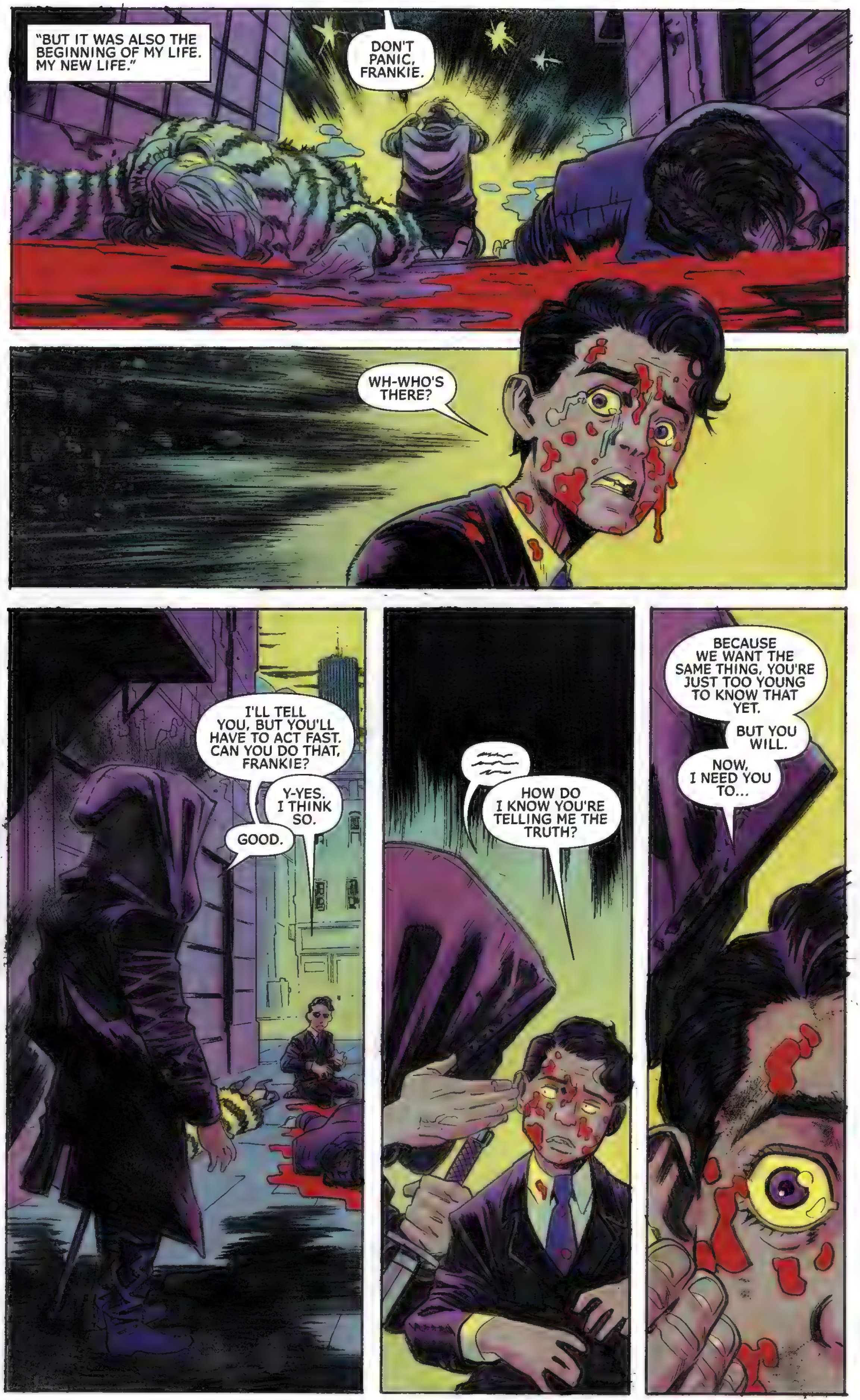

GAAAHHHH!!!
I'LL TELL YOU A STORY, BUT FIRST...

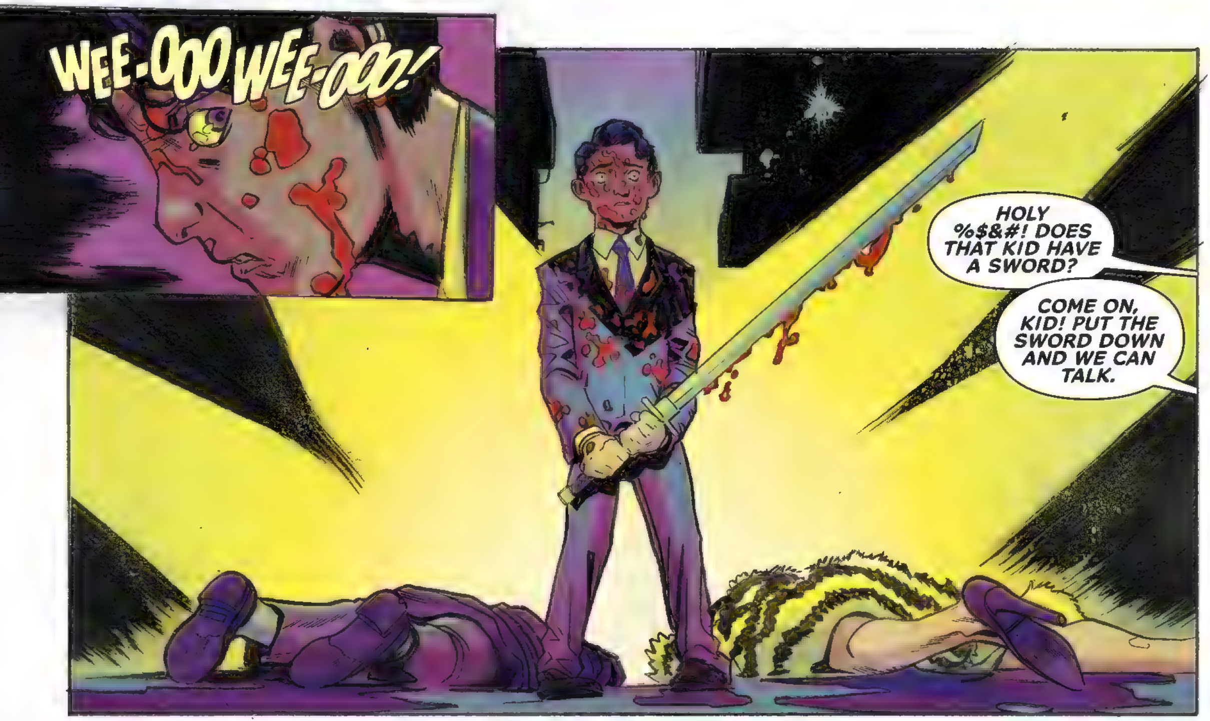

...LET'S FIND A PROPER SETTING.
SO FLOPPY, BUT SO PAINFUL!

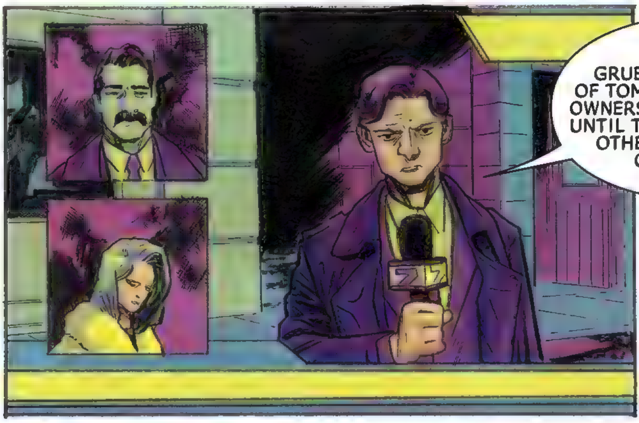

I HAVE TO ADMIT, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE A BIT TOUGHER THAN THIS.
RAID
%$&# YOU, SIR!
I'M SURE YOU'VE NEVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF HAVING ALL YOUR NERVES BOUNCING AROUND INSIDE YOUR OWN SKIN.
NERVES ARE SUPER NOT SUPPOSED TO DO THAT.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE MY STOMACH IS ANYMORE--OR WHAT'S IN IT--BUT I DEFINITELY THINK I'M GONNA--
YUUAAAGHK!
--THROW UP.

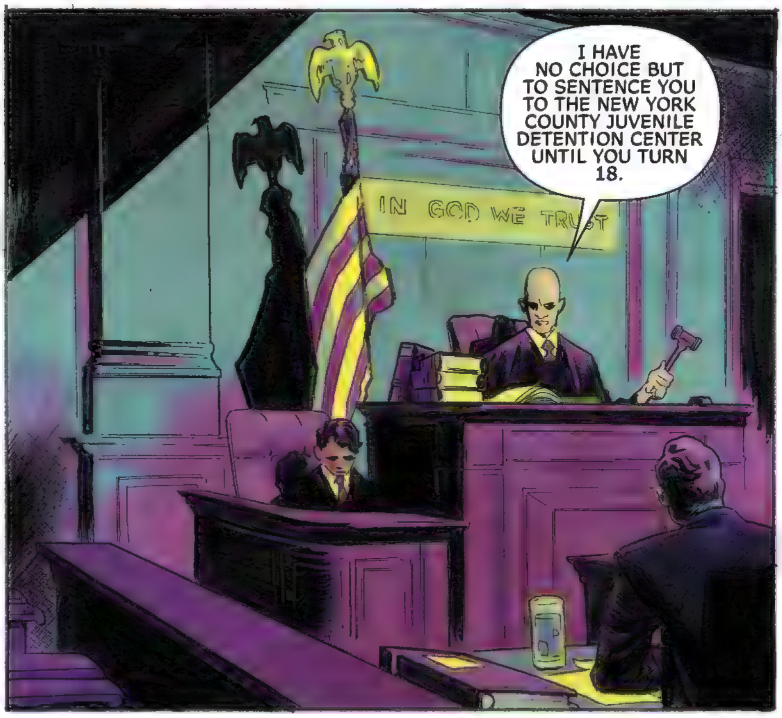

CINEMA
THIS IS THE PLACE.
DOES IT HAVE THE PLUSH-AS-%$&# RECLINERS? I COULD REALLY USE A COMFY SEAT.
OF COURSE, YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE IT. YOU'VE KILLED THOUSANDS...
LK
...WHY WOULD YOU REMEMBER THESE TWO?
GOOD NIGHT
I REMEMBER. I REMEMBER IT WELL.

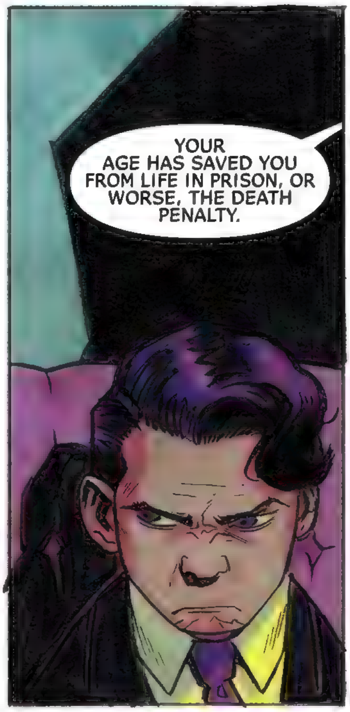

THAT NIGHT...
...IN THIS ALLEY...
...MY LIFE ENDED.
OH...YEAH. %$&#.
IS IT TOO LATE TO SAY *I'M SORRY?*

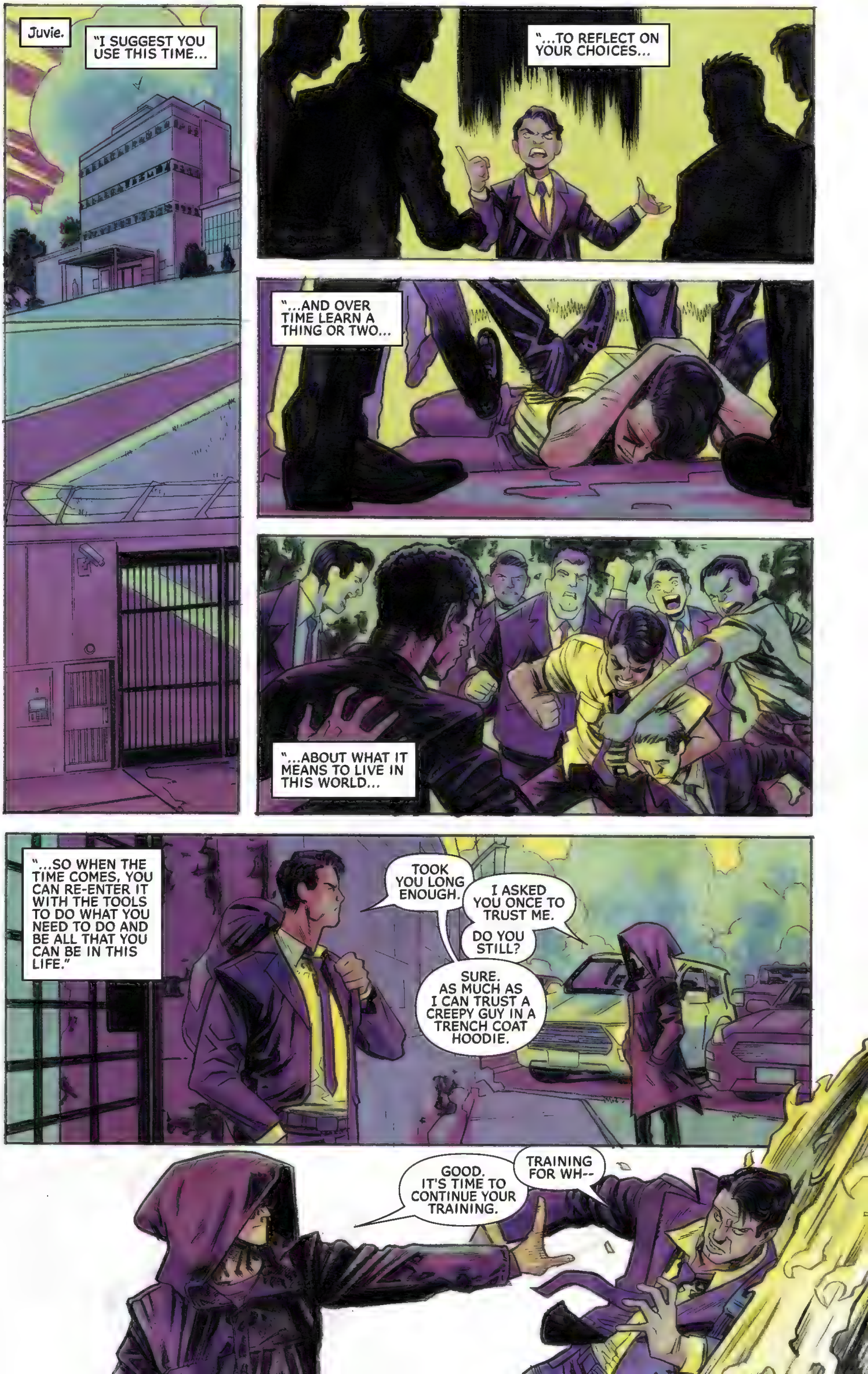

"BUT IT WAS ALSO THE BEGINNING OF MY LIFE. MY NEW LIFE."
DON'T PANIC, FRANKIE.
WH-WHO'S THERE?
I'LL TELL YOU, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST. CAN YOU DO THAT, FRANKIE?
Y-YES, I THINK SO.
GOOD.
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE TELLING ME THE TRUTH?
BECAUSE WE WANT THE SAME THING, YOU'RE JUST TOO YOUNG TO KNOW THAT YET.
BUT YOU WILL.
NOW, I NEED YOU TO...

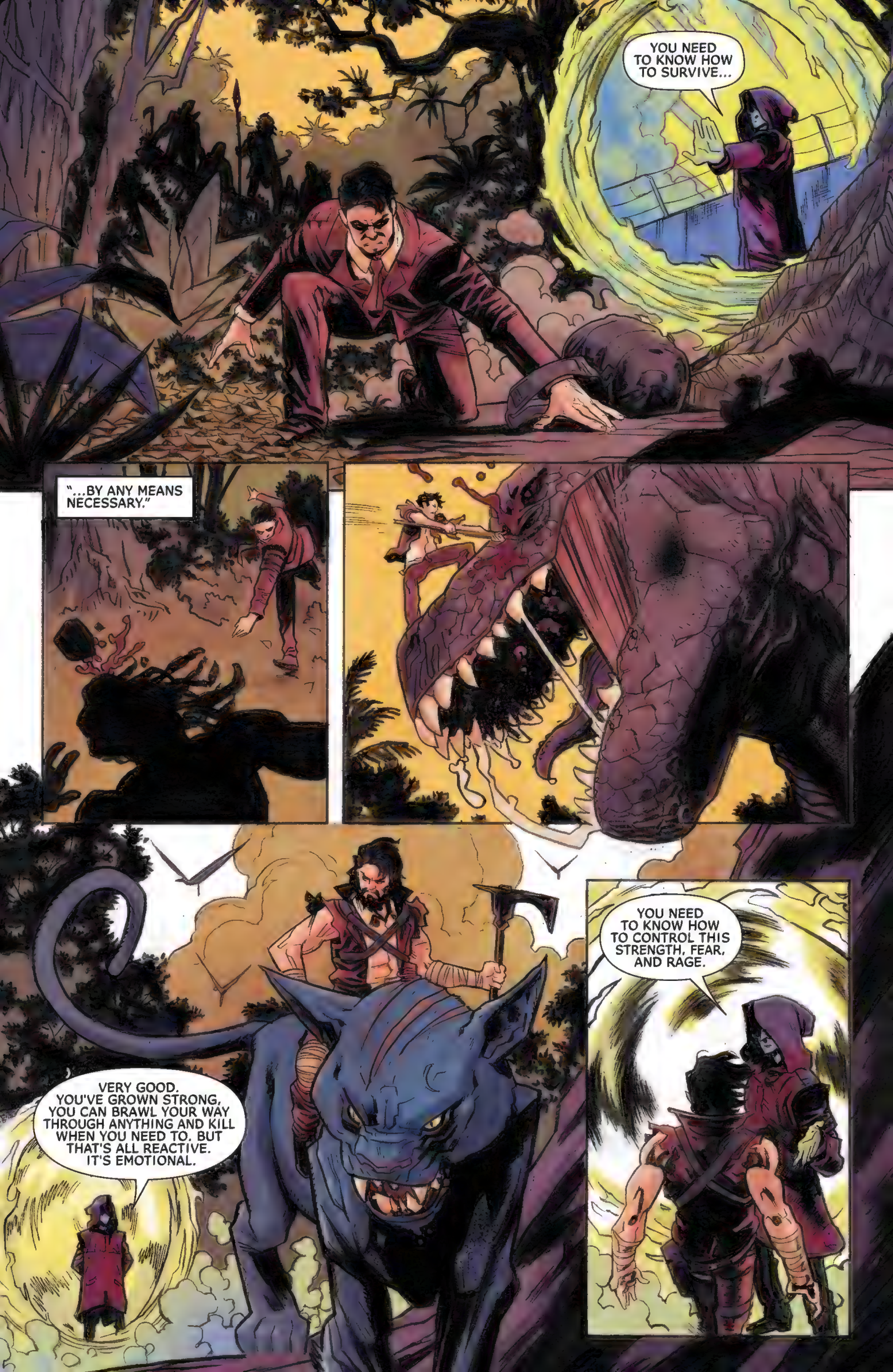

WEE-OOO WEE-OOO!
HOLY %$&#! DOES THAT KID HAVE A SWORD?
COME ON, KID! PUT THE SWORD DOWN AND WE CAN TALK.

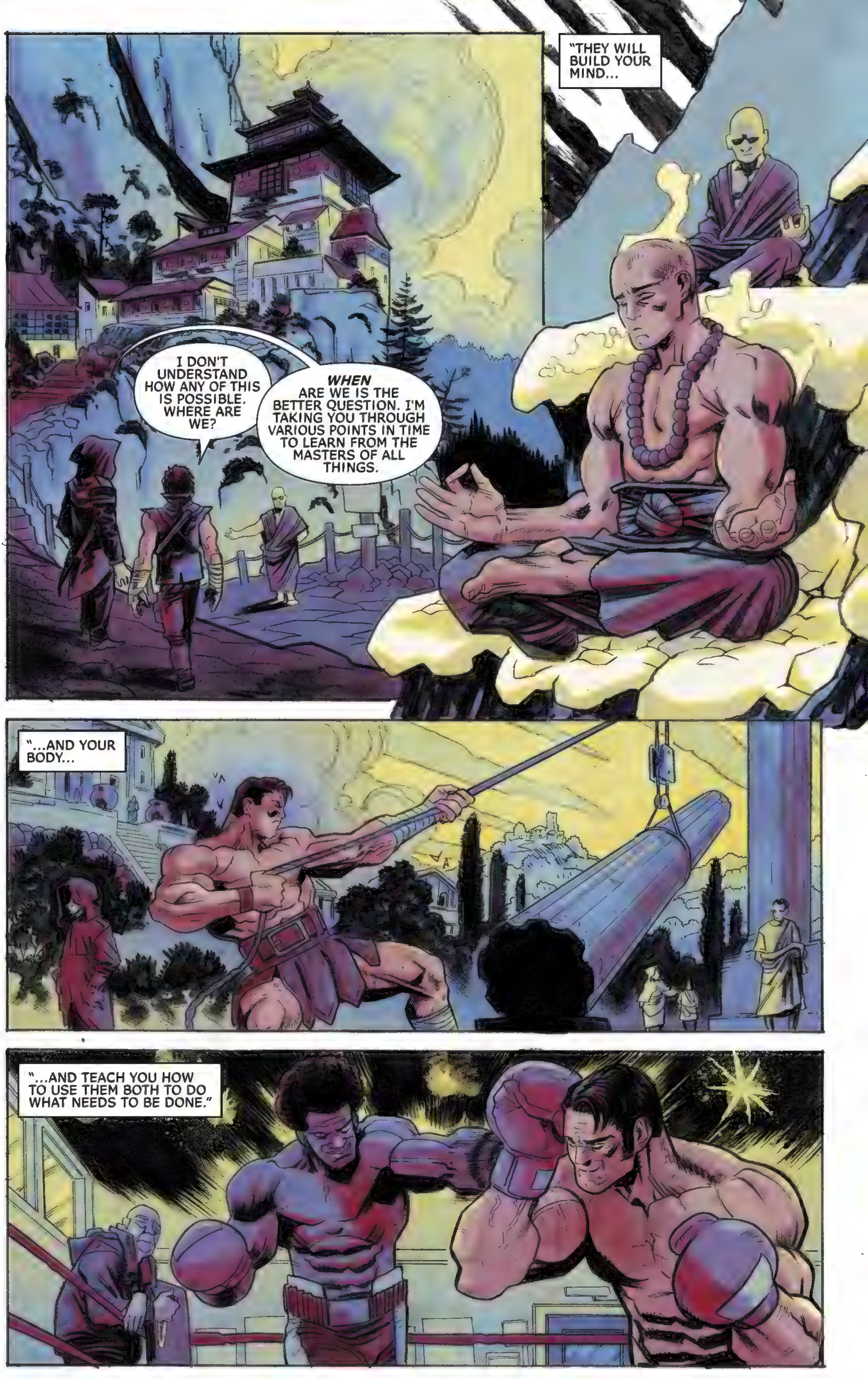

I'M HERE AT THE SCENE OF THE GRUESOME DOUBLE MURDER OF TOM AND MARGRET MUELLER, OWNERS OF MUELLER ENTERPRISES UNTIL THEY WERE SLAIN BY NONE OTHER THAN THEIR 12-YEAR-OLD SON, FRANKLIN MUELLER.
SOURCES SAY THAT DESPITE THE SEVERITY OF HIS CRIME, THE HEIR TO THE MUELLER FORTUNE WILL *NOT* BE TRIED AS AN ADULT.

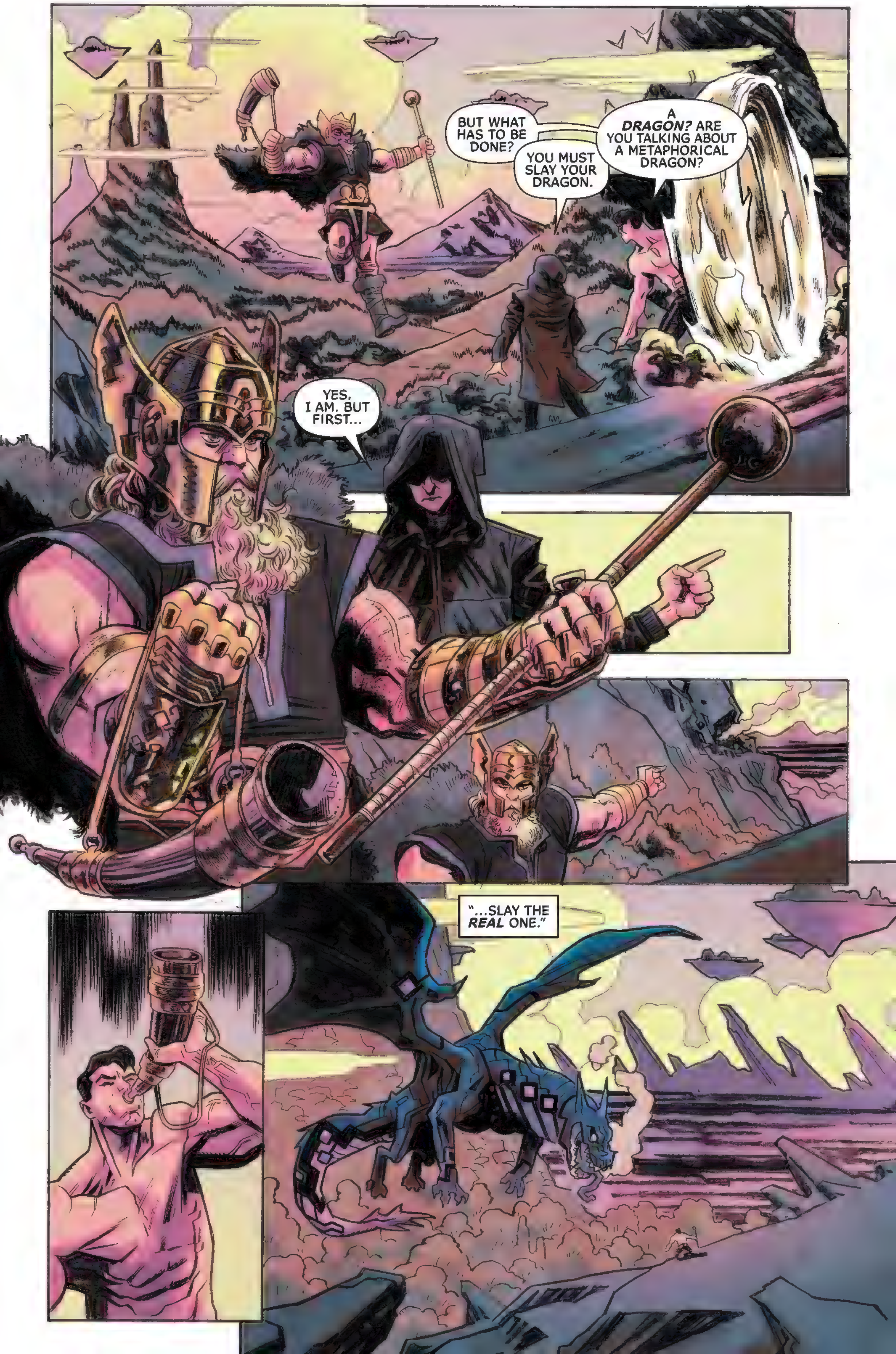

I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SENTENCE YOU TO THE NEW YORK COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER UNTIL YOU TURN 18.
IN GOD WE TRUST

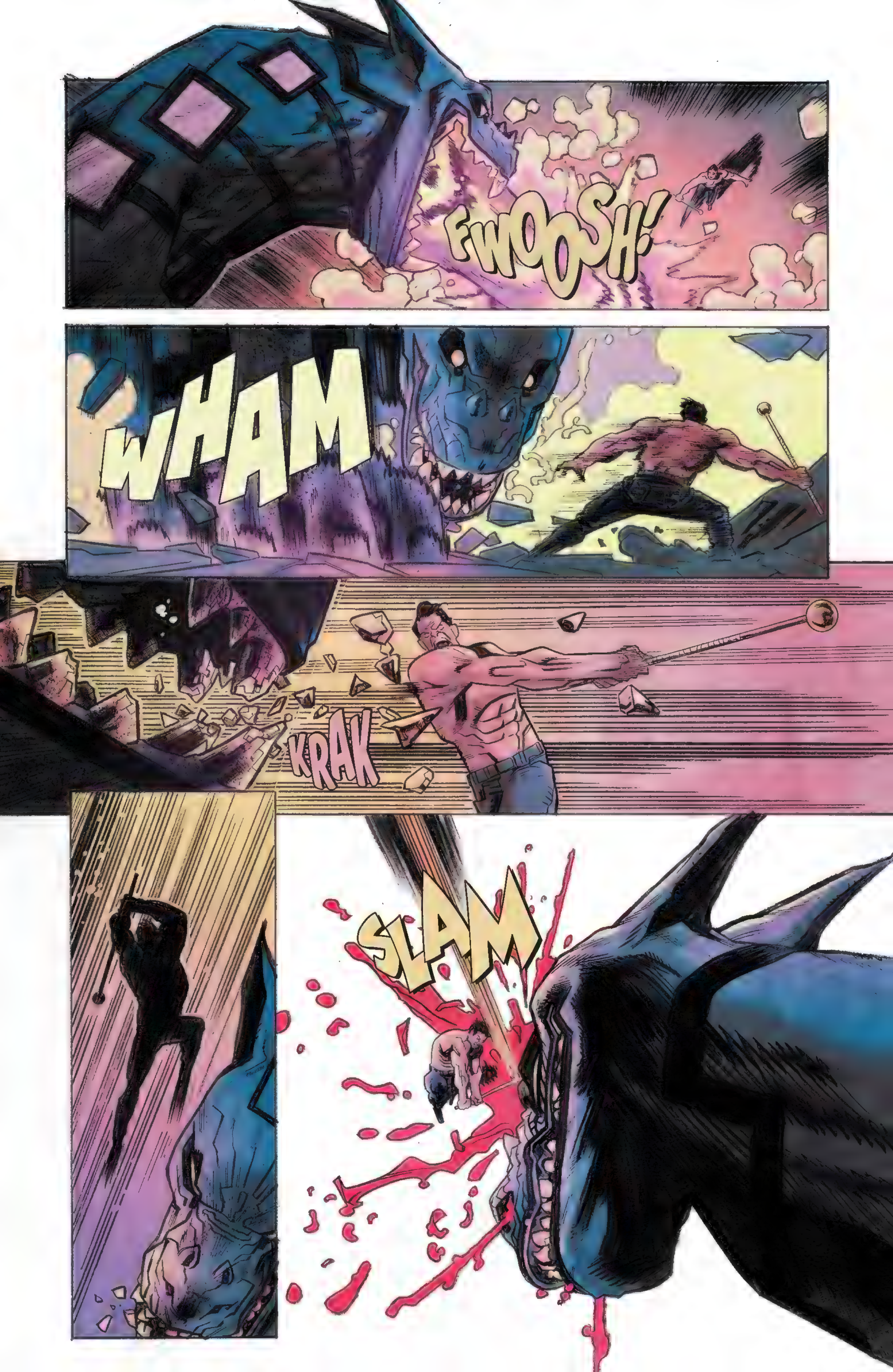

YOUR AGE HAS SAVED YOU FROM LIFE IN PRISON, OR WORSE, THE DEATH PENALTY.

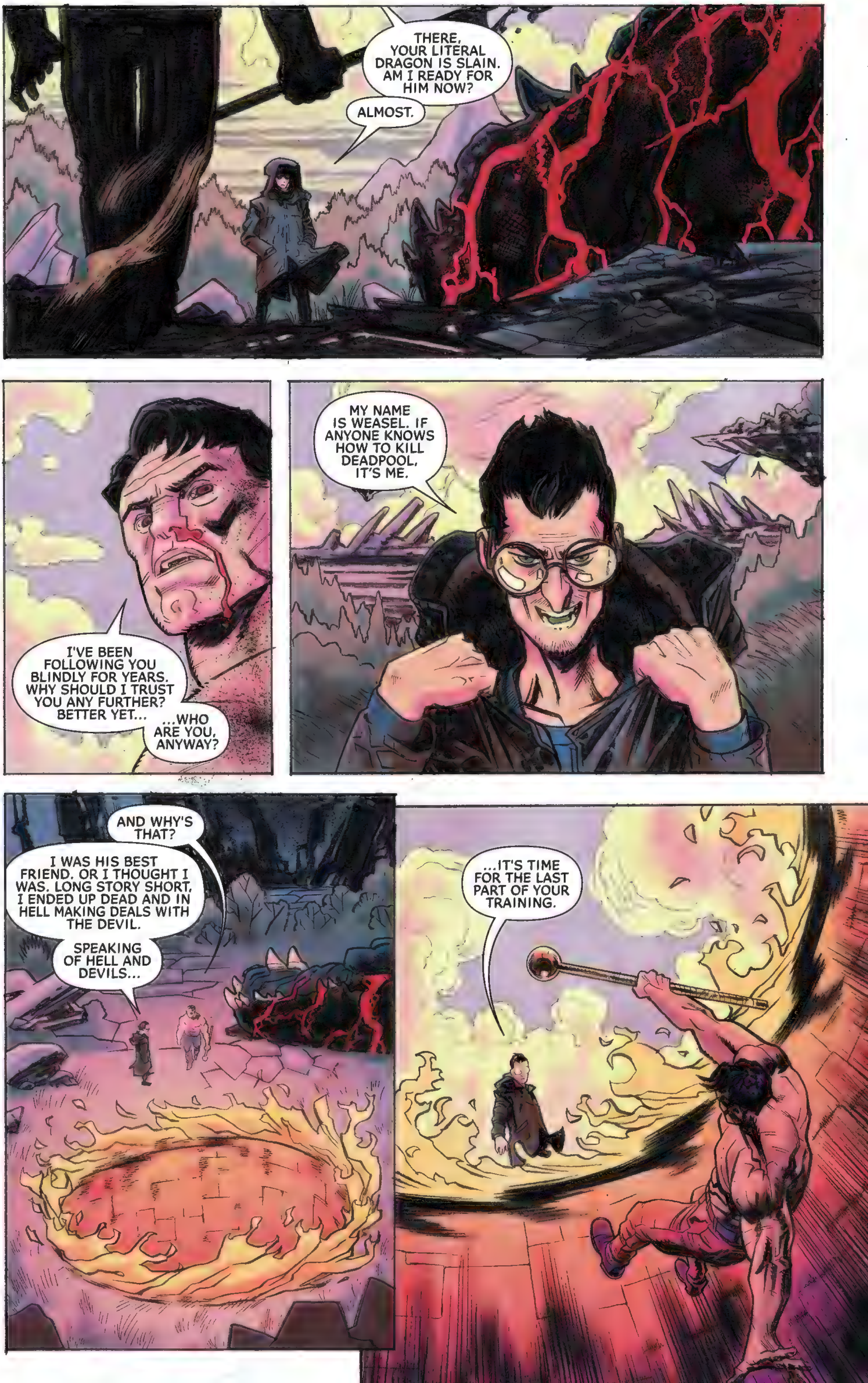

Juvie.
"I SUGGEST YOU USE THIS TIME...
"...TO REFLECT ON YOUR CHOICES...
"...AND OVER TIME LEARN A THING OR TWO...
"...ABOUT WHAT IT MEANS TO LIVE IN THIS WORLD...
"...SO WHEN THE TIME COMES, YOU CAN RE-ENTER IT WITH THE TOOLS TO DO WHAT YOU NEED TO DO AND BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE IN THIS LIFE."
TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH.
I ASKED YOU ONCE TO TRUST ME.
DO YOU STILL?
SURE. AS MUCH AS I CAN TRUST A CREEPY GUY IN A TRENCH COAT HOODIE.
GOOD. IT'S TIME TO CONTINUE YOUR TRAINING.
TRAINING FOR WH--

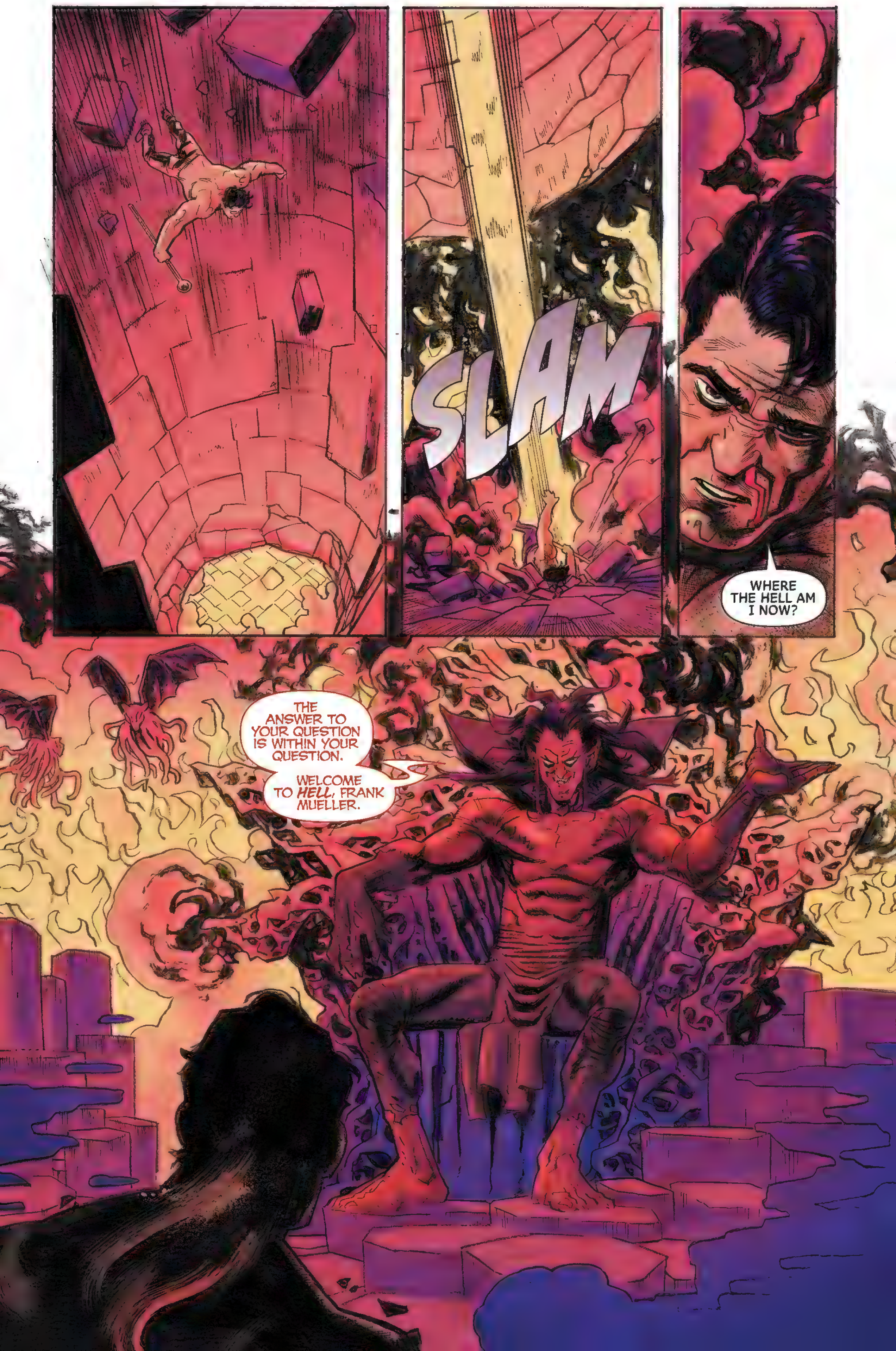

YOU NEED TO KNOW HOW TO SURVIVE...
"...BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY."
VERY GOOD. YOU'VE GROWN STRONG, YOU CAN BRAWL YOUR WAY THROUGH ANYTHING AND KILL WHEN YOU NEED TO. BUT THAT'S ALL REACTIVE. IT'S EMOTIONAL.
YOU NEED TO KNOW HOW TO CONTROL THIS STRENGTH, FEAR, AND RAGE.

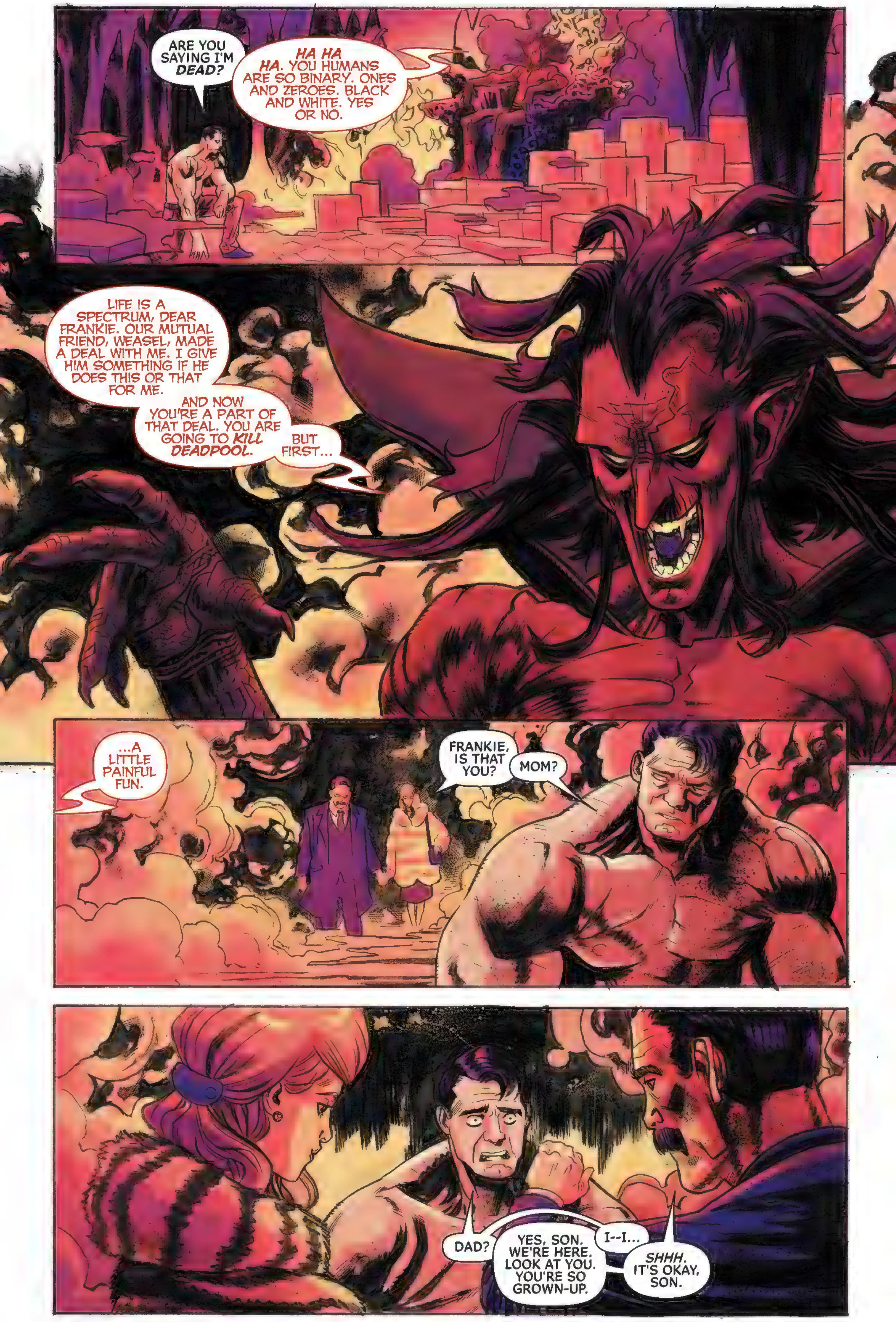

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANY OF THIS IS POSSIBLE. WHERE ARE WE?
WHEN ARE WE IS THE BETTER QUESTION. I'M TAKING YOU THROUGH VARIOUS POINTS IN TIME TO LEARN FROM THE MASTERS OF ALL THINGS.
"THEY WILL BUILD YOUR MIND...
"...AND YOUR BODY...
"...AND TEACH YOU HOW TO USE THEM BOTH TO DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE."

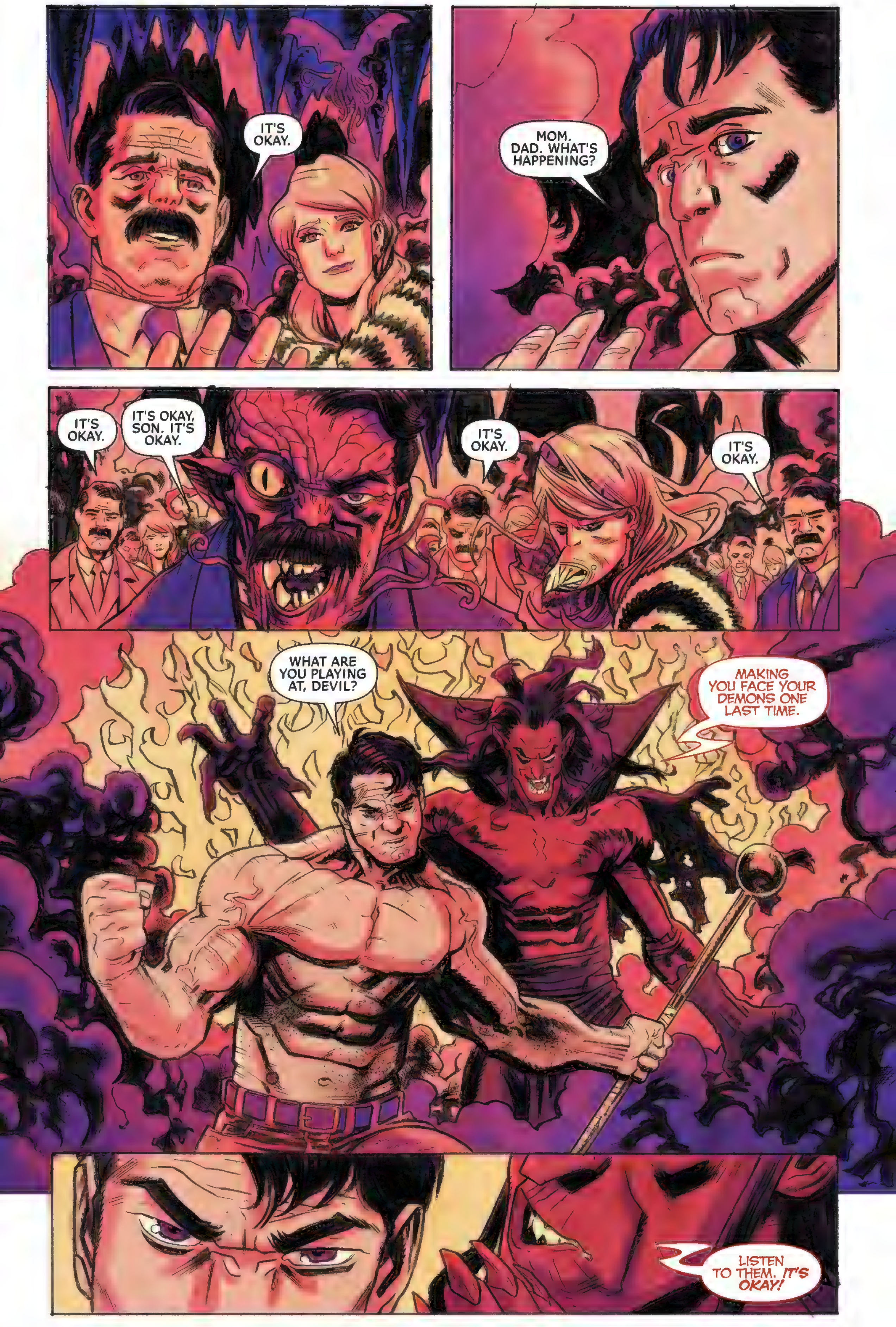

BUT WHAT HAS TO BE DONE?
YOU MUST SLAY YOUR DRAGON.
A *DRAGON?* ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT A METAPHORICAL DRAGON?
YES, I AM. BUT FIRST...
"...SLAY THE *REAL* ONE."

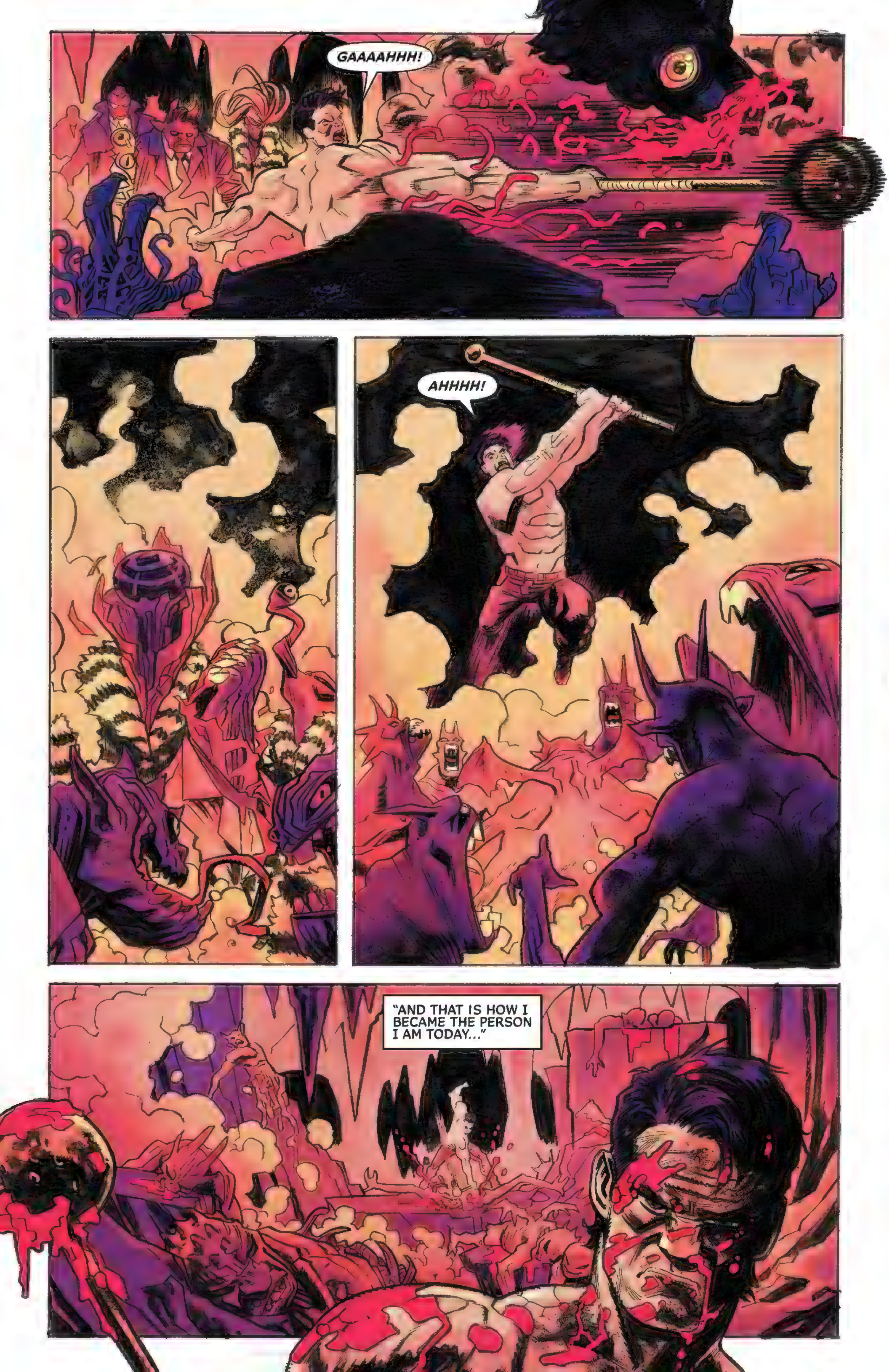

FWOOSH!
WHAM
KRAK
SLAM

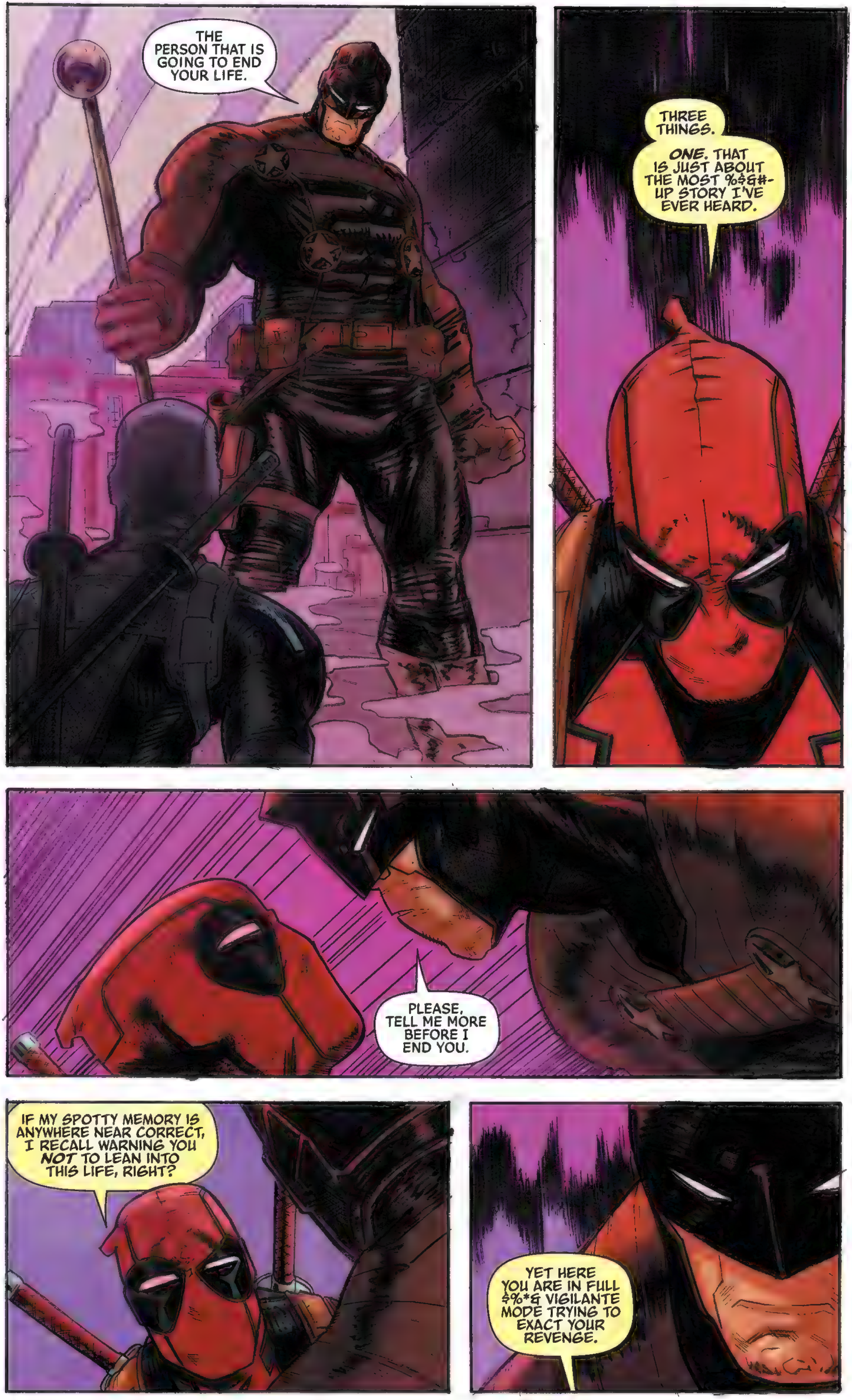

THERE, YOUR LITERAL DRAGON IS SLAIN. AM I READY FOR HIM NOW?
ALMOST.
I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU BLINDLY FOR YEARS. WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU ANY FURTHER? BETTER YET...
...WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
MY NAME IS WEASEL. IF ANYONE KNOWS HOW TO KILL DEADPOOL, IT'S ME.
AND WHY'S THAT?
I WAS HIS BEST FRIEND. OR I THOUGHT I WAS. LONG STORY SHORT, I ENDED UP DEAD AND IN HELL MAKING DEALS WITH THE DEVIL.
SPEAKING OF HELL AND DEVILS...
...IT'S TIME FOR THE LAST PART OF YOUR TRAINING.

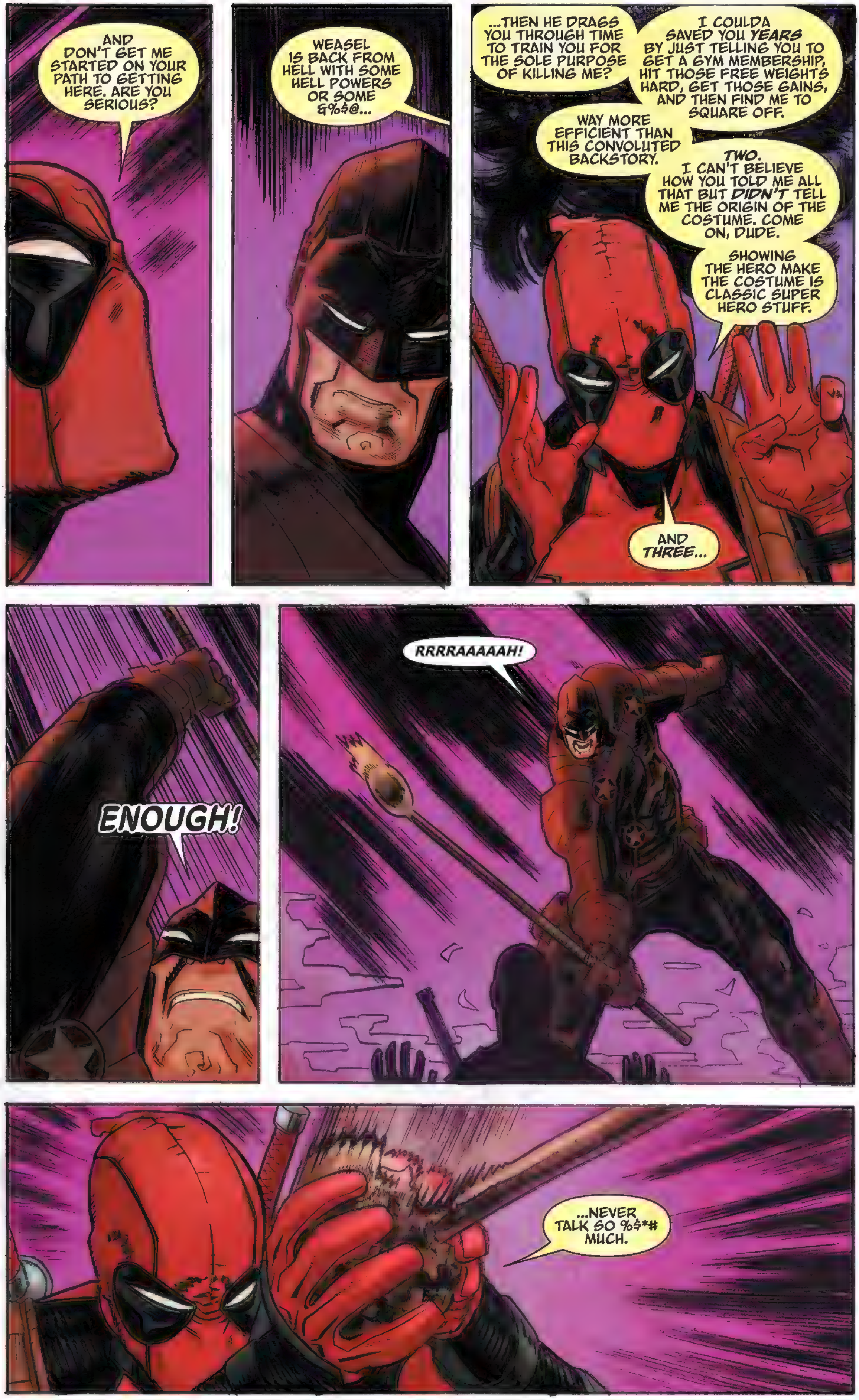

SLAM
WHERE THE HELL AM I NOW?
THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION IS WITHIN YOUR QUESTION.
WELCOME TO *HELL*, FRANK MUELLER.

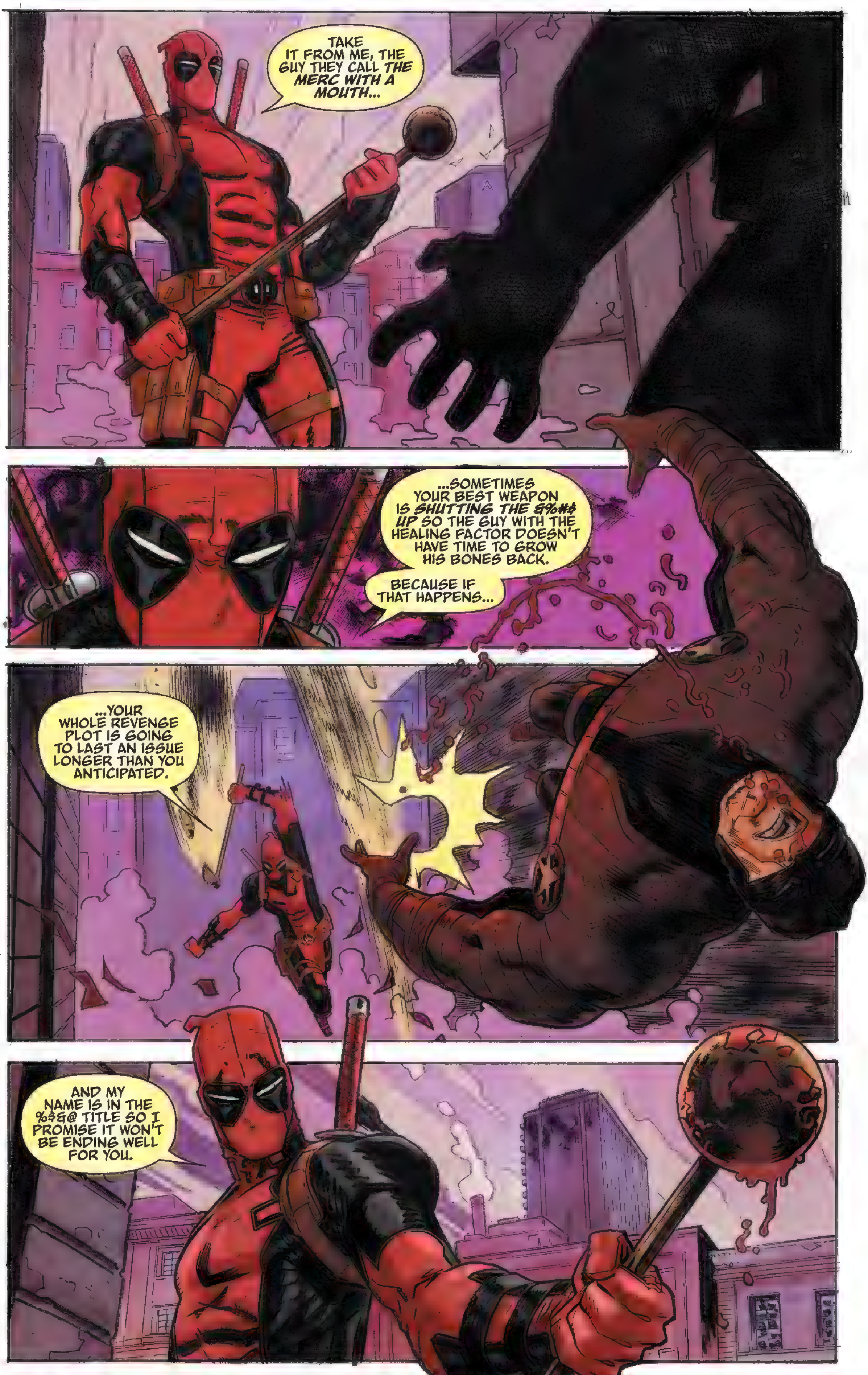

ARE YOU SAYING I'M *DEAD?*
HA HA HA. YOU HUMANS ARE SO BINARY. ONES AND ZEROES. BLACK AND WHITE. YES OR NO.
LIFE IS A SPECTRUM, DEAR FRANKIE. OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, WEASEL, MADE A DEAL WITH ME. I GIVE HIM SOMETHING IF HE DOES THIS OR THAT FOR ME.
AND NOW YOU'RE A PART OF THAT DEAL. YOU ARE GOING TO *KILL DEADPOOL.*
BUT FIRST...
...A LITTLE PAINFUL FUN.
FRANKIE, IS THAT YOU?
MOM?
DAD?
YES, SON. WE'RE HERE. LOOK AT YOU. YOU'RE SO GROWN-UP.
I--I...
SHHH. IT'S OKAY, SON.

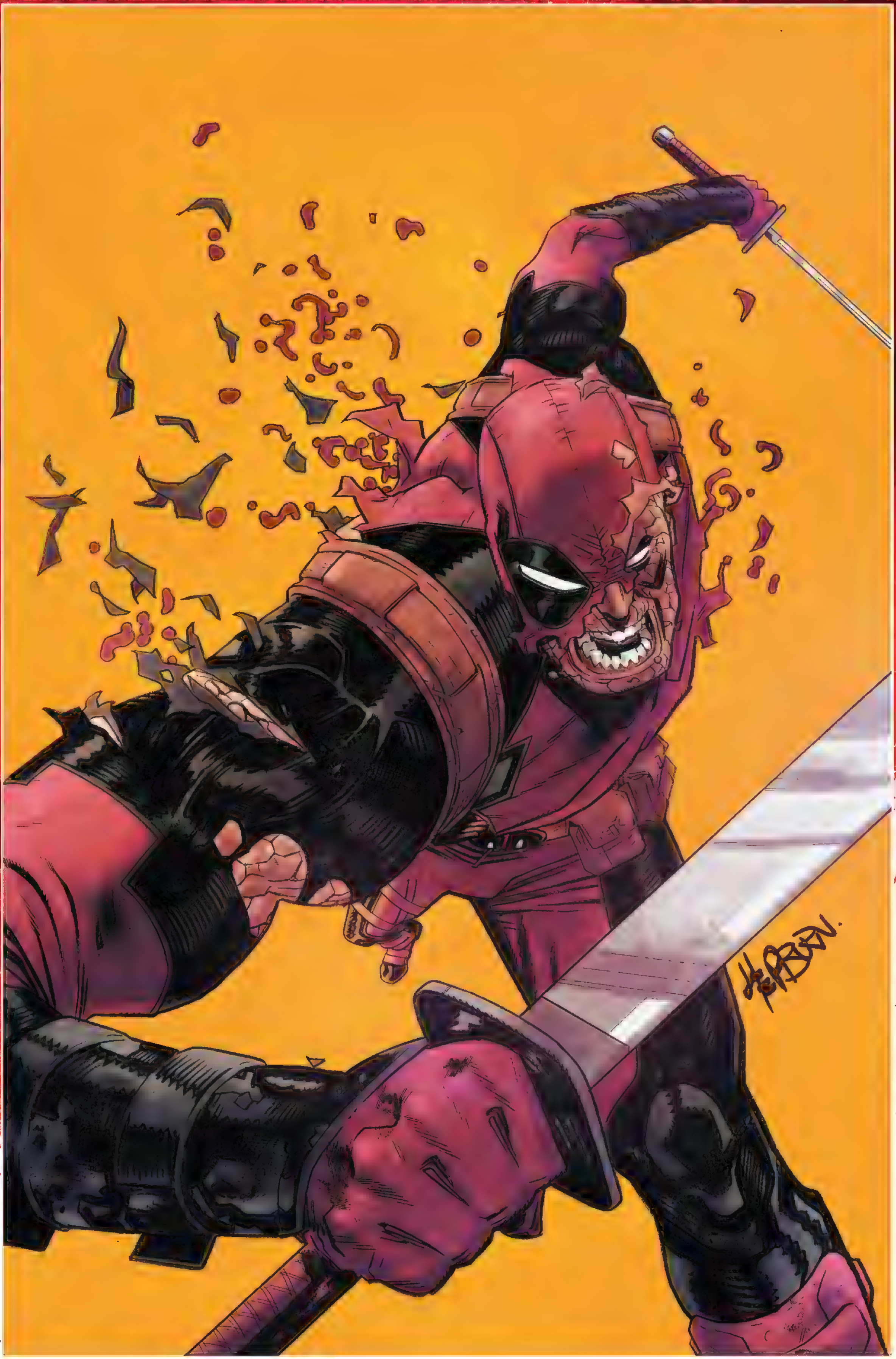

IT'S OKAY.
MOM. DAD. WHAT'S HAPPENING?
IT'S OKAY.
IT'S OKAY, SON. IT'S OKAY.
IT'S OKAY.
IT'S OKAY.
WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT, DEVIL?
MAKING YOU FACE YOUR DEMONS ONE LAST TIME.
LISTEN TO THEM. *IT'S OKAY!*


GAAAAHHH!
AHHHH!
"AND THAT IS HOW I BECAME THE PERSON I AM TODAY..."


THE PERSON THAT IS GOING TO END YOUR LIFE.
THREE THINGS.
ONE. THAT IS JUST ABOUT THE MOST %$&#-UP STORY I'VE EVER HEARD.
PLEASE, TELL ME MORE BEFORE I END YOU.
IF MY SPOTTY MEMORY IS ANYWHERE NEAR CORRECT, I RECALL WARNING YOU *NOT* TO LEAN INTO THIS LIFE, RIGHT?
YET HERE YOU ARE IN FULL $%*& VIGILANTE MODE TRYING TO EXACT YOUR REVENGE.


AND DON'T GET ME STARTED ON YOUR PATH TO GETTING HERE. ARE YOU SERIOUS?
WEASEL IS BACK FROM HELL WITH SOME HELL POWERS OR SOME &%$@...
...THEN HE DRAGS YOU THROUGH TIME TO TRAIN YOU FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF KILLING ME?
I COULDA SAVED YOU *YEARS* BY JUST TELLING YOU TO GET A GYM MEMBERSHIP, HIT THOSE FREE WEIGHTS HARD, GET THOSE GAINS, AND THEN FIND ME TO SQUARE OFF.
WAY MORE EFFICIENT THAN THIS CONVOLUTED BACKSTORY.
TWO. I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW YOU TOLD ME ALL THAT BUT *DIDN'T* TELL ME THE ORIGIN OF THE COSTUME. COME ON, DUDE.
SHOWING THE HERO MAKE THE COSTUME IS CLASSIC SUPER HERO STUFF.
AND *THREE*...
ENOUGH!
RRRRAAAAAH!
...NEVER TALK SO %$*# MUCH.


TAKE IT FROM ME, THE GUY THEY CALL *THE MERC WITH A MOUTH*...
...SOMETIMES YOUR BEST WEAPON IS *SHUTTING THE &%#$ UP* SO THE GUY WITH THE HEALING FACTOR DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO GROW HIS BONES BACK.
BECAUSE IF THAT HAPPENS...
...YOUR WHOLE REVENGE PLOT IS GOING TO LAST AN ISSUE LONGER THAN YOU ANTICIPATED.
AND MY NAME IS IN THE %$&@ TITLE SO I PROMISE IT WON'T BE ENDING WELL FOR YOU.



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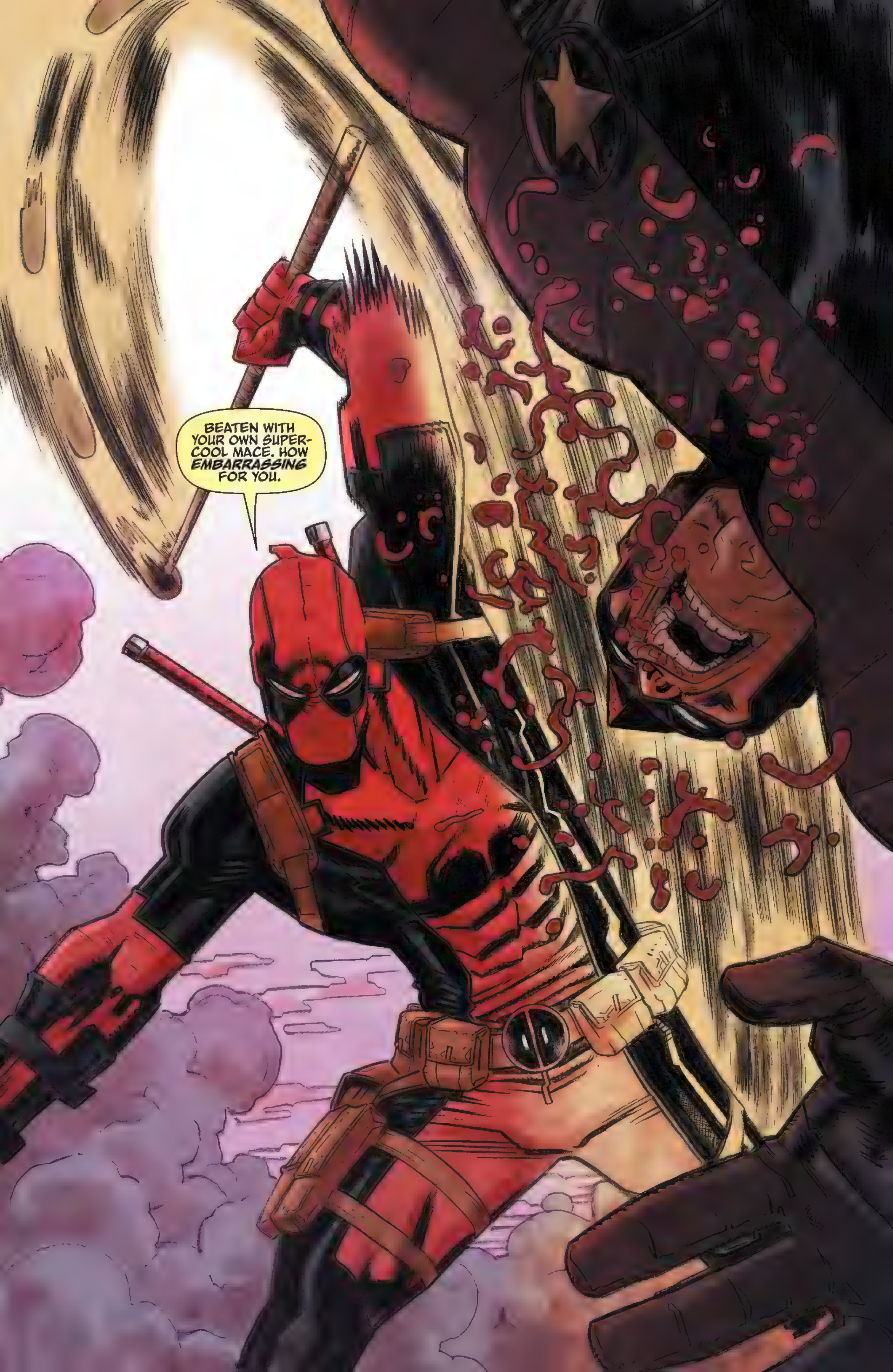
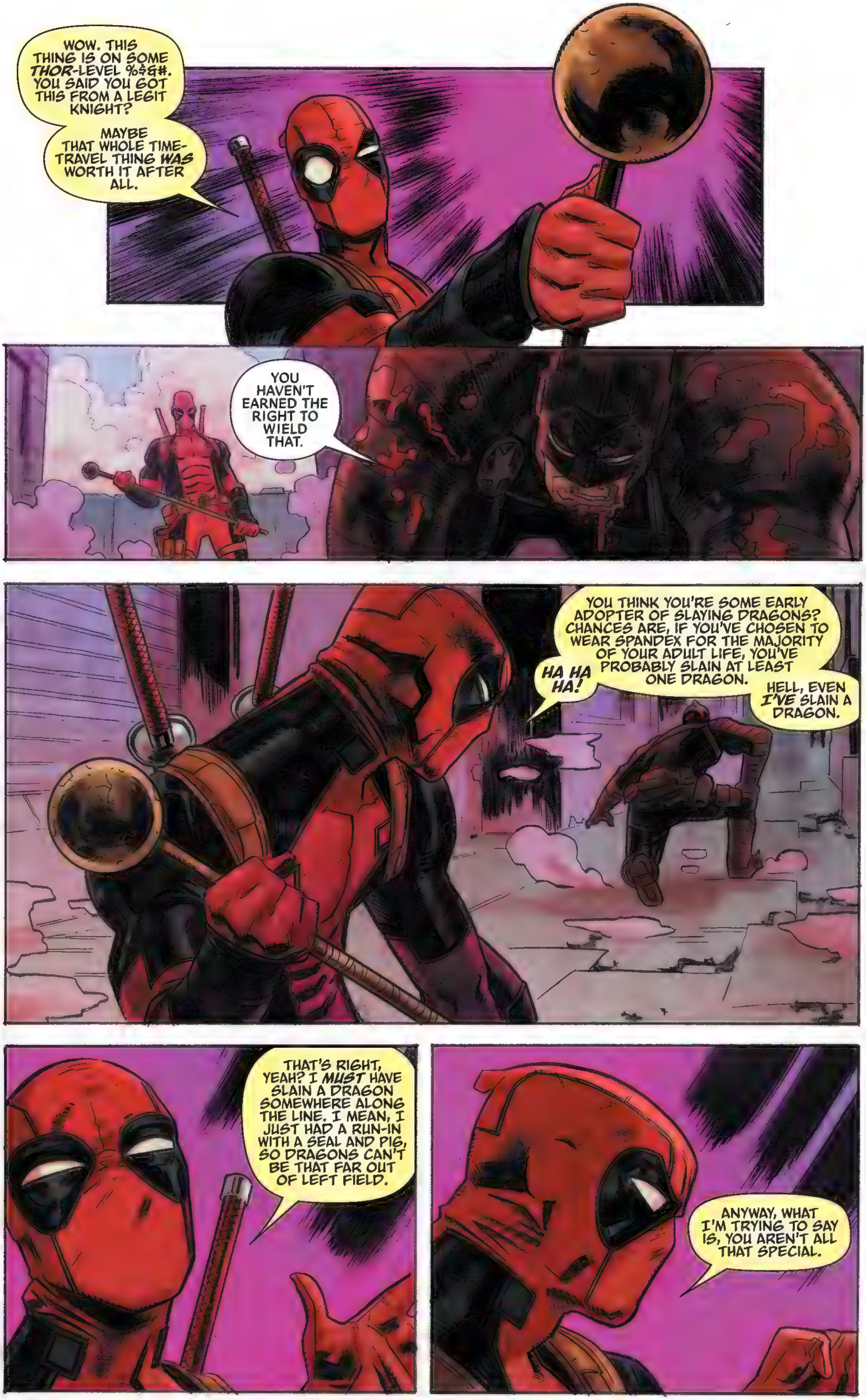
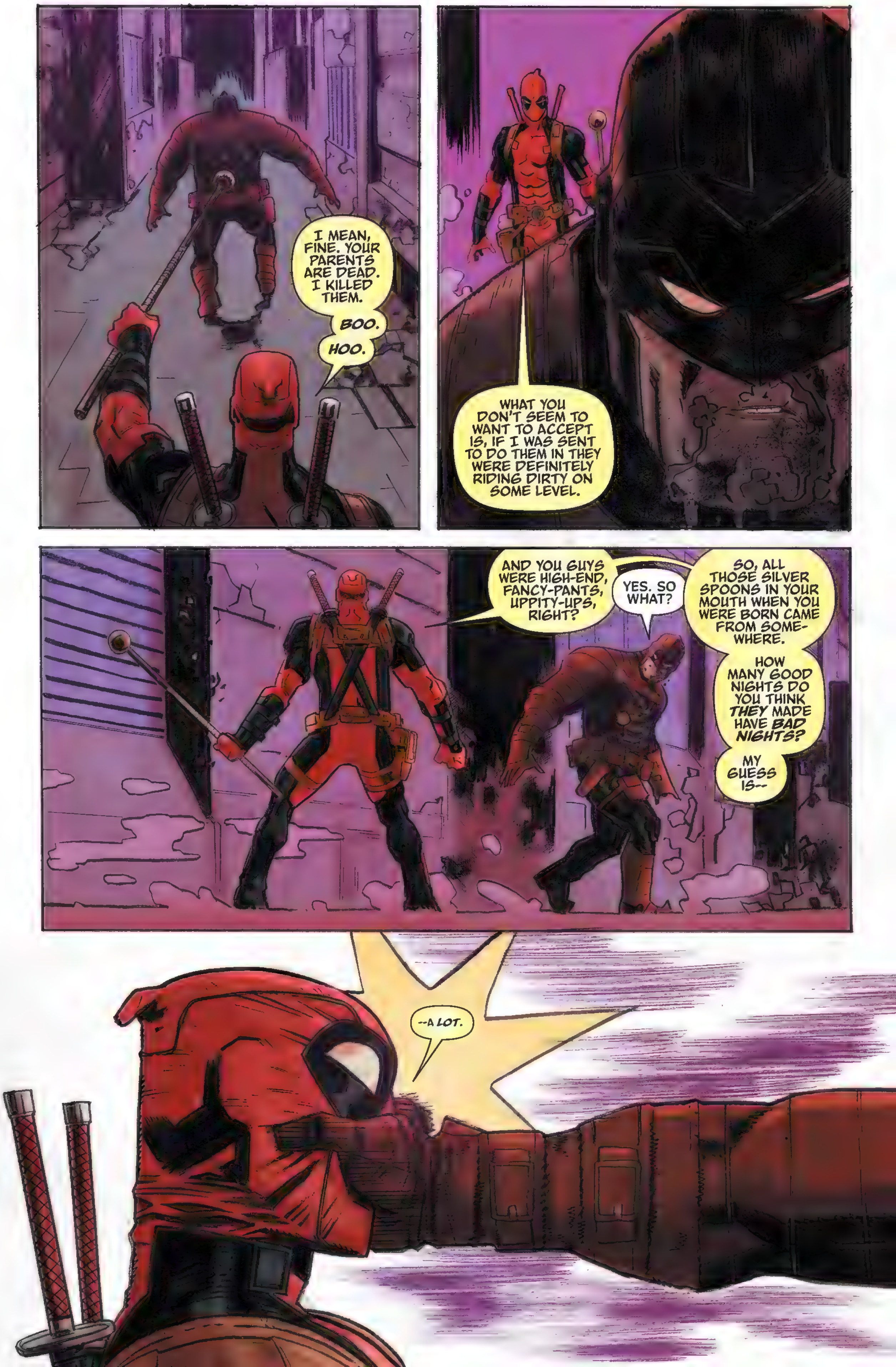
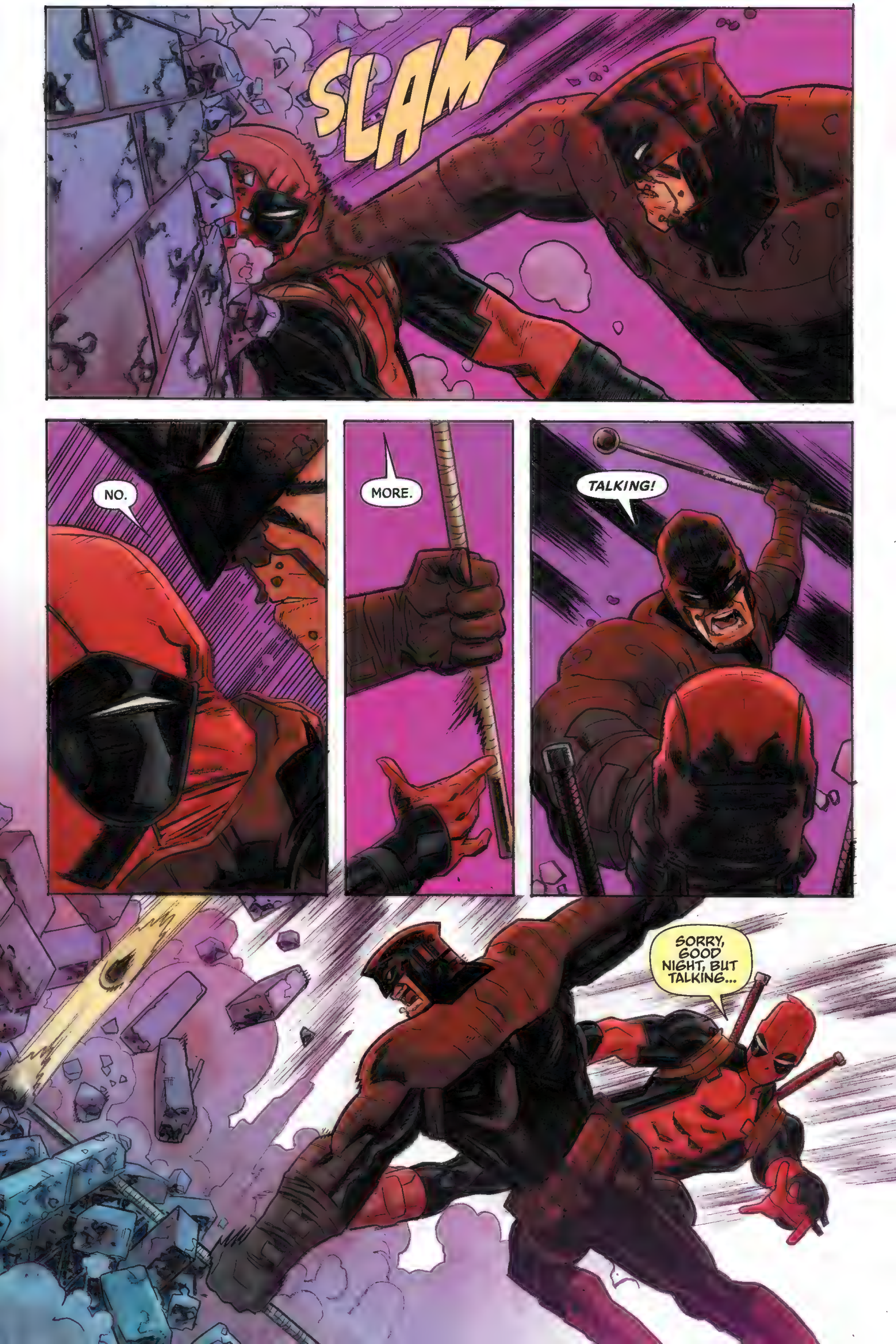
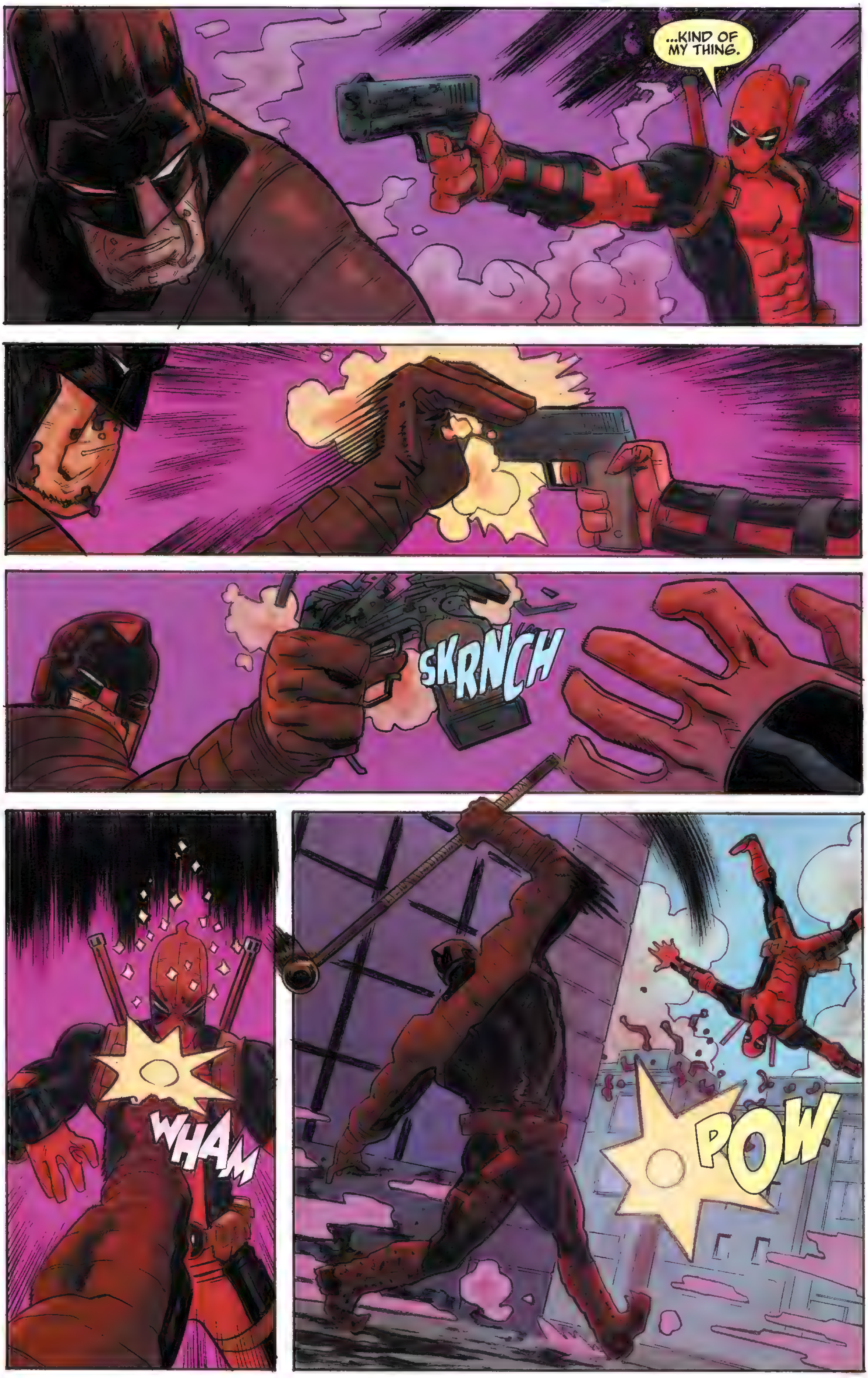
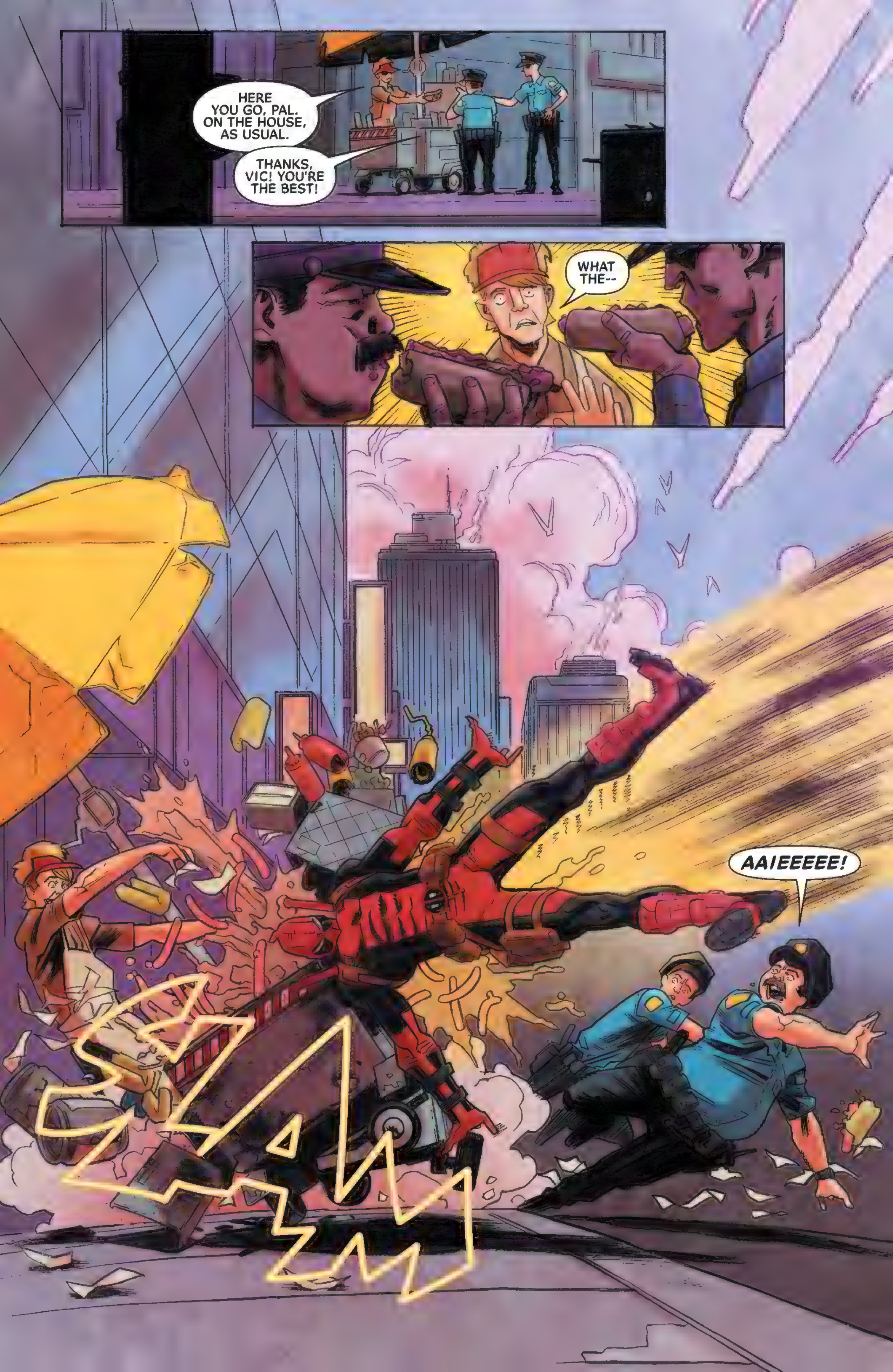

BEATEN WITH YOUR OWN SUPER-COOL MACE. HOW *EMBARRASSING* FOR YOU.

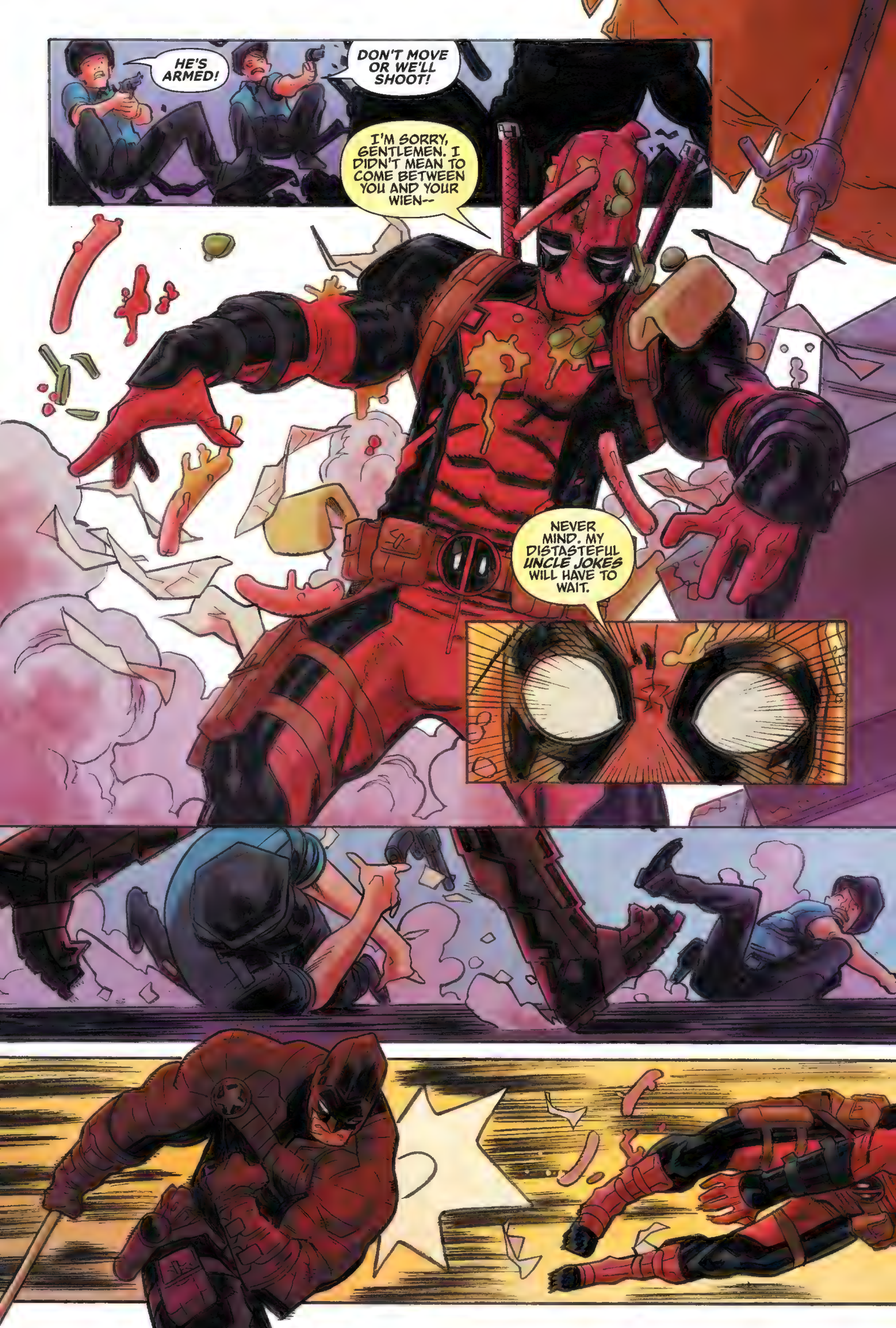

WOW. THIS THING IS ON SOME ***THOR***-LEVEL %$&#. YOU SAID YOU GOT THIS FROM A LEGIT KNIGHT?
MAYBE THAT WHOLE TIME-TRAVEL THING ***WAS*** WORTH IT AFTER ALL.
YOU HAVEN'T EARNED THE RIGHT TO WIELD THAT.
HA HA HA!
YOU THINK YOU'RE SOME EARLY ADOPTER OF SLAYING DRAGONS? CHANCES ARE, IF YOU'VE CHOSEN TO WEAR SPANDEX FOR THE MAJORITY OF YOUR ADULT LIFE, YOU'VE PROBABLY SLAIN AT LEAST ONE DRAGON.
HELL, EVEN ***I'VE*** SLAIN A DRAGON.
THAT'S RIGHT, YEAH? I ***MUST*** HAVE SLAIN A DRAGON SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE. I MEAN, I JUST HAD A RUN-IN WITH A SEAL AND PIG, SO DRAGONS CAN'T BE THAT FAR OUT OF LEFT FIELD.
ANYWAY, WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS, YOU AREN'T ALL THAT SPECIAL.

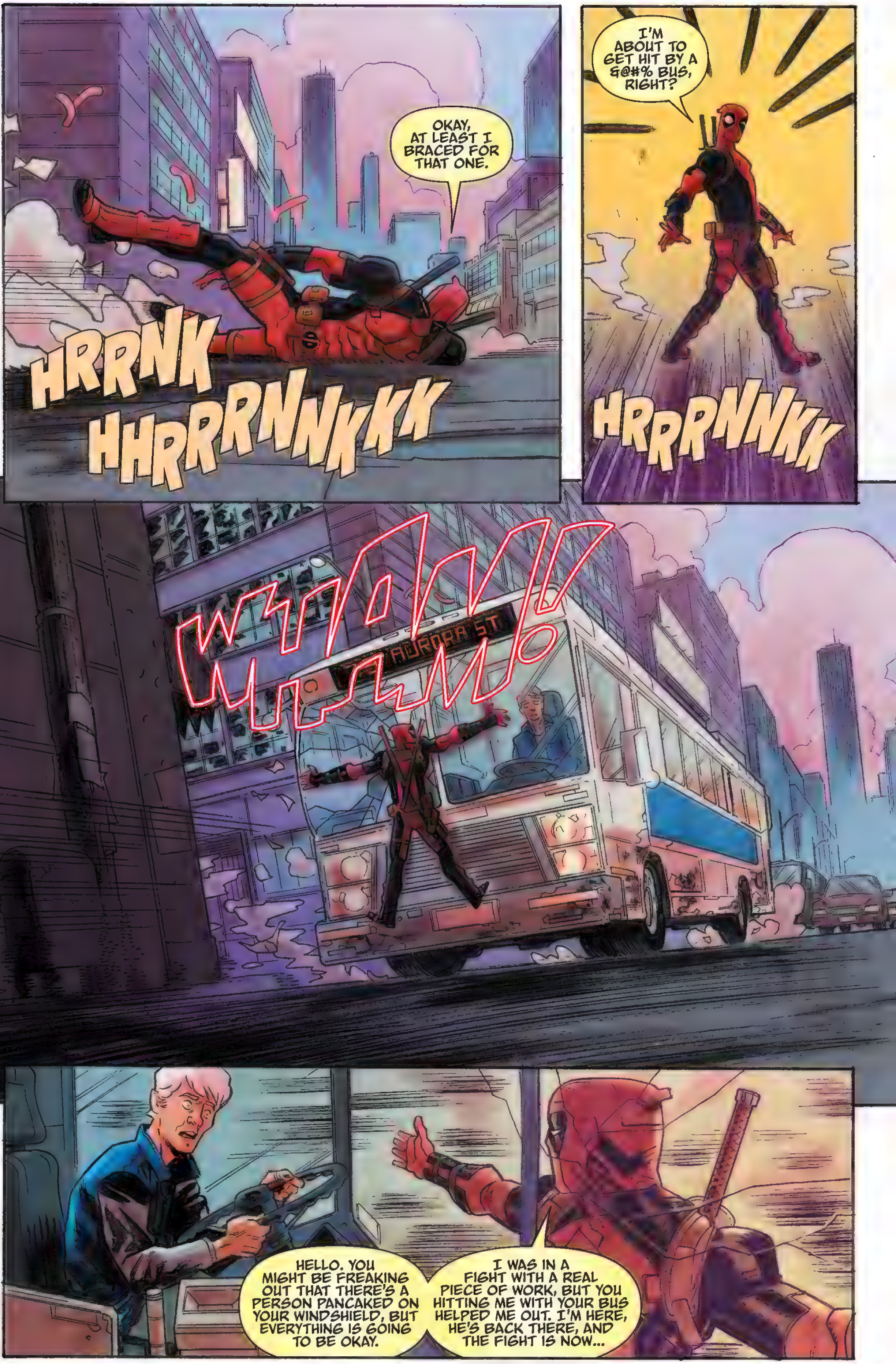

I MEAN, FINE. YOUR PARENTS ARE DEAD. I KILLED THEM.
BOO.
HOO.
WHAT YOU DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO ACCEPT IS, IF I WAS SENT TO DO THEM IN THEY WERE DEFINITELY RIDING DIRTY ON SOME LEVEL.
AND YOU GUYS WERE HIGH-END, FANCY-PANTS, UPPITY-UPS, RIGHT?
YES. SO WHAT?
SO, ALL THOSE SILVER SPOONS IN YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU WERE BORN CAME FROM SOMEWHERE.
HOW MANY GOOD NIGHTS DO YOU THINK *THEY* MADE HAVE *BAD NIGHTS?*
MY GUESS IS--
--A *LOT.*

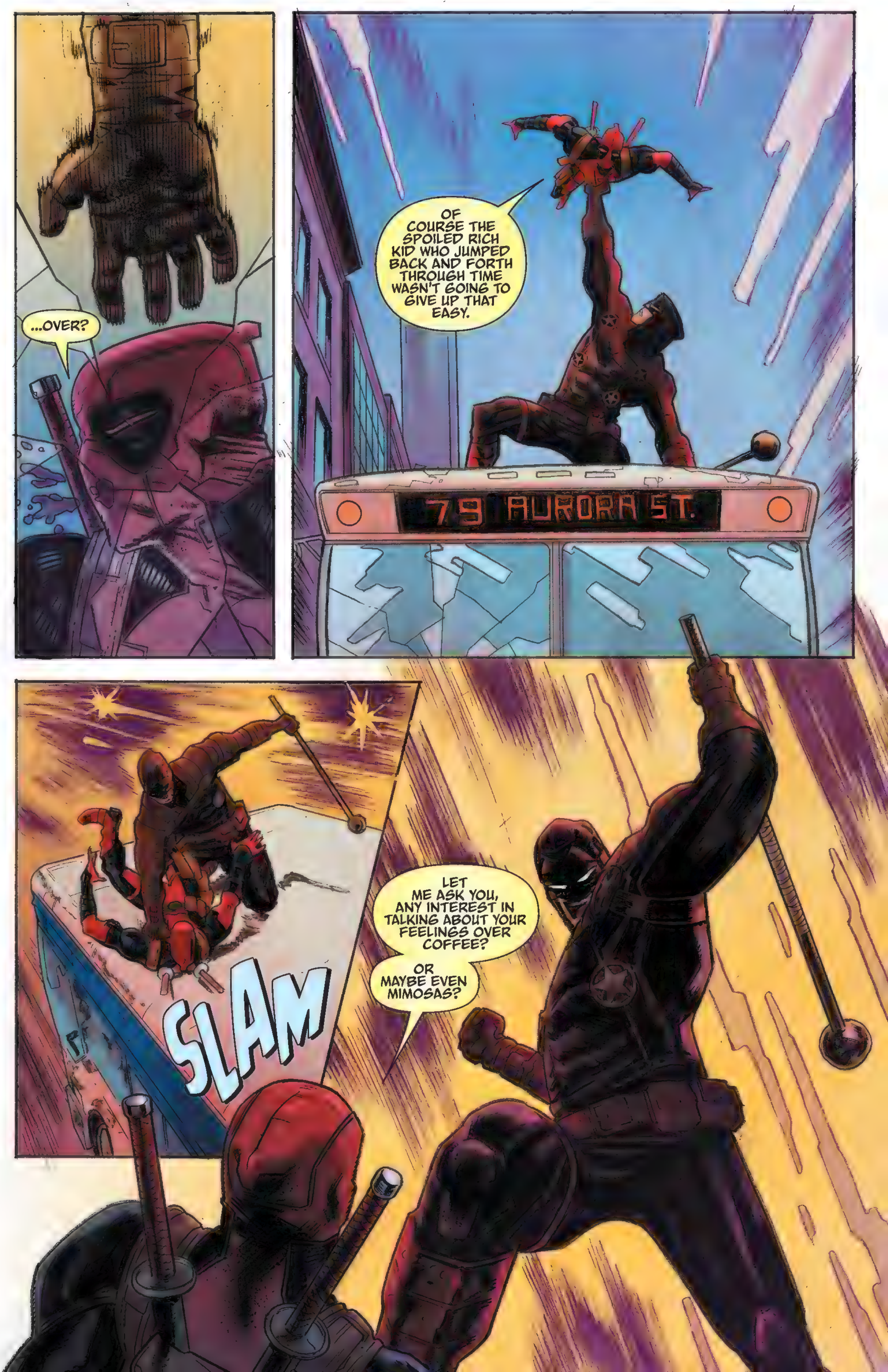

SLAM
NO.
MORE.
TALKING!
SORRY, GOOD NIGHT, BUT TALKING...

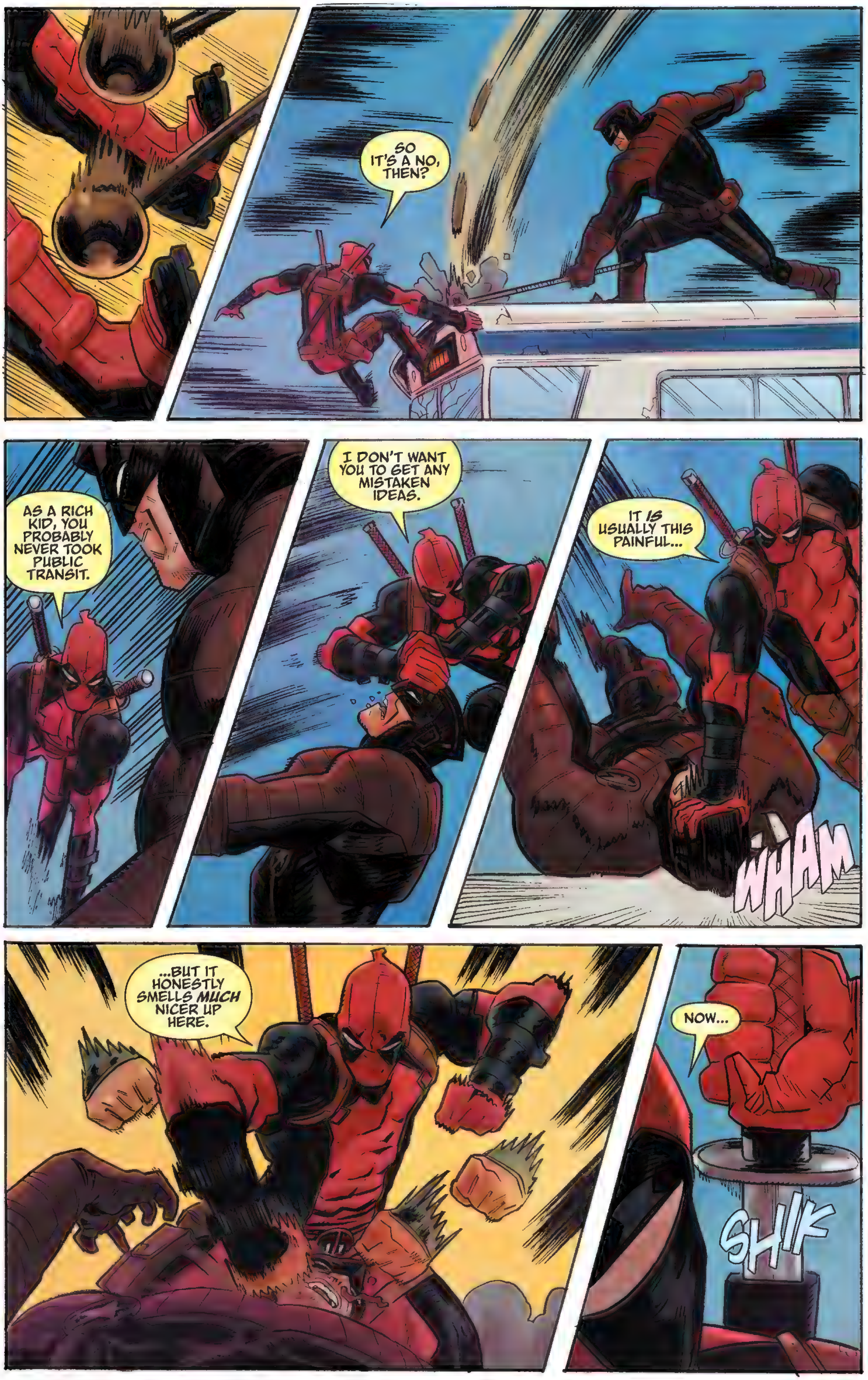

...KIND OF MY THING.
SKRNCH
WHAM
POW

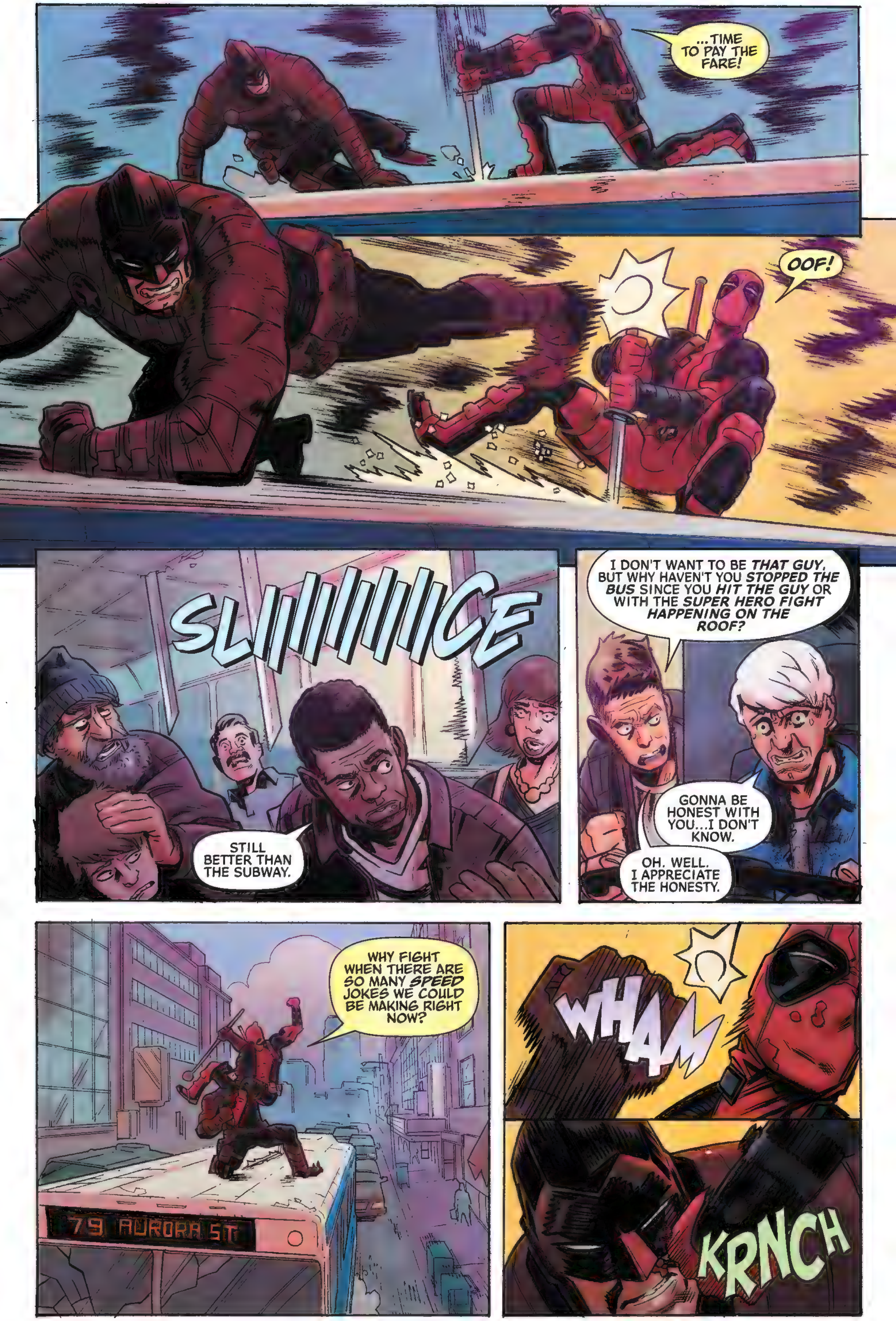

HERE YOU GO, PAL. ON THE HOUSE, AS USUAL.
THANKS, VIC! YOU'RE THE BEST!
WHAT THE--
AAIEEEEE!

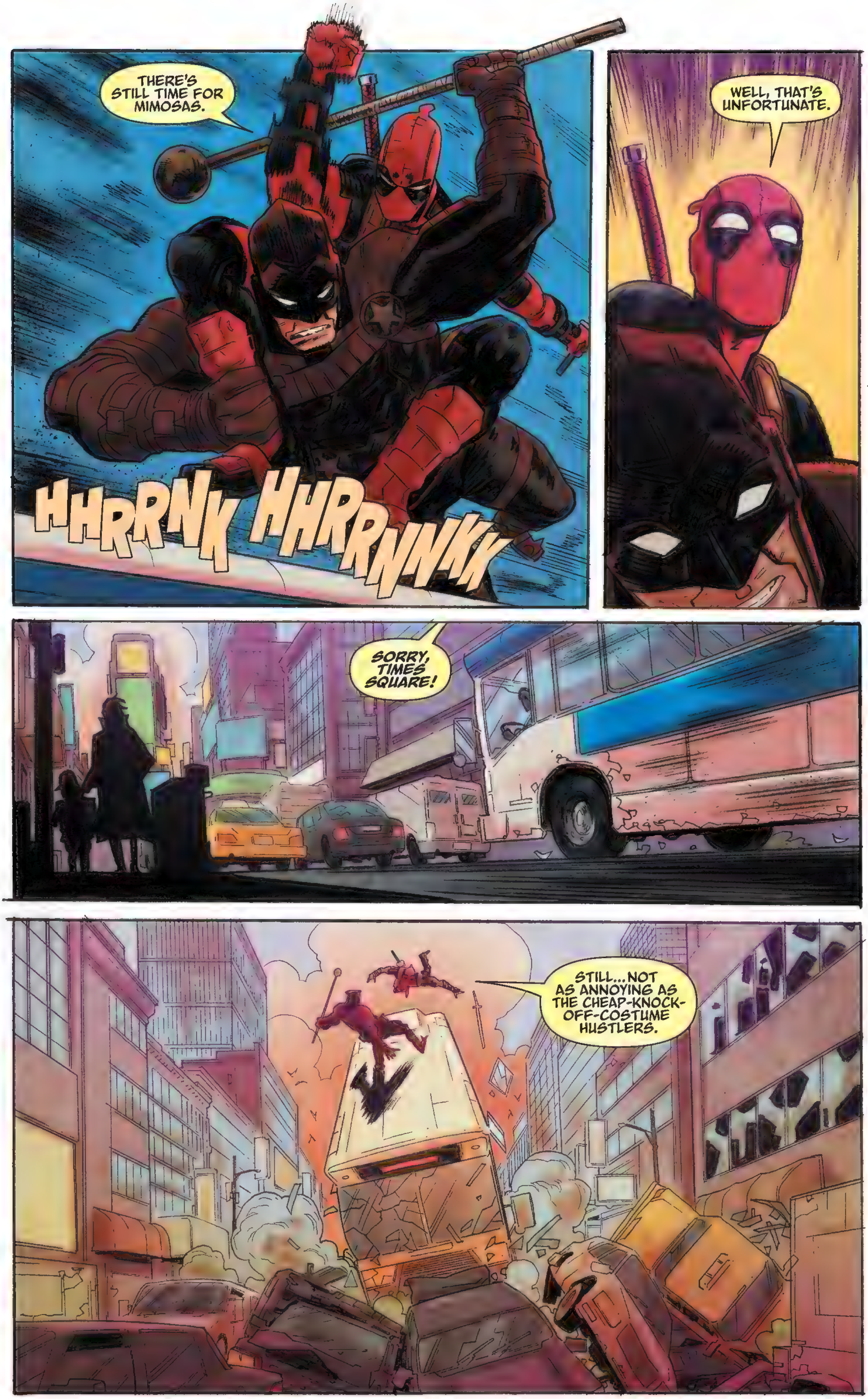

HE'S ARMED!
DON'T MOVE OR WE'LL SHOOT!
I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN. I DIDN'T MEAN TO COME BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR WIEN--
NEVER MIND. MY DISTASTEFUL *UNCLE JOKES* WILL HAVE TO WAIT.

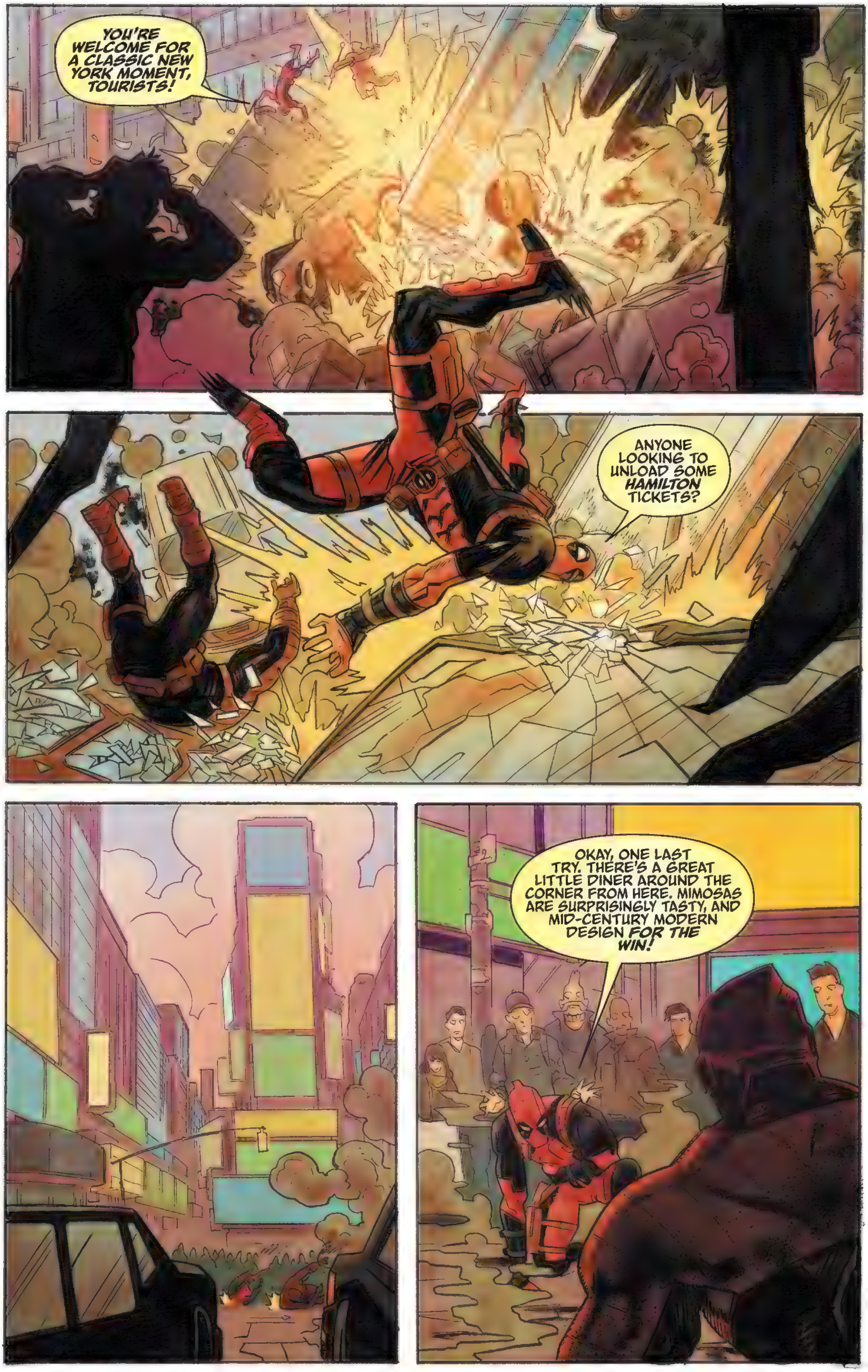

OKAY, AT LEAST I BRACED FOR THAT ONE.
HRRNK
HHRRRNNKKK
I'M ABOUT TO GET HIT BY A &@#% BUS, RIGHT?
HRRRNNKK
WHAM!
WHAM!
AURORA ST
HELLO. YOU MIGHT BE FREAKING OUT THAT THERE'S A PERSON PANCAKED ON YOUR WINDSHIELD, BUT EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE OKAY.
I WAS IN A FIGHT WITH A REAL PIECE OF WORK, BUT YOU HITTING ME WITH YOUR BUS HELPED ME OUT. I'M HERE, HE'S BACK THERE, AND THE FIGHT IS NOW...

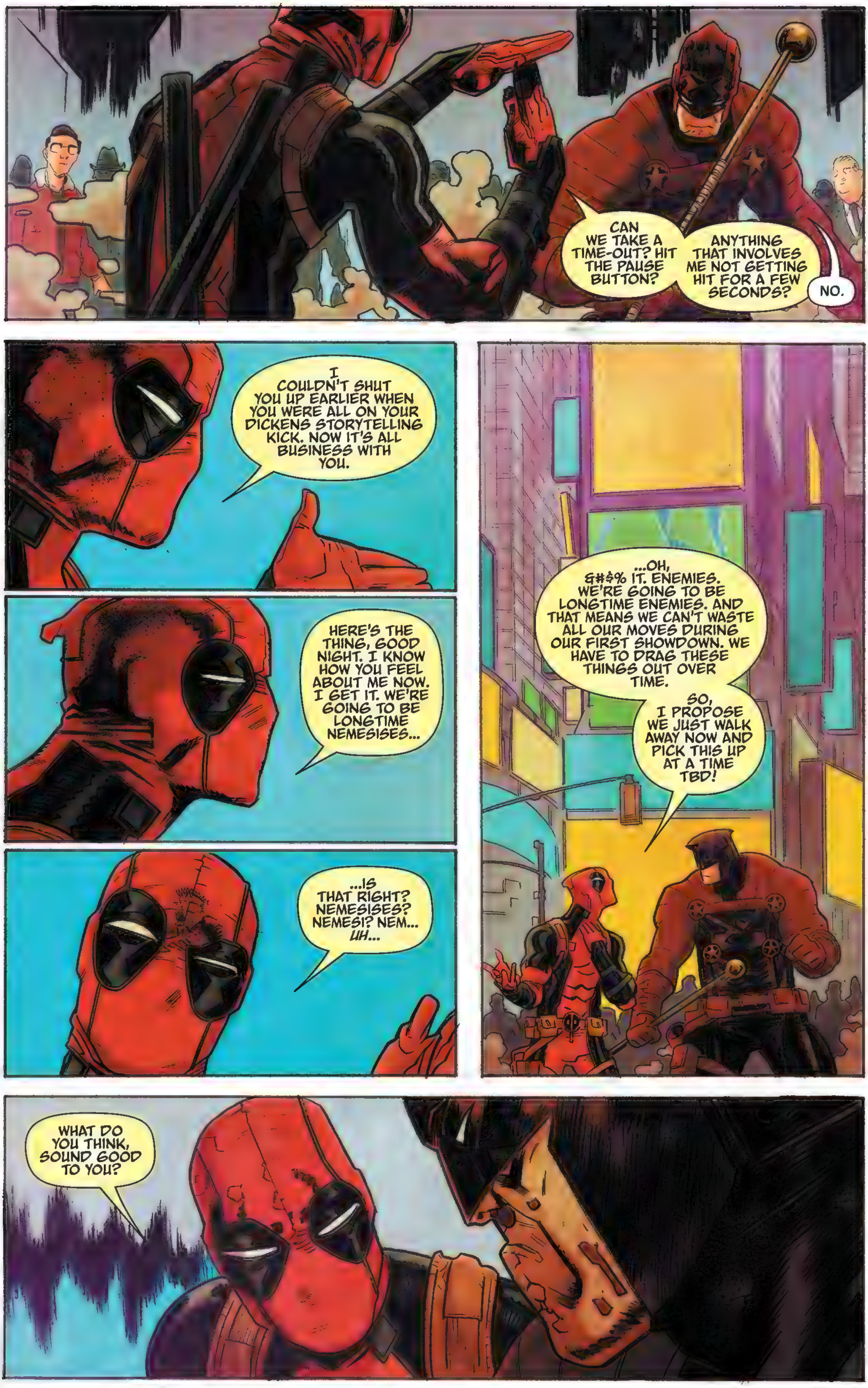

...OVER?
OF COURSE THE SPOILED RICH KID WHO JUMPED BACK AND FORTH THROUGH TIME WASN'T GOING TO GIVE UP THAT EASY.
79 AURORA ST.
SLAM
LET ME ASK YOU, ANY INTEREST IN TALKING ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS OVER COFFEE?
OR MAYBE EVEN MIMOSAS?

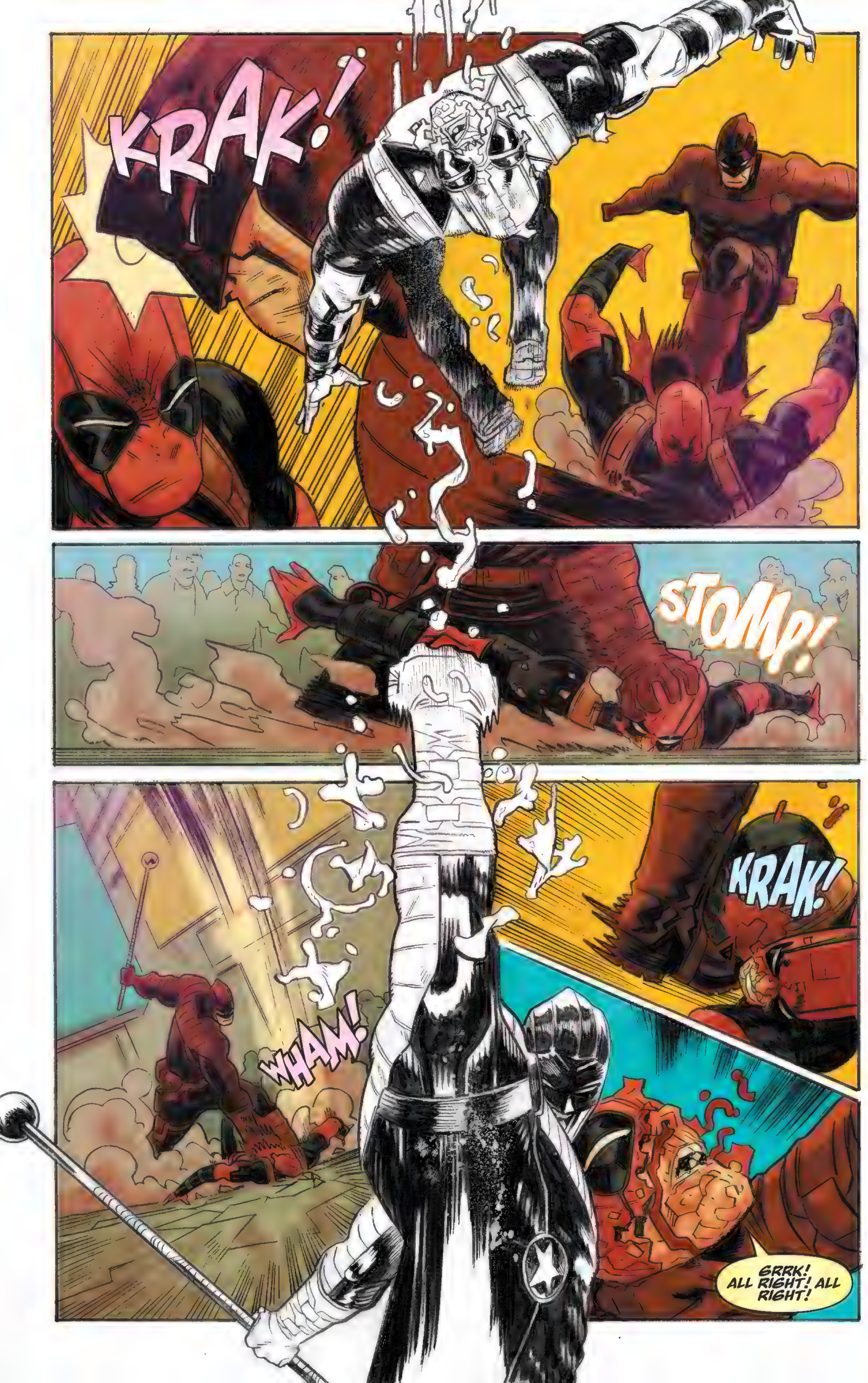

SO IT'S A NO, THEN?
AS A RICH KID, YOU PROBABLY NEVER TOOK PUBLIC TRANSIT.
I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET ANY MISTAKEN IDEAS.
IT *IS* USUALLY THIS PAINFUL...
WHAM
...BUT IT HONESTLY SMELLS *MUCH* NICER UP HERE.
NOW...
SHIK


...TIME TO PAY THE FARE!
OOF!
SLIIIIIIIICE
STILL BETTER THAN THE SUBWAY.
I DON'T WANT TO BE *THAT GUY*, BUT WHY HAVEN'T YOU *STOPPED THE BUS* SINCE YOU *HIT THE GUY* OR WITH THE *SUPER HERO FIGHT HAPPENING ON THE ROOF?*
GONNA BE HONEST WITH YOU...I DON'T KNOW.
OH. WELL. I APPRECIATE THE HONESTY.
WHY FIGHT WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY *SPEED* JOKES WE COULD BE MAKING RIGHT NOW?
79 AURORA ST
WHAM
KRNCH

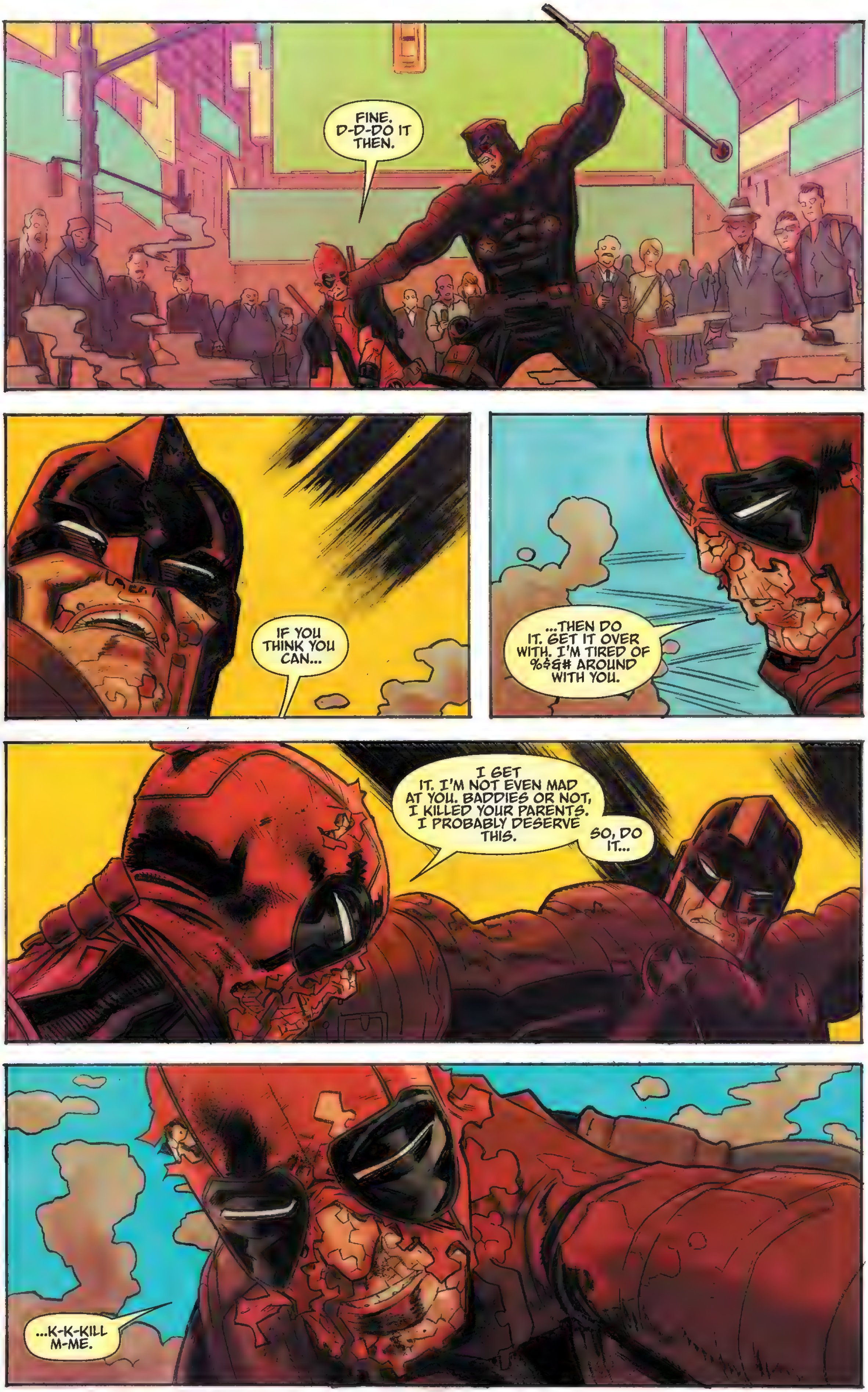

THERE'S STILL TIME FOR MIMOSAS.
HHRRNK HHRRNNKK
WELL, THAT'S UNFORTUNATE.
SORRY, TIMES SQUARE!
STILL...NOT AS ANNOYING AS THE CHEAP-KNOCK-OFF-COSTUME HUSTLERS.

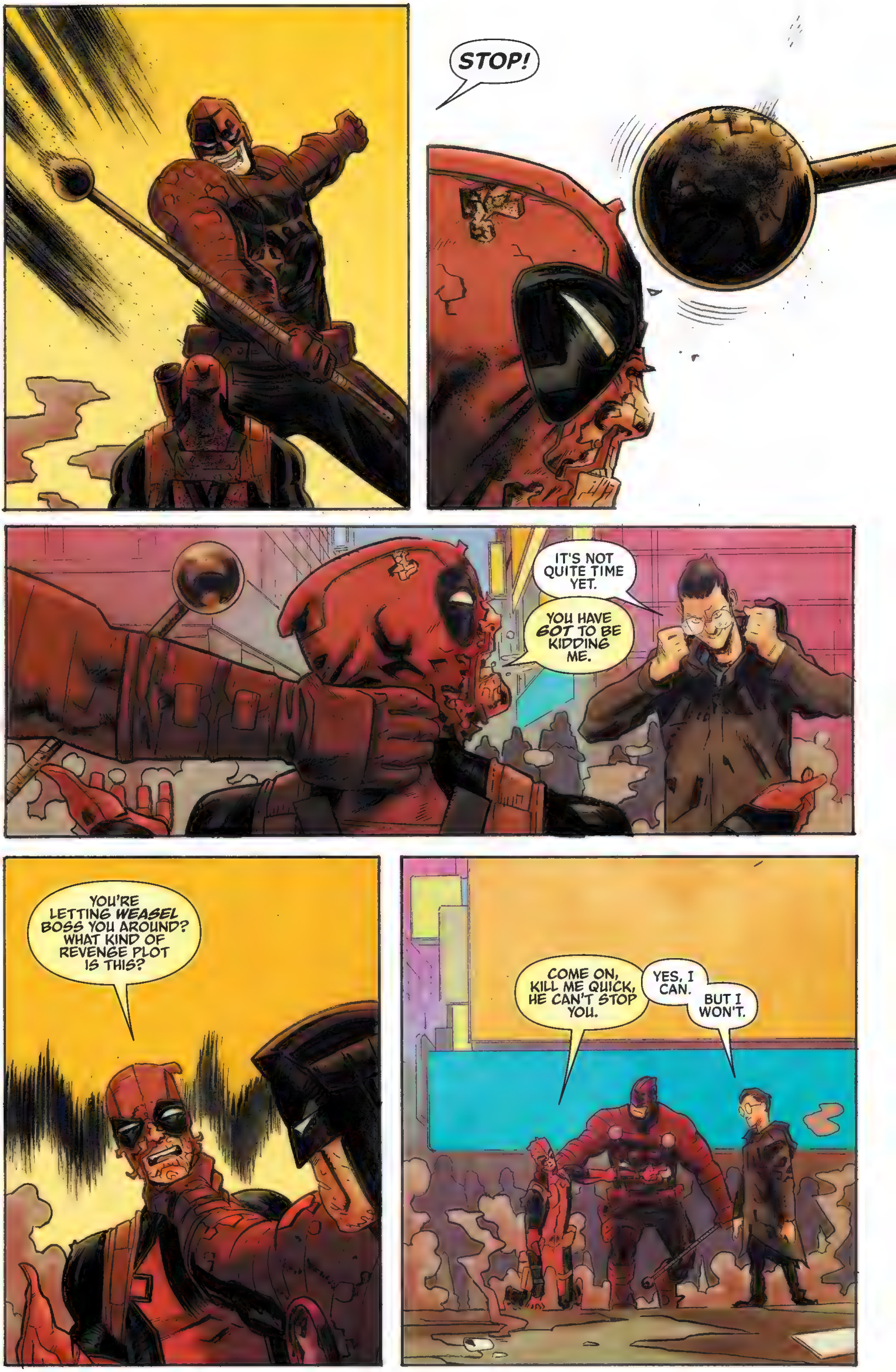

YOU'RE WELCOME FOR A CLASSIC NEW YORK MOMENT, TOURISTS!
ANYONE LOOKING TO UNLOAD SOME *HAMILTON* TICKETS?
OKAY, ONE LAST TRY. THERE'S A GREAT LITTLE DINER AROUND THE CORNER FROM HERE. MIMOSAS ARE SURPRISINGLY TASTY, AND MID-CENTURY MODERN DESIGN *FOR THE WIN!*

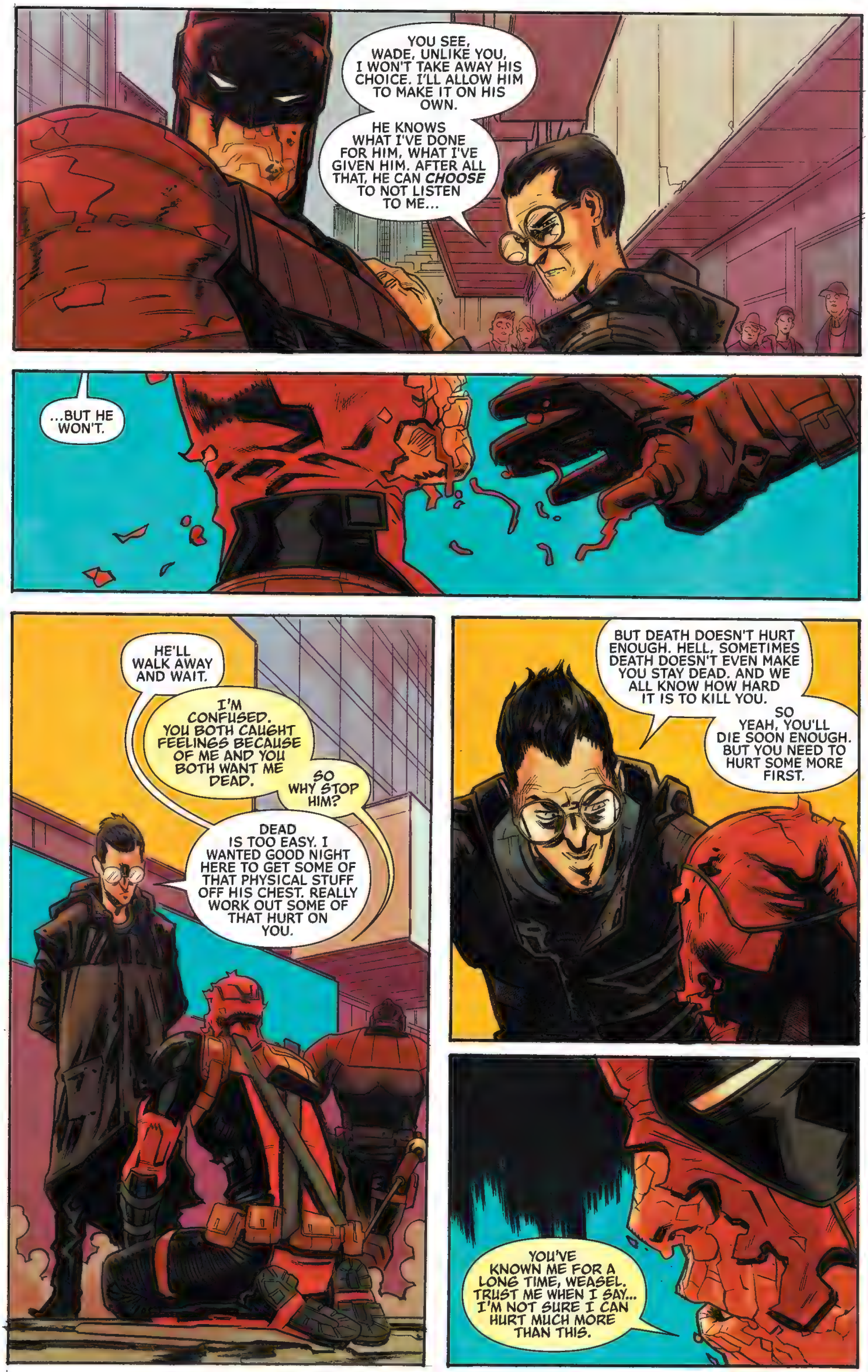

CAN WE TAKE A TIME-OUT? HIT THE PAUSE BUTTON?
ANYTHING THAT INVOLVES ME NOT GETTING HIT FOR A FEW SECONDS?
NO.
I COULDN'T SHUT YOU UP EARLIER WHEN YOU WERE ALL ON YOUR DICKENS STORYTELLING KICK. NOW IT'S ALL BUSINESS WITH YOU.
HERE'S THE THING, GOOD NIGHT. I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT ME NOW. I GET IT. WE'RE GOING TO BE LONGTIME NEMESISES...
...IS THAT RIGHT? NEMESISES? NEMESI? NEM... UH...
...OH, &#$% IT. ENEMIES. WE'RE GOING TO BE LONGTIME ENEMIES. AND THAT MEANS WE CAN'T WASTE ALL OUR MOVES DURING OUR FIRST SHOWDOWN. WE HAVE TO DRAG THESE THINGS OUT OVER TIME.
SO, I PROPOSE WE JUST WALK AWAY NOW AND PICK THIS UP AT A TIME TBD!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, SOUND GOOD TO YOU?

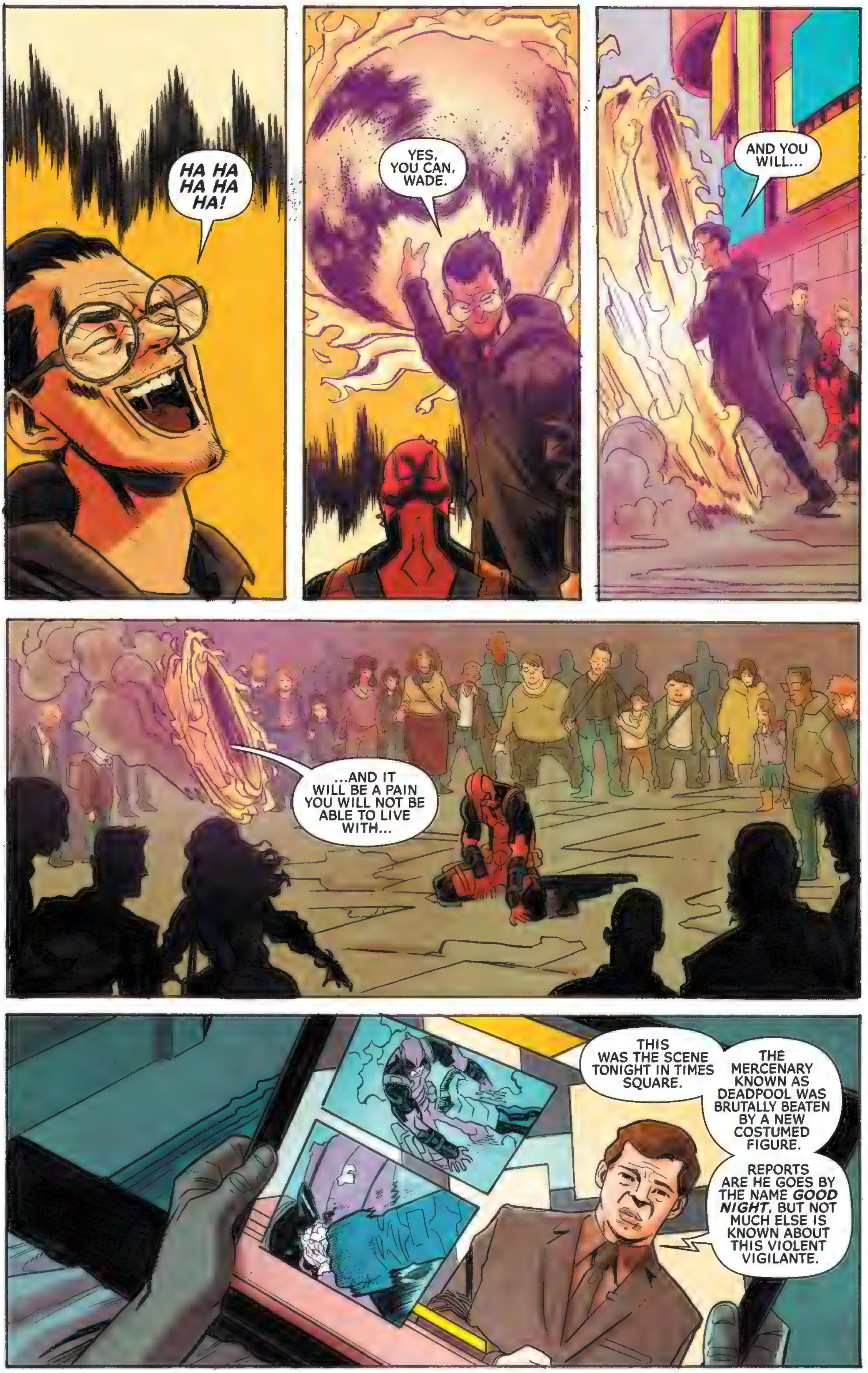


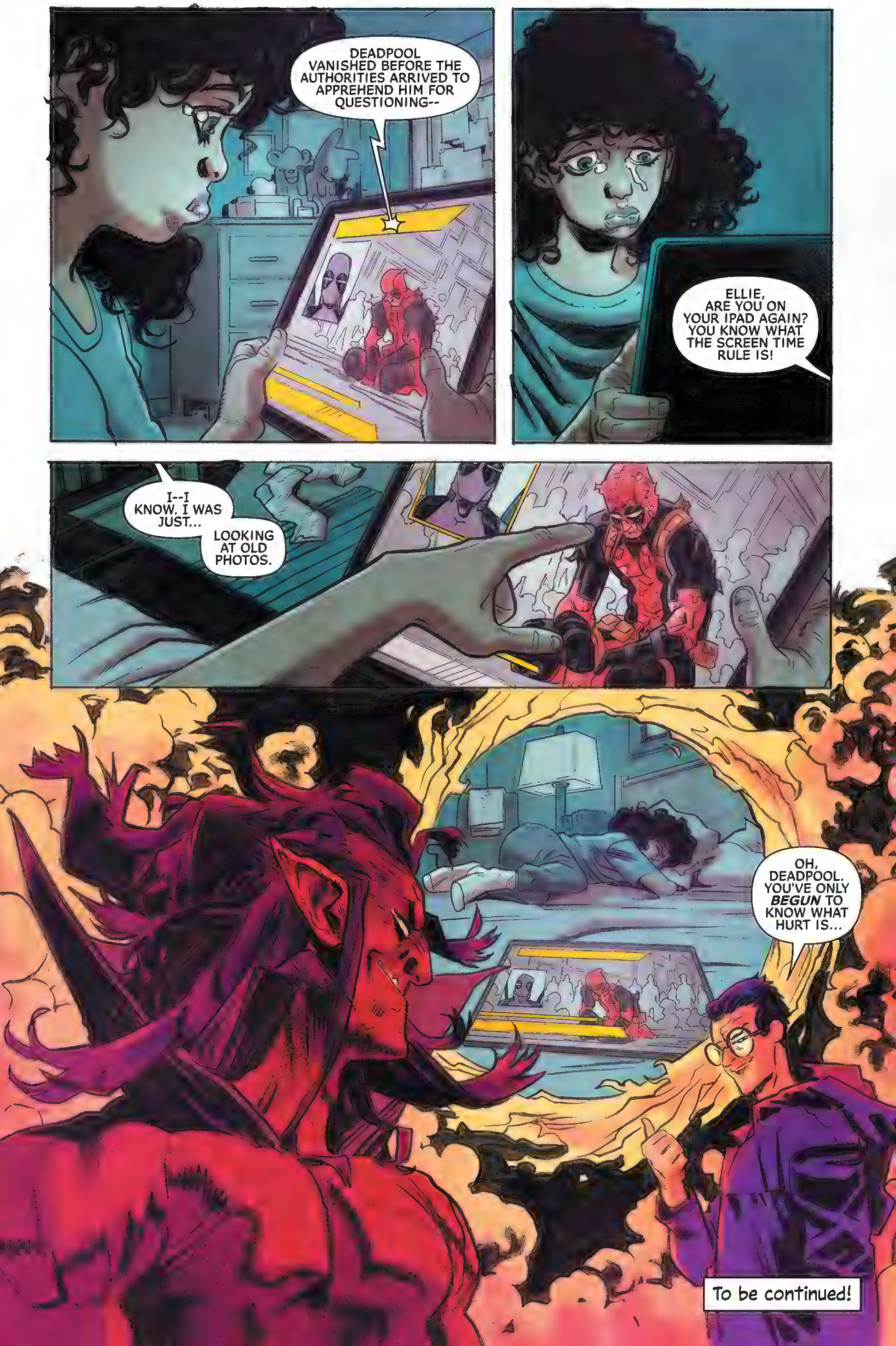
KRAK!
STOMP!
KRAK!
WHAM!
GRRK! ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!


FINE. D-D-DO IT THEN.
IF YOU THINK YOU CAN...
...THEN DO IT. GET IT OVER WITH. I'M TIRED OF %$&# AROUND WITH YOU.
I GET IT. I'M NOT EVEN MAD AT YOU. BADDIES OR NOT, I KILLED YOUR PARENTS. I PROBABLY DESERVE THIS.
SO, DO IT...
...K-K-KILL M-ME.

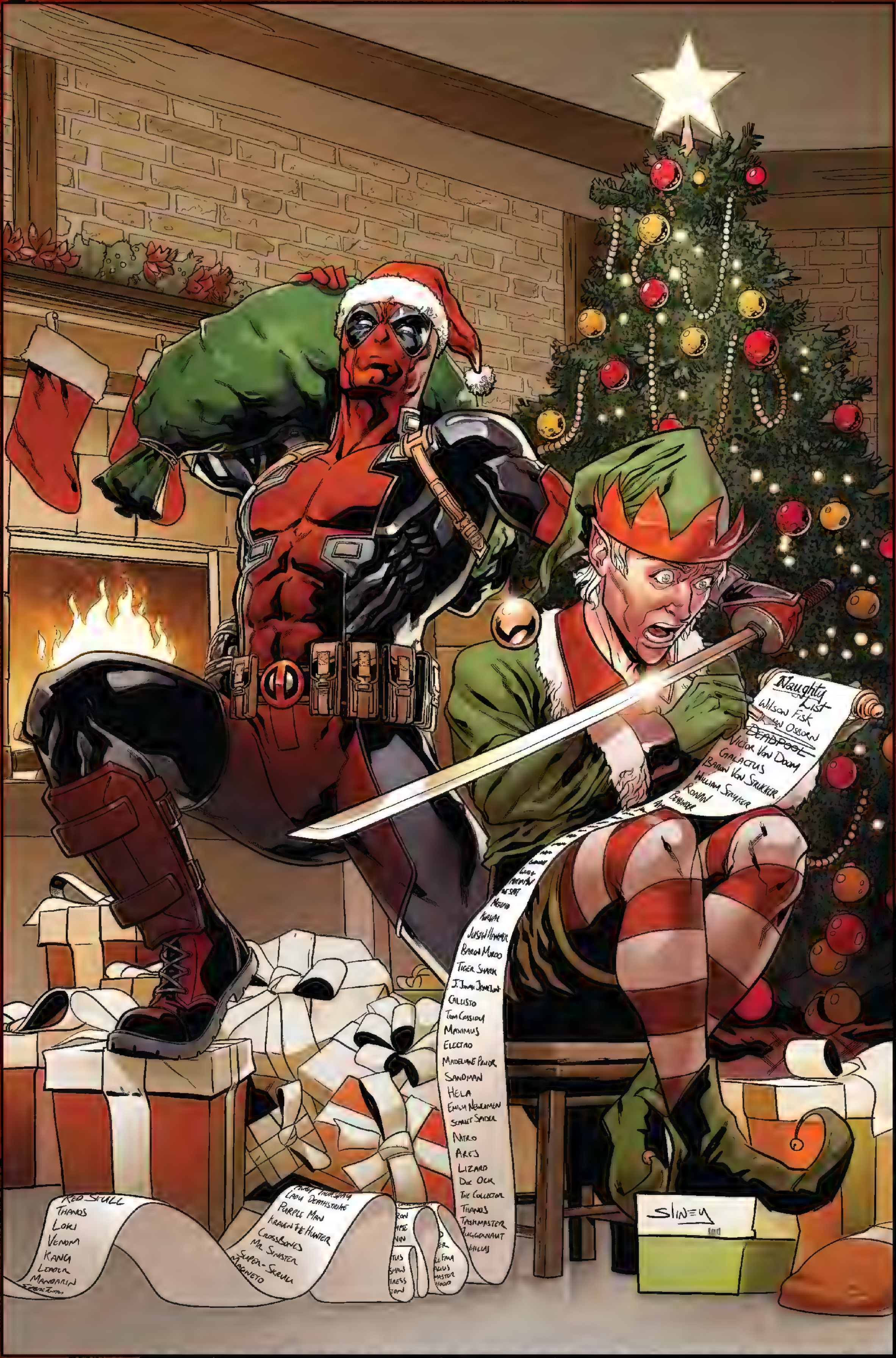

STOP!
IT'S NOT QUITE TIME YET.
YOU HAVE *GOT* TO BE KIDDING ME.
YOU'RE LETTING *WEASEL* BOSS YOU AROUND? WHAT KIND OF REVENGE PLOT IS THIS?
COME ON, KILL ME QUICK, HE CAN'T STOP YOU.
YES, I CAN.
BUT I WON'T.


YOU SEE, WADE, UNLIKE YOU, I WON'T TAKE AWAY HIS CHOICE. I'LL ALLOW HIM TO MAKE IT ON HIS OWN.
HE KNOWS WHAT I'VE DONE FOR HIM, WHAT I'VE GIVEN HIM. AFTER ALL THAT, HE CAN *CHOOSE* TO NOT LISTEN TO ME...
...BUT HE WON'T.
HE'LL WALK AWAY AND WAIT.
I'M CONFUSED. YOU BOTH CAUGHT FEELINGS BECAUSE OF ME AND YOU BOTH WANT ME DEAD.
SO WHY STOP HIM?
DEAD IS TOO EASY. I WANTED GOOD NIGHT HERE TO GET SOME OF THAT PHYSICAL STUFF OFF HIS CHEST. REALLY WORK OUT SOME OF THAT HURT ON YOU.
BUT DEATH DOESN'T HURT ENOUGH. HELL, SOMETIMES DEATH DOESN'T EVEN MAKE YOU STAY DEAD. AND WE ALL KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO KILL YOU.
SO YEAH, YOU'LL DIE SOON ENOUGH. BUT YOU NEED TO HURT SOME MORE FIRST.
YOU'VE KNOWN ME FOR A LONG TIME, WEASEL. TRUST ME WHEN I SAY... I'M NOT SURE I CAN HURT MUCH MORE THAN THIS.

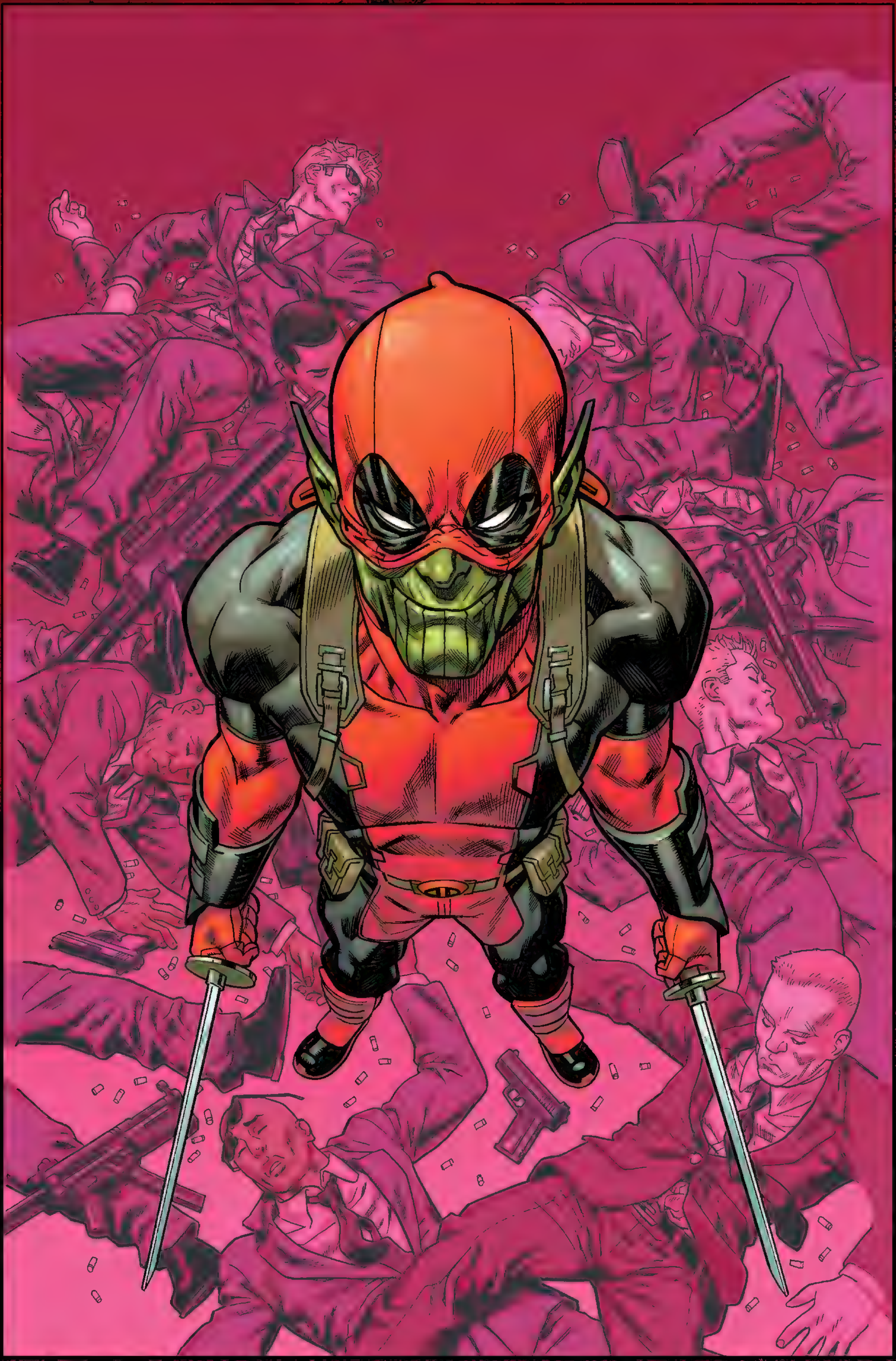

HA HA HA HA HA!
YES, YOU CAN, WADE.
AND YOU WILL...
...AND IT WILL BE A PAIN YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO LIVE WITH...
THIS WAS THE SCENE TONIGHT IN TIMES SQUARE.
THE MERCENARY KNOWN AS DEADPOOL WAS BRUTALLY BEATEN BY A NEW COSTUMED FIGURE.
REPORTS ARE HE GOES BY THE NAME *GOOD NIGHT*, BUT NOT MUCH ELSE IS KNOWN ABOUT THIS VIOLENT VIGILANTE.


DEADPOOL VANISHED BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVED TO APPREHEND HIM FOR QUESTIONING--
ELLIE, ARE YOU ON YOUR IPAD AGAIN? YOU KNOW WHAT THE SCREEN TIME RULE IS!
I--I KNOW. I WAS JUST...
LOOKING AT OLD PHOTOS.
OH, DEADPOOL. YOU'VE ONLY *BEGUN* TO KNOW WHAT HURT IS...
To be continued!

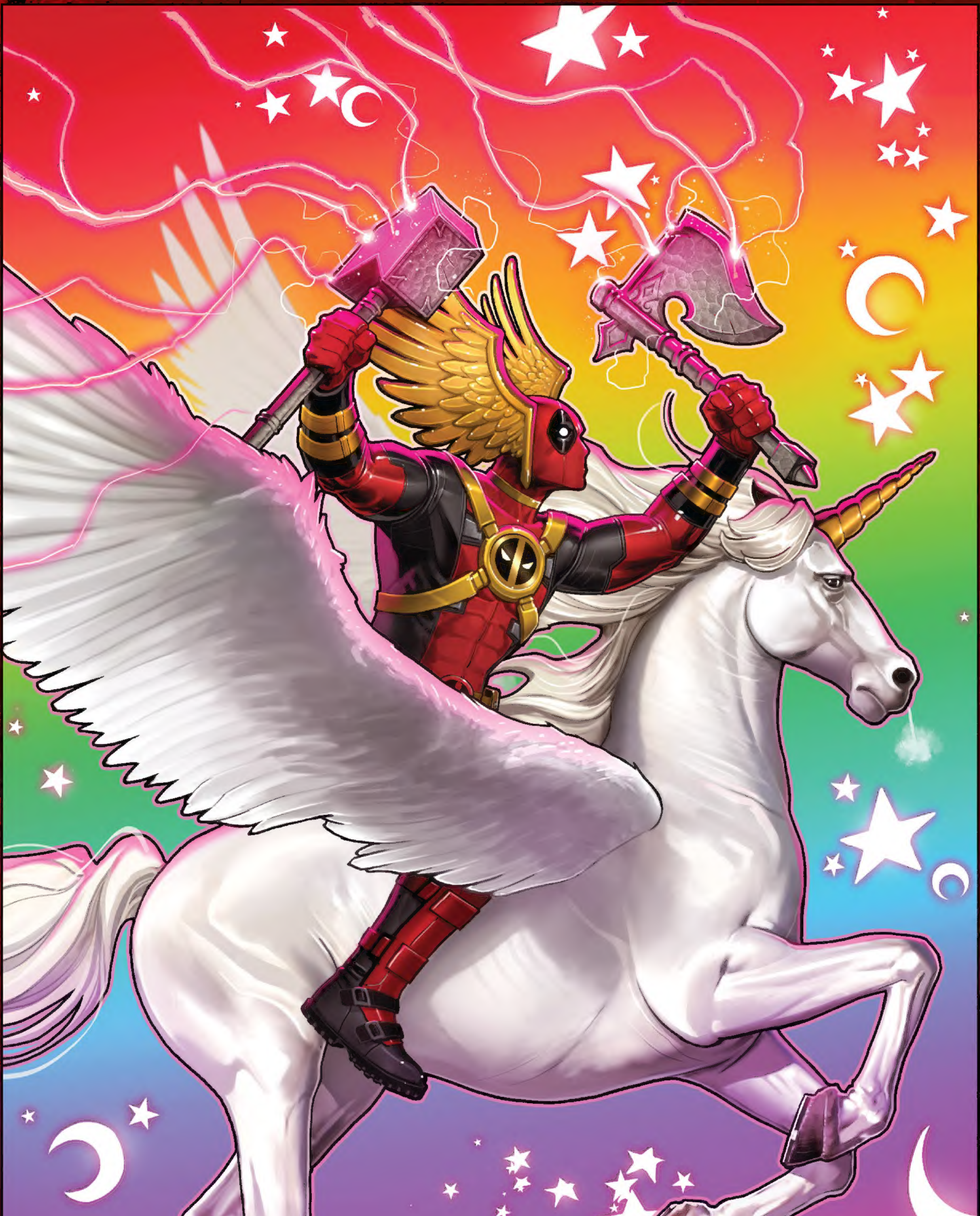
DEADPOOL #7 CONAN VS. VARIANT BY MARC LAMING & JORDAN BOYD


Naughty List
Wilson Fisk
n Osborn
Deadpool
Victor Von Doom
Galactus
Baron Von Strucker
William Stryker
Ronan
Justin Hammer
Baron Mordo
Tiger Shark
J. Jonah Jameson
Callisto
Tom Cassidy
Maximus
Electro
Madelyne Pryor
Sandman
Hela
Scarlet Spider
Nitro
Ares
Lizard
Doc Ock
The Collector
Thanos
Taskmaster
Juggernaut
Red Skull
Thanos
Loki
Venom
Kang
Leader
Mandarin
Lady Deathstrike
Purple Man
Kraven the Hunter
Crossbones
Mr. Sinister
Super-Skrull
Magneto
Sliney

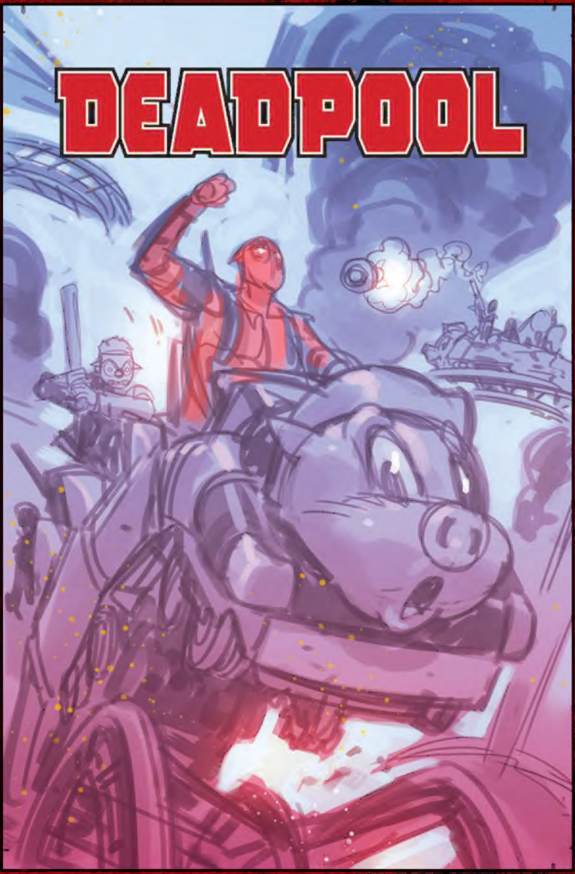
DEADPOOL #7 X-MAS VARIANT BY WILL SLINEY & FRANK D'ARMATA



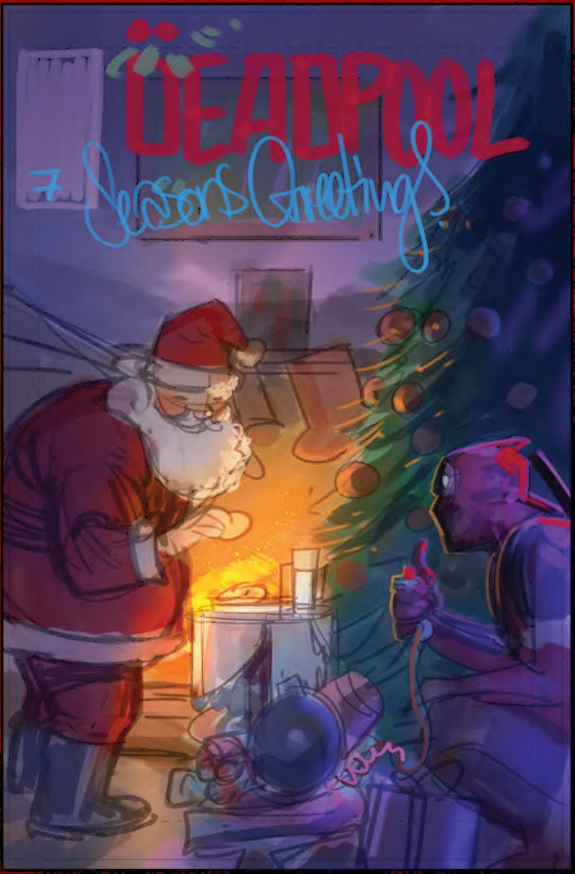
DEADPOOL #9 SKRULLS VARIANT BY MIKE HAWTHORNE & DAVE McCAIG



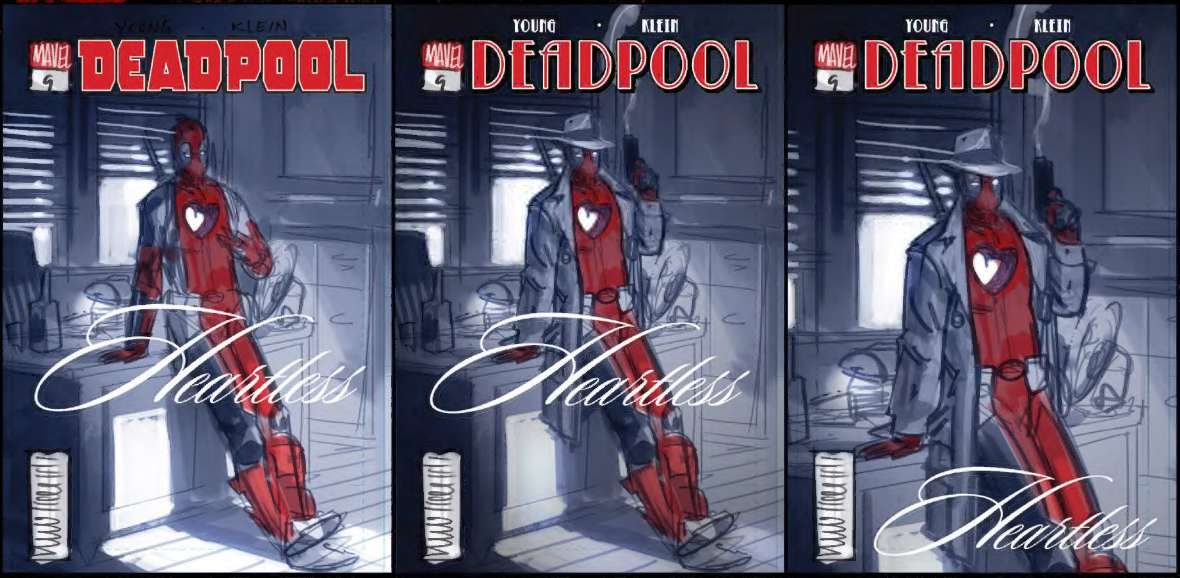
DEADPOOL #11 ASGARDIAN VARIANT BY DAVID NAKAYAMA



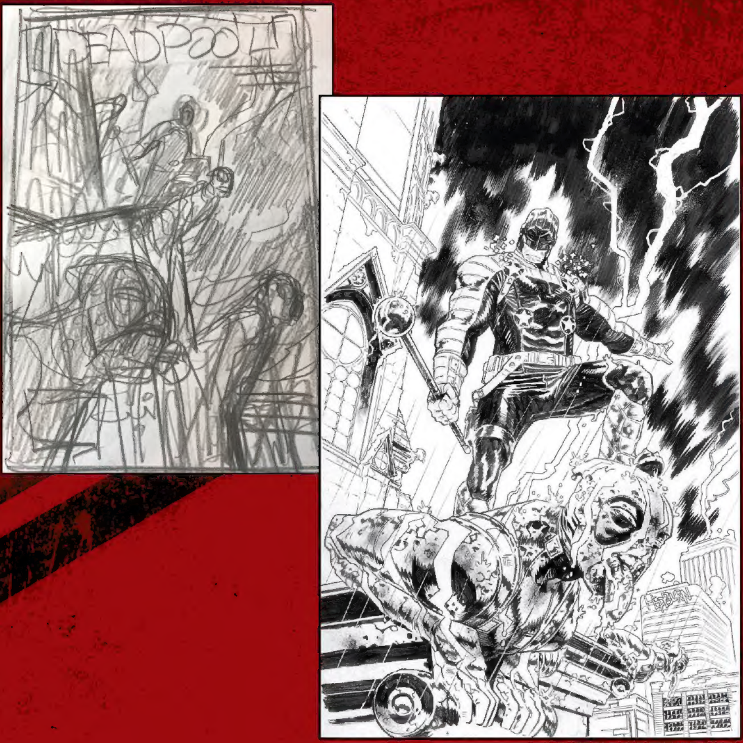
DEADPOOL #8 COVER SKETCH
BY NIC KLEIN


DEADPOOL
7 Seasons Greetings

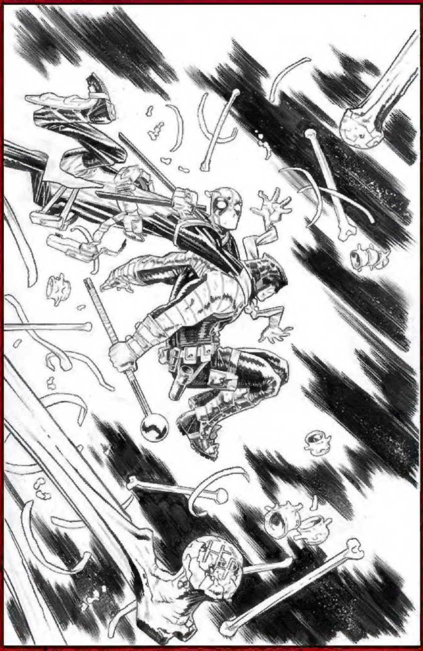
DEADPOOL #7 UNUSED COVER SKETCH
BY NIC KLEIN


YOUNG · KLEIN
MAVEL 9 DEADPOOL
Heartless
YOUNG · KLEIN
MAVEL 9 DEADPOOL
Heartless
YOUNG · KLEIN
MAVEL 9 DEADPOOL
Heartless

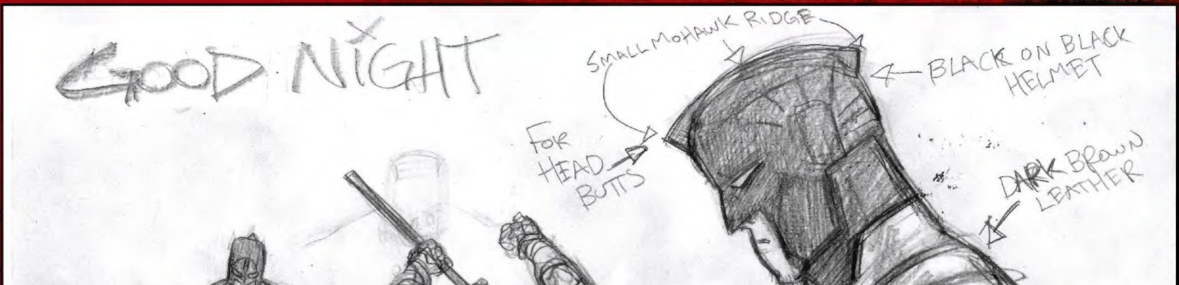
DEADPOOL #9 COVER SKETCHES
BY NIC KLEIN



DEADPOOL #10 COVER SKETCH & INKS
BY SCOTT HEPBURN & IAN HERRING



DEADPOOL #11 COVER INKS
BY SCOTT HEPBURN & IAN HERRING


GOOD NIGHT
SMALL MOHAWK RIDGE
BLACK ON BLACK HELMET
FOR HEAD BUTTS
DARK BROWN LEATHER
LONG HANDLE MACE
BLACK IRON
MACE SEPARATES INTO SHORT CLUB & BLADE

GOOD NIGHT CHARACTER DESIGNS
BY SCOTT HEPBURN

"Exactly the kind of fun ride you'd expect from Deadpool."
– ComicBook.com

SKOTTIE YOUNG TAKES DEADPOOL TO *NEW HEIGHTS OF MADNESS!*

FIRST, WADE WILSON GETS HIS MOST DIFFICULT MISSION YET: take out Santa Claus! But jolly old St. Nick ain't so jolly no more. He's downright deadly! Then, Deadpool finds himself in the middle of a twisted rivalry between two competing amusement parks. But it's not all fun and games – it's a carnival of carnage! Buy the ticket, take the ride! Then, when someone steals Wade's heart – literally – the Merc with the Mouth must hire the MU's best private eye, Jessica Jones! You'll never guess where this twisted trail leads!

Plus: Say hello to Good Night! He's been taking care of Deadpool's merc jobs before Deadpool can get to them. But Wade's got a plan to stop him, and he's definitely thought it through. For sure. No question.

PARENTAL ADVISORY

COLLECTING ***DEADPOOL (2018) #7-12*** –
BY SKOTTIE YOUNG, NIC KLEIN, SCOTT HEPBURN AND IAN HERRING.

MARVEL